

JULY

Radio

AND TELEVISION

MIRROR

10 ¢
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



Virginia Clark as
HELEN TRENT
CBS Dramatic Star

NO RIGHT TO LOVE

The Haunting Secret That Barred
a Famous Star From Marriage

BETTE DAVIS TELLS WHY ANY WOMAN CAN BE BEAUTIFUL



● Actual color photograph of Mr. King inspecting some "better-than-ever" tobacco!



Copyright 1946, The American Tobacco Company

"Yes ma'am, it was Uncle Sam... who made tobacco better than ever!"

"And Luckies always buy the cream," says H. R. King, 15 years a tobacco buyer.

"Credit sure does go to U. S. Government scientists," says Mr. King. "The past few years they helped farmers grow tobacco the like of which America has never seen.

"As I've bought over 4 million pounds

of tobacco at auctions from Florida to Kentucky, I've seen that Luckies snap up the prettier lots of these finer tobaccos.

"So I smoke Luckies, and others in my line do, too. I mean independent buyers, warehousemen and auctioneers."

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO
BEST... IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

HAVE YOU TRIED A **LUCKY** LATELY ?

ROUGH COPY

Wake up, Wallflower!

Mum after your bath would have saved your Charm!



Mum prevents underarm odor... guards after-bath freshness all evening



More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Just a touch under each arm every day makes you sure of your charm. For hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps you fresh!

BREATHLESS expectations... dreams of a wonderful evening... turned to dust! Why should it happen to a pretty girl like Jean? She bathed so carefully, chose her loveliest dress, started out so gaily. But she *did* forget Mum—she thought her bath would be enough! And now she's sitting out the dances. She's missed her chance for popularity—and she doesn't know why.

It's a mistake to believe that the bath which leaves you so fresh and sweet will secure your charm for the evening. Even the most perfect bath removes only perspiration that is *past*! Underarm odor can come *after* a bath, unless you *prevent* it. Why not make sure you never risk this danger? Make future odor *impossible*—follow your bath with Mum!

MUM SAVES TIME! Takes only half a minute! Just a pat under this arm, under that... and you're through!

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving Mum actually soothes your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without attempting to stop perspiration, *Mum prevents underarm odor*. With Mum, after-bath freshness lasts *all evening*. Women everywhere use Mum... yes, and men, too. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be always welcome—make a *habit* of Mum!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is gentle, safe, dependable!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

millions more kisses
for maids of America



A new lipstick

Chiffon

Such heavenly beauty, such glamour and allure your lips have never had before. Now your lips can have that soft and silken dewy texture that makes fashionable debutantes so desirable and kissable.

For here is Chiffon Lipstick, a new lipstick of incredible smoothness and scented with a costly perfume especially selected for its lure.

Ask for Chiffon Lipstick, 10¢, today at your favorite 5-and-10 store—your choice of these four extremely smart new shades:

Chiffon Red—light, vibrant, the shade favored by many famous models.

Medium—a clear, burning red. Makes almost every complexion more compelling.

True Red—fiery, brilliant, alluring. An exciting invitation to manly eyes!

Raspberry—smolders with defiance. A magnetic red, excellent for brunettes, a fashion shade for all.

Chiffon Powder 10¢

The finest-textured shine-proof powder; clings for hours, never cakes or clogs the pores; in seven of fashion's smartest shades:

Brunette	Natural
Dark Tan	Rose Petal
Beige	Rose Beige
	Rachel

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream 10¢

A new, entirely different cream, the only cream you need apply for cleaning, to help clarify and soften the skin. You'll be thrilled with the silken dewy texture it lends to your face.

Chiffon

the loveliest thing in make-up

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
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ON THE COVER—Virginia Clark as Helen Trent, CBS Dramatic Star, by Sol Wechsler

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What do you want to say?

FIRST PRIZE

LET'S KEEP OUR ILLUSIONS,
MR. SPONSOR!

MOST of the daytime serials are well written and acted, and to the housewife going about her often dull tour of duties, or to the shut-in, they are indeed a precious boon. They transport us to a world of fancy so completely that our identity is often merged with that of the characters.

This is the traditional function of good theater; and so I think sponsors are misguided when they break the spell by allowing one of the actors to step out in front to do a spot of advertising after they have just played a poignant scene convincingly. The other day a radio actress sobbed her heart out so realistically that I was reaching for my hankie, when presto-chango, she turned before my very ears into a poised, slick saleswoman, and chucklingly recounted a droll incident that had to do with the sponsor's product. That seemed to me so very inartistic.

Let the announcers do the selling and leave me to my illusions of sorrow or joy as the case may be.—Mrs. Frances R. Upton, Nelson, N. H.

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — P R I Z E S — —

First Prize \$10.00

Second Prize \$ 5.00

Five Prizes of \$ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than June 28, 1940. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

SECOND PRIZE

MIND YOUR RADIO MANNERS,
CHILDREN!

Radio has its place in practically every home. Therefore, children need to be trained "radio etiquette." It seems a social outrage for children

visiting in strange homes to turn on radios, volume wide open, station-changing rampant.

Under the latter infraction, I've wished radios back to their origin.—Mrs. Howard Martin, Jr., Maiden Rock, Wis.

THIRD PRIZE

MY BEST SPENT DIME

The other day I got the city fever and jumped on the morning train, spending about ten dimes for railroad fare. After arriving in town, I spent three dimes for lunch. After lunch, I spent four dimes to see a show. After the show I strolled around and a young fellow asked me for a dime. I handed him one. After strolling 'round town some more, I spent three dimes for some refreshments. After that, I strolled past a newsstand and saw a book I had never seen before, THE RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR. I spent a dime for the April number, and I want to tell you right here and now that that was the best spent dime of the day, and the *only* thing I had to show for all the dimes spent.—Chas. C. Felshaw, Holly, Mich.

(Continued on page 5)

ACTUAL SIZES

WOW!
WHAT A LOT
FOR YOUR
MONEY!

**TASTES
YUMMY!**

**WAKES UP
YOUR
MOUTH!**

PEBECO

PEBECO

**TOOTH
POWDER**

10¢

**AND PEBECO
TOOTH POWDER
CLEANS TEETH
MARVELOUSLY!**

**HARMLESS...
GRITLESS...
THOROUGH!**

MOST FOR YOUR MONEY
of all well-known brands

10¢ SIZE (Left) This whopping big tin is a money saver! Compare it with others!	25¢ SIZE (Right) This "Jumbo" family size is a mammoth value. Saves still more money!
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Copyright 1940 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

"The

GREATEST SHOW"

■ And radio covers it to the full as the nation's two great political parties pick their candidates

ALREADY there are those first uneasy rumblings in the air to warn us of the two violent explosions that will shake this country with their vibrations—the first in Philadelphia June 24th at 11:00 A. M., the second on July 15th in Chicago. If you are within a good five hundred yards of a radio on either of those days, you will hear an ear-shattering, thrilling on-the-spot broadcast of these explosions.

Those are the two days that will mark the openings of the Republican and Democratic Presidential Conventions—the formal start of what I think will be the most exciting Presidential race any of us ever witnessed.

I'm writing all this because I think you should know the truly amazing work radio has done to make it possible to bring us complete, shout-by-shout reports of these political riots. The networks have neglected no detail in their preparations.

During those feverish days there will be literally scores of announcers, commentators, and analysts in the great convention halls, on the streets with portable mikes to snare unwary delegates, in hotel lobbies, or in specially constructed broadcast studios where campaign leaders will carry their messages to the whole of the United States.

And for five, six, seven hours a day, no matter what network station you tune in, you will hear for yourself how the 1940 Presidential nominees are being chosen. The greatest show on the modern earth—your own democratic nation in the herculean throes of picking a candidate—will be on the air.

NBC will have H. V. Kaltenborn, Earl Godwin, Baukhage, Raymond Clapper, and Lowell Thomas to explain events as they take place. Then there will be announcers George Hicks, Charles Lyons, Carleton Smith and Herluf Provensen (both of the latter are Presidential announcers). Ann Underwood will tell you about the women delegates.

There are even plans to have a special wire from New York, so that important news of Europe can be broadcast specially to the delegates busy making news themselves.

Mutual expects to have Fulton Lewis, Jr., Wythe Williams and Gabriel Heatter as commentators. They and the other networks will work together in placing microphones (52 of them, the report now says) at all advantageous spots on the floors of the convention halls themselves to pick up each of the state delegations.

CBS will have, as its key man in the hurly burly of proceedings, veteran Bob Trout, who will sit with a pair of earphones permanently clamped over his head, his lips never more than an instant away from mike or telephone. From his vantage spot he will look down on the entire convention and be able to see everything that is happening. Joining him in the broadcasts will be Elmer Davis, Albert Warner, CBS Washington correspondent, and John Charles Daly. Trout and Davis will have a private phone connection so that between broadcasts they can confer on what part of this great spectacle is to be broadcast next. Edwin C. Hill and Paul Sullivan, too, will be on hand for Columbia.

For days the broadcasts will continue with interest working up to fever pitch, to those last few unbelievable hours of suspense and then—finally—it will all be over and we can go to bed with the good or bad news—knowing the names of the nominees for our next President.

But the networks? Their headaches will have just begun. For it is only after the conventions that the speech-making begins in earnest and listeners are in turn beseeched, berated, warned, threatened and cajoled. Nor will there be any surcease from the table-pounding, chest thumping, flag waving oratory until a cold November Tuesday when millions of ballots will write the beginning of a new section of American history.

No doubt about it, listeners, we're in for it!

—FRED R. SAMMIS

(Continued from page 3)

FOURTH PRIZE

A TIP TO THE SOUND EFFECTS MAN

I do not like the sound effects used to represent human footsteps. For instance, a person walking in a hospital corridor sounds as if he were walking with heavy shoes on a hollow boardwalk. Hospital floors generally are of concrete or tile, and footsteps have a light, clicking sound. In general, footsteps sound as if they were produced by some one hitting a hollow wooden box with a stick.—Celia Kremer, Columbus, Ind.

FIFTH PRIZE

WELCOME BACK, RUDY

May I be one of the first to congratulate Rudy Vallee on his new program? His program has just signed off and I really enjoyed that half hour. I suppose everyone will be glad he is back. Anyone who has given us so many happy hours, as well as given young and talented people a start in the radio world deserves all the success he has achieved.

So I say, Heigh Ho! Rudy, and let's have you for a long time to come.—Margie Rayburn, Akron, Ohio.

SIXTH PRIZE

A TIRED BUSINESS MAN'S TONIC

I wonder where the tired business man would be if it weren't for the Fred Allens, the Jack Bennys, and the Bob Hopes.

One of the first things he does when he comes home after a hard day at the office, is to lie back in his easy chair and switch on the radio. And

no matter in how gloomy a mood he might be, they (the comedians) will invariably cheer him up. The result is he goes to bed light-hearted and wakes up light-hearted. Which recalls an old Hebrew proverb: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

So I say, Long Live the Comedians! —Humphrey O'Leary, Cambridge, Mass.

SEVENTH PRIZE

YOU'RE IN "THE DOG HOUSE"

If anything's more disgusting to me than no laughter at a good joke, it's

extravagant laughter at a bad one; and worse than either is guffawing at the little joke that isn't there. Hence, my wrath at the "canned hilarity" of the Dog House program. It takes no Sherlock to detect it—just a normal sense of humor. And, brother, that claque's funny bone isn't normal.

Ironically, the Dog House features some good entertainment, and could be really enjoyable if its sponsors would let it. As it is, it's just too much sugar in the coffee, and I can't stomach it.—Harry W. Jones, Collingswood, N. J.



■ It was their Fifth Anniversary as Fibber McGee and Molly and so Bob Hope kisses Molly while Fibber gets a back-wallop from Rudy Vallee.

Women thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!

GREATER *Mildness*

Amazing gentleness
—for a complexion that invites
"close-ups."



MORE ABUNDANT *Lather*

Refreshing, creamy
lather that comes
quicker to
bring out
hidden
beauty.



NEW, WINNING *Fragrance*

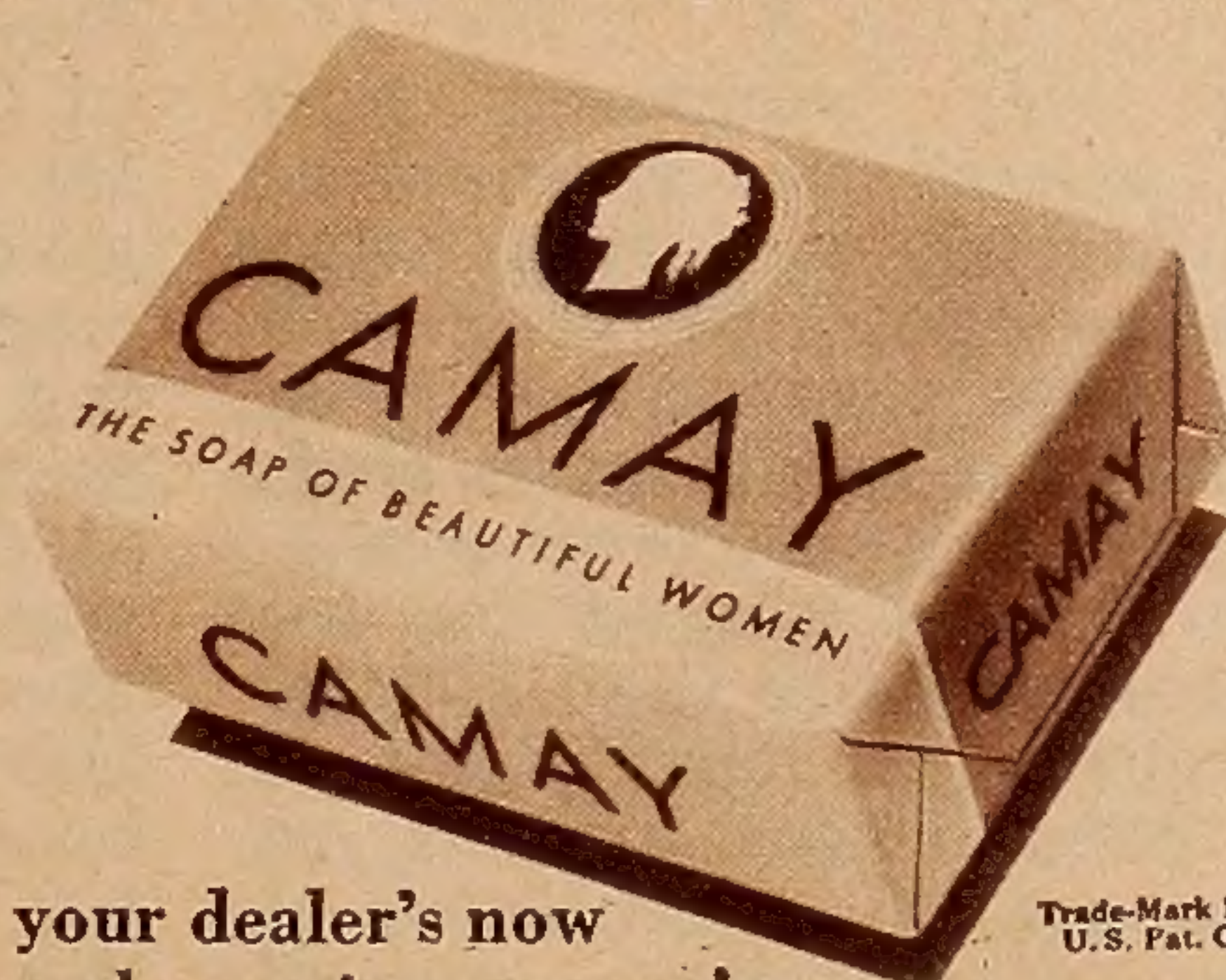
Fragrance that makes
it heaven to hold
you in his arms.



Brought to you by Camay to
Help you to Loveliness!

WOMEN everywhere are making new Camay their favorite beauty soap... seeking new loveliness with the aid of Camay's gentle beauty cleansing care.

And no wonder... for now Camay offers them advantages which most women have never enjoyed before! Yes—we tested new Camay against six of the most popular beauty soaps we could find... proved Camay was *milder* than any of them... gave more lather in a short time... had a fragrance almost 2 out of 3 women preferred! Get Camay at your dealer's, now!



At your dealer's now
—no change in wrapper!

Trade-Mark Reg.
U.S. Pat. Off.



I'm just thrilled by the new Camay—it's even better than ever. Such wonderful mildness and lather! And that lovely perfume lasts and lasts while there's a bit of soap left.

(Signed) LE VERT DOBES
Mrs. William L. Dobes

Atlanta, Georgia

Now—more than ever—THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



What's New from Coast



Above, Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom, who adds comedy to Rudy Vallee's show, is doubtful as to what he should do with that huge dictionary. Right, Deanna Durbin steps out with her best beau, Vaughan Paul. Deanna's just signed a contract with the Met.

AMOS 'n' Andy fans needn't worry about losing their favorites for at least another four years. The boys have just signed a new contract with Campbell Soup which will keep them on the air until August 1, 1944.

Said Jack Benny, introducing Rochester to the studio audience at one of his New York broadcasts: "I'm getting pretty sick of trying to steal my own pictures from Rochester. Do you know, things are coming to such a pass that my next picture is going to be called 'The Life of Booker T. Washington'?"

Hugh James, handsome NBC announcer and introducer of Lowell Thomas' programs, and "Clem" Torrell, young NBC actress, will be telling it to a preacher before long. They're engaged, but they haven't set the date for the wedding.

Kate Smith's check for \$500 was the first large donation this year to the fund which sends city tenement children to the country for summer vacations.

Nobody seems to know how or where the gag started, but several times a week mail arrives at a Hollywood home addressed to Dick Todd (he's the red-headed singer on Home Town, Unincorporated). It wouldn't be so bad except that the home happens to belong to Bing Crosby.

Without any fanfare at all (they're saving that for later), Deanna Durbin seems to have been put under contract by the Metropolitan Opera Company. The plan now is to stage her debut with either the Los Angeles or San Francisco Opera Company

BY DAN SENSENEY

next fall, and let her sing at the Metropolitan in New York during the 1941-1942 season.

Pat Friday's music teacher at the University of California at Los Angeles has found a painless way of grading Pat on the days when she has to cut classes in order to rehearse for the Don Ameche show on NBC. She simply listens in to the program, and if Pat sings her song well she gets an A. Otherwise . . . well, what do you suppose?

Marion Hutton, swing singer with Glenn Miller's orchestra, is a superstitious little soul. While the band was in New York she got into the habit of giving a CBS page-boy a penny for luck just before she went on the stage for her broadcast solo, every night the band was on the air with its commercial program. Now she's on tour with Glenn, so she mails the boy his pennies, timing them so he'll get one on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the days of the broadcasts.

Have you ever wondered how Wayne King selects the winners of those diamond rings he gives away on his Saturday-night CBS program? Since Wayne first announced, back in October, that he would give rings to the writers of the best letters suggesting tunes to be played on his show, he's received more than 700,000 letters. Of course, he hasn't time to go over all those letters himself, so they're turned over to a professor at Northwestern University, named Lloyd Herrold, who makes a business of reading contest letters. Professor

Herrold goes through the letters and picks out 200 every week for Wayne to select the winners from. Since the contest started last October, almost 200 rings have been given away—and incidentally, it's costing the sponsor more now than it did at first. Then the rings only cost \$100 apiece, but now the diamond market has gone up, and they are worth \$125.

Ben Grauer, the NBC announcer you hear with Mrs. Roosevelt and Walter Winchell, on Mr. District Attorney and What Would You Have Done, showed up the other day with his arm in a sling—but he wasn't wasting time answering the usual questions. Before any curious friend could get his mouth open, Ben had whipped a card out of his pocket and was holding it up. The card read: What—Torn ligament. How—Galloping on path coming into asphalt road, horse slipped and fell—and so did I. Where—Briar Cliff, N. Y. When—Sunday afternoon. Why—Don't ask.

I talked to Neysa McMein, the famous artist, the other day—and Neysa was going through a bad attack of jitters. She was studying the script for a broadcast dialogue she was to give with author Fannie Hurst, putting the finishing touches on a painting for Photoplay Magazine, and preparing to entertain David O. Selznick at dinner, so the jitters were understandable. The worst of all, though, she complained, was that Fannie Hurst had written the script for the broadcast, and Fannie knows lots of big words—they're her business. All the five-syllable words she had put into Neysa's lines, saving the short, easy ones for herself. Snarled Neysa,

to Coast

dictionary in one hand and the script in the other, "And besides, who wants to listen to women on the air anyhow? We all sound awful!"

Earl Robinson, who wrote the lyrics for that "Ballad for Americans" which was first heard on the CBS Pursuit of Happiness program and subsequently became such a big hit Lawrence Tibbett sang it on the Ford Hour, was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for his work. On the morning the announcement was made, CBS called Robinson and asked him to come up to the broadcasting studio right away to have his picture taken. Robinson, a shy young fellow, said in some embarrassment that he couldn't. Of course he could, for something as important as this, CBS said. Didn't he realize that getting a Guggenheim Fellowship was a big event in his life? Certainly he realized that, but—well—the truth was he had to stay home and mind the baby. CBS shrieked and said to bring the baby along. Couldn't, said Robinson—baby had a cold and mustn't go out. So CBS waited for its picture until Mrs. Robinson came home and set the distinguished poet and Fellowship winner free.

NEW ORLEANS—Earliest of all early risers is Woodrow Hattic, master of ceremonies of Dixie's Early Edition on New Orleans' powerful 50,000 watt station WWL. Woody opens the station up at 5:00 in the morning, warming up the microphone with song and chatter until 5:15, when his sponsored Early Edition gets under way and continues until 6:30.

Woody's program is especially broadcast for Louisiana farmers, who start their day early, and Woody doesn't complain about starting his
(Continued on page 67)



Al Pearce as he looks when he's not the timid salesman you hear tapping on your door Friday nights over CBS.

Attractive Summer Offer



**HANDSOME
BONUSES FOR
EXCEPTIONAL
TRUE STORIES
SUBMITTED
THIS MONTH**

June is your month of opportunity. This year we are offering handsome bonuses in addition to our liberal straight purchase rate for better-than-average true stories submitted June 1st to June 30th. Following our regular policy, we are discontinuing true story manuscript contests during the summer months. Under this special offer if, during June, 1940, you send in a true story suited to our needs that is better than average, not only will you receive the regular straight rate of approximately 2c per word, but in addition you will be granted a handsome bonus that may range as high as 1c additional per word for every word that your story contains. And in the event that your story is outstandingly better than average, your bonus may be increased to an additional 2c per word, or about double our regular straight purchase rate.

Each story submitted under this offer will be considered strictly on its own merits and, if it contains a certain degree of excellence, its bonus will be determined by the editors and paid regardless of the quality of any other stories submitted.

Under this offer the Editorial Staff of True Story Group are the sole judges as to the quality of stories submitted. But rest assured that if you send in a story of extra quality you will receive a correspondingly liberal bonus with our congratulations.

This is an exceptional opportunity, of which we sincerely hope you will take full advantage. So start today the story of an episode in your life or the life of a friend or acquaintance that you feel has the necessary heart interest to warrant the extraordinarily high special rates we are offering. Send it in when finished, and if it really has the extra quality we seek the extra sized check will be forthcoming. Be sure your manuscript is postmarked not later than midnight, June 30th, 1940.

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Submit stories direct. Do not deal through intermediaries.

If you do not already have one, send for a copy of free booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know About True Story." Use the coupon provided for that purpose.

In sending true stories, be sure, in each case, to enclose first-class return postage in the same container with manuscript. We gladly return manuscripts when postage is supplied, but we cannot do so otherwise. Failure to enclose return first-class postage means that after a reasonable time the manuscript if not accepted for publication will be destroyed.

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Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know About True Story."

Name

Street

Town..... State.....
(Print plainly. Give name of state in full)

HOW TO BE Beautiful

RADIO'S and movies' most vibrant, compelling personality snapped her compact shut and said:

"When you're not a raving beauty to begin with, you must find ways and means to improve nature. I am sure that every woman has her own tried and true methods of putting her best foot forward. Certainly I have."

Thus began the exciting story of how Bette Davis, who was not given beauty as a gift at birth, has acquired and retains so successfully a quality of loveliness that enhances her every performance on the screen and over the air. What she has to say is the revelation of a woman who, without the foundation of the naturally perfect features other stars take for granted, found a way to charm.

We were having tea at the Brown Derby. I had just witnessed a broadcast by Bette, another of her magnetic performances before the mike. It was obvious why she deserves to be nominated as queen of the air, just as it is obvious why millions of theatergoers this year voted her their favorite actress. Yet to look at her now you would never have suspected she had just gone through the ordeal of a half-hour broadcast. She was as cool and perfectly groomed as though she had just stepped out of the proverbial bandbox.

Bette began to talk. Hers is a simple story, perhaps a little obvious, but there is a keen intelligence behind all of it. It can apply to every one of us if we will it.

"In the first place," Bette said, "I

get lots of sleep. Eight hours a night when I am working, even though that does mean that I have to go to bed practically at sundown. At nine or ten when I am not working. As far as I am concerned, there is nothing that makes me look like a first-class haybag quite so fast as loss of sleep. Moreover, I am fairly sure this is true of every woman. Besides feeling ever so much better, my skin is actually softer if I've slept long and well, and certainly my eyes are clearer."

"Speaking of eyes," I interrupted, "do you use lotions and that sort of thing often?"

"I use little pads of cotton saturated with witch-hazel or lotion to rest them with," she said, "and I sometimes bathe them with warm, mild salt solution. Also, I wear

■ **With complete frankness, Bette Davis, our most vibrant and vital star, tells from her own surprising experience how any woman can apply the secrets that will change plainness into fascination**

■ Lots of sun, says Bette, but don't forget dark glasses. Note the costume jewelry—that's part of her personality.

■ Bette's beauty routine calls for plenty of exercise, so you'll often find her playing a game of tennis.



THOUGH Otherwise

dark glasses when the sun is bright. They prevent squinting and anyone knows what that does to your face. This, for instance. . . .” She screwed hers up into a pained-looking mask of protest against an overly bright light, and I laughed aloud.

“Heaven forbid!”

Bette laughed, too. “Well, if your job is working before a moving picture camera, you’d better forbid it yourself,” she told me.

“What about make-up—for the eyes and otherwise?” I inquired next.

Her answer was frank. “Well, my eyelashes and eyebrows are blonde, so I use eyebrow pencil (judiciously, I hope) and mascara. I flatter myself that the general effect is a vast improvement upon nature.

“For my (Continued on page 82)

By

MARIAN RHEA

Warner Brothers Photo



Propose

A GIRL came to my office one day last week with a problem she shouldn't have had. And yet it was by no means an unusual problem, even in this modern age of frankness.

"Bob and I have known each other for two years," she said. "We've danced together, gone to movies, visited friends—in fact, among our friends it's understood that we 'go together.' When he takes me home, he kisses me good night. But—well, he hasn't ever spoken to me about getting married. What can I do about it?"

I looked at her. She was pretty, young, attractively but not expensively dressed—obviously a girl from a good average family, like millions of other girls. Just from the sight of her, you'd have said that she would make a good wife for any young man in moderate financial circumstances.

"Why do you want him to talk about marriage, Alice?" I asked. She looked blank, and I explained, "I mean, are you in love with him, or do you simply think it's time you were getting married, and Bob is the handiest man? It's important, you know."

"Oh, of course because I love



■ Mr. Anthony warns—"Don't set the stage—don't plan in advance. The right moment will present itself."

to Him!

By JOHN J. ANTHONY

■ A frank and unconventional lesson in how to win a husband, by the Good Will Hour's famous marriage counsellor, who says: Throw away all your old fashioned ideas and ask the man you love to marry you!

him!" she said at once. "I'm sure it's not for any other reason."

"Then," I said, "why don't you ask *him* to marry *you*?"

She blushed. "I couldn't do that! I couldn't just throw myself at him! Isn't there some other way I can get him to propose to me? I'm sure he loves me, and would be happy if we were once married—but he doesn't seem to *want* to be married!" She ended on a pitiful, bewildered wail.

No wonder she was bewildered. She had a completely wrong conception of the relationship between men and women—a conception drilled into her by romantic books and movies and by old-fashioned ideals of conduct handed down to her by her parents and grandparents. It was a conception based entirely on fiction, and not at all on fact.

She had come to me hoping to learn some way of tricking Bob into asking her to marry him. She didn't know it would be trickery, and she certainly wouldn't call it that, but it was what she wanted nevertheless—not realizing that it would be the worst thing she could do if she hoped for a happy married life. The less subtlety there is when

a couple decide to get married—the less open and honest the circumstances under which the vitally important decision is made—the less chance there is for future happiness.

But she was shocked when I told her to ask him to marry her.

I don't know why.

It's surely nothing new for a woman to propose to a man. Women have been doing it, in various ways, ever since the world began. In fact, Alice really wanted to propose to Bob—except that she wanted to do it in such a way that they'd both think the initiative had come from him.

Before I tell you the right way and explain why Alice's would have been the wrong one, I think I should explain why I'm so positive that it was perfectly all right for her to think of proposing in the first place.

The days when a wife was obviously an economic necessity to a man have been left behind. Once upon a time a man needed a woman to run his house, to make his clothes, to bear children to help him in the conquest of new lands, to feed him and help in the fields herself.

Nowadays, many men mistakenly believe that this necessity has van-

ished. They eat in restaurants, buy their clothes ready made, live in apartments which can be cleaned satisfactorily by part-time maids. These men think they are self-sufficient; they do not realize that it is one of nature's laws that no man is complete without a mate. They don't know how much they are missing, not only spiritually but economically as well—for it is a fact that the right kind of wife will help a man to save money, and get more value for the money he spends.

There is one other all-important reason why men are shy of marriage: the responsibility of a wife. Men no longer have any reasonable faith in the future. Depressions, wars, upheavals of all kinds in the established scheme of life have made them lose their sense of security. Frankly, men are afraid to add to the uncertainty of their lives.

If the man you love is one of these, then it is your job to show him that marriage is still the best way of life. It is even, in some cases, your responsibility to suggest marriage.

Now for the right and wrong ways a woman can undertake this task. Let's go back to Bob and Alice as (Continued on page 53)



■ Don't let your parents interfere with your romance. It's all right for your mother to open the door when the man you love calls—but that's all she should do!

■ Is he worried about money? If he is, it's common sense and not a bit unromantic to sit down together, look over your bankbooks, and talk about finances.

TRIED not to love Ron Davis. From every possible point of view, anything between us was folly. And, just before I met him, love had wounded me so badly that I had sworn to forget it, throw myself so deeply into my job that I could think of nothing else.

There again, luck was against me—because almost immediately my job became Ron himself.

You've never heard me on the air—and yet, in a way, you have. You've never heard my voice, but many times you've listened to the words I put into the mouths of other people. I'm a writer! I write what we call the continuity for radio programs. An advertising agency pays me—and if I do say so, pays me pretty well for a girl who has yet to see twenty-four candles on her birthday cake, and couldn't get past the first year in college because there wasn't enough money in the family bank-account. That was when my father died—my mother had died several years before.

I've always liked my job, and it's a good thing I did. I might have gone crazy after Stu and I broke up, if I hadn't had it to think about. You see, I had thought Stu and I would be married some day. It hadn't occurred to me that, while he had plans for me, they didn't include marriage. Definitely not.

I don't like to think about Stu, even now. You'll say I was incredibly innocent, but I honestly had never realized that to him I might be only an attractive girl, a possible conquest. When I found it out, I couldn't even hide my shock from him. He must have thought I was funny. He'd expected a girl who lived alone in her own apartment to be more broadminded, it seemed.

Well . . . I lost Stu, but I kept my self-respect. That's about all I did have, for a while—that and my job. And then Ron Davis signed a contract with my agency, and they put him on the network five days a week, a fifteen-minute program in the mornings, with Ron singing and a small orchestra, and me to write Ron's dialogue—his opening remarks and the introductions of his songs.

Ron was nice, I thought. He wasn't a bit "Broadway," although he'd got his start singing in a musical comedy. He was tall and slim—all except his shoulders, which were unbelievably broad, and when he smiled you found yourself smiling right back at him, without even thinking. He wasn't temperamental, either. No matter what I wrote in the script, he'd read it on the air. The only time I ever saw him kick up a fuss was when we told him to

sing "The Big Cry-Baby in the Moon"—But that was later.

He didn't even complain when we started giving him a "memory song" on each program, though I thought it was pretty terrible myself.

"But Lanny Ross sings memory songs," I told Irving Martin, my boss and the man who decided what would go on Ron's program and what wouldn't. "We don't want to copy him."

"Ross is on the air at night," Mr. Martin said, "and our show's on daytimes—and on another network, too. Besides, nobody ever told me the idea's patented—and listeners like it."

So Ron sang a memory song every day. It's funny to think how different my life might have been if Mr. Martin hadn't preferred to copy ideas, rather than think up his own.

Of course I had to confer with Ron frequently, over the script. He would pick out the songs he wanted to sing, and after the agency had approved them he and I together would work out his introductions.

That was the way it began.

I don't know when I first realized I was in love with him. I guess it was the night he took me out to dinner—but I can't tell for sure, because once I knew it I felt as if I must have known it for weeks.

Even before that we were good friends. Ron was one of those people you find yourself telling all about how you live, and who your parents were, and what you are and

hope to be. He seemed to enjoy hearing what I thought about New York, and crepes Suzette, and his new suit, and the international situation (though goodness knows my opinion on *that* couldn't have been very remarkable), and the play I'd seen the night before, and—and marriage.

How in the world did we get on the subject of marriage?

"Of course I'd go on working after I was married," I heard myself babbling to him across the dinner table, that night. "I'm not domestic, anyway—I can't cook and I don't know which end of a vacuum cleaner comes first—and I don't see why a woman like that can't have a husband and a career too. I—"

HOW I finished that sentence I don't know, because I suddenly realized something. When I said "husband" I was casting Ron in the role. There he was in my thoughts, as plain as could be, sharing my home, my life.

I didn't have time to tell myself how silly I was being, because Ron said:

"You really expect to get married some day, don't you, Betty?"

"Oh—why, of course, I suppose so," I stammered.

He smiled, but only with his lips. "Every nice girl I ever met has wanted to get married—and since I'll never marry, I never know the nice girls very long."

"You don't mean that," I scoffed.

NO RIGHT TO
Love



■ What was the haunting secret that kept this famous star from accepting the love I offered so freely? It remained a hidden barrier between us until that moment of ecstasy when—

"You just haven't met the girl you want to marry, yet."

He shook his head. "If I did, I wouldn't marry her."

I started to speak—and stopped. Because he wasn't joking. He was deadly serious, and he meant what he said.

"I'm telling you that," he added very quietly, "because you ought to know."

He told me, though, too late.

Of course, by the next morning I had decided I couldn't take what he'd said too seriously. All men, I told myself, distrust the idea of get-

ting married—particularly men who are successful, independent, sought-after, like Ron. This was simply his way of warning me that he valued his freedom. I managed to delude myself into forgetting completely the note of mystery, of melancholy, that had crept into his voice when he said he would never marry.

Very well, I thought, if he doesn't want marriage, I won't embarrass him. He won't know I love him—I'll never let him see that I do. All I want is to be near him, see him, talk to him. And maybe, some day, I can make him love me—and he'll

forget that he once said he'd never marry. . . .

That spring was the most beautiful one New York ever experienced. I don't remember that the papers commented on it, but they should have. Just breathing the air was fun, and going to work in the morning was an adventure—because some time during the day, I'd see Ron. And maybe, at night, we would go out together—it didn't matter where, we'd have a good time anyway.

He had a car, and sometimes on Saturdays we would drive out into

the country, into the midst of a warm, redolent riot of growing things, under a sky that was only a playground for white clouds. Oh, I suppose it rained sometimes, but I don't remember it.

I was on one of these picnics, when Ron was stretched out on the grass after lunch, smoking his pipe, that I first heard the song. He was humming it, softly, in pure content.

"What's that?" I asked.

He looked a little startled. "Oh, that? . . . I don't know what made me remember it—I haven't thought of it for years."

"But what's its name?"

"A pretty silly one—'The Big Cry-Baby in the Moon.' Everybody was singing it when I was a kid. . . . My mother used to sing it to me. It was the first piece of music I ever learned, in fact. I can still see my mother playing it at the piano, nodding her head to keep time, and singing along with me."

"You've never told me about your mother and father, Ron," I said. "Are they still living?"

Not a muscle moved in his face—and yet its whole appearance changed. The only way I can describe it is by saying that all the life suddenly left it.

"No," he said. Just that. Just "No." And after that there was a long, difficult silence. I could think of nothing to say, to break it, that didn't sound stupid. At last he turned and smiled, and suggested that we drive a little farther out into the country before going home.

I thought of that strange moment many times in the next few weeks. But it was only one of the strange things about Ron.

I was almost certain, at last, that he was in love with me. Now and then I would catch his eyes on me, urgent with the look a woman knows, instinctively, so well. Or, in the midst of a conversation, I would feel a tension between us, as if Ron were restraining himself, gripping his emotions with all the power of his will.

Why did he keep silent? What was this obsession of his about love and marriage? "I'll never marry," he had said. But if he was in love, why not? At least, why not admit his love?

And then, one night, he did.

We were going to have dinner together, and I had invited Ron up to my little apartment first, for cocktails. It was the first time he had ever been there, and he admired all my little possessions—my Oriental screen that Great Grandfather Bryant brought from China, the little coffee-table of ebony I had bought to go beside it, the few other odds and ends that I had collected.

"It's like you—this place," he said. "Little, and lovely."

"Thank you," I said lightly, and bowed. When I looked up I saw such longing in his face, such tenderness, that I faltered, "Oh—Ron . . ."

The next minute I was in his arms, held close against him, giving my lips to his.

His hands burned through the

thin stuff of my dress. Tighter and tighter he held me, as if all the careful restraint of weeks had crumbled, unleashing one torrential flood of passion.

This is it, I thought. . . . I don't care, I love him. I can't resist him—I don't want to. If, afterwards, he wants to marry me . . . why, that will be heaven. But if he doesn't—I don't care. . . .

I knew, then, why I had kept myself from Stu. It was for this—for Ron.

But suddenly—I was alone, and Ron was standing up, at the window, his back to me.

"I'm sorry," he said hoarsely. "I didn't mean to—do that." He gave a strange, hurt laugh. "But I didn't mean to fall in love with you, either."

"But, Ron," I said. "If you love me . . . and I love you—"

He whirled on me. "You don't love me! Don't let yourself! You've got to fall in love with someone who can marry you . . . make you happy! Not with me!"

"Ron—I don't understand—" I started to get up, to go to him, but he motioned me away.

"No—stay where you are. I've got to tell you something, and it'll be easier if you're not near me . . . It's something I've never told anyone else."

He threw himself down into a chair near the fireplace. "Just let me talk. Don't ask any questions, until I've finished . . ."

And so he told me. It took a long time, while the room grew dark and the ice melted in the untouched cocktail shaker and the ash-tray at his elbow filled with half-smoked cigarettes.

He didn't know when he first realized that he was different from the other children in the little mid-western town where he lived. They all had fathers, and he didn't, but that wasn't all. There was something else that set him apart. He and his mother lived with Aunt Grace, who was his mother's sister and worked in the telephone exchange. His mother always said that Aunt Grace was very kind, because she let them live with her, but to Ron she did not seem kind. He was afraid of her at first, because his mother was, and later he began to hate her with the intense hatred of a child for the person who never smiles, never permits a gentle word to pass her lips, never lets the shell of ice melt around her heart.

And there were the children at school. They had a secret about him, a secret that made them giggle and whisper, but would not let them

(Continued on page 75)

I'll never forget my first sight of Ellen Frost—a small woman, standing tremulous and alone.



■ If it weren't for his two sons, Tommy, 5, and Donny, 3, Don McNeill says he'd be out of a job right now. Assisted by the dog, appropriately named Radio Contract, they're better than the best alarm clock.



Home Life

OF AN EARLY RISER

■ There's a reason for Don McNeill's cheerfulness on the Breakfast Club every day—it's his very happy marriage

THE man who wakes up America is the hardest man in America to get out of bed. His name is Don McNeill and, at one time or another, with one eye or the other half open, you've probably all heard him on the NBC Breakfast Club.

It's hard to believe that a man who has the unpleasant task of waking people up could be the second most popular master of ceremonies in the country. But he is. In the popularity polls, he runs second to Don Ameche and is a shade ahead of Bing Crosby!

Young Mr. McNeill gets 2,000 fan letters a week. Sailors all over the world follow his program. A Secretary of a Central American coun-

By JACK SHER

try stays up until late at night to hear him. Gertrude Lawrence, Fred Allen, Colonel Stoopnagle, Joan Blaine, Edgar A. Guest and Irene Castle are but a few of the celebrities who tune in on him every morning.

And yet, oh, how he hates to get out of bed!

In the bedroom of his home in Wilmette, Illinois, are two alarm clocks. The number one alarm clock goes off at 5:45. Mr. McNeill only rolls over. The number two alarm clock brrrrings at 5:55. Mr. McNeill

(Continued on page 78)



■ Don's work gives him plenty of time to romp with Mrs. McNeill and son Donny.

KATE HOPKINS

Angel

A RADIO MIRROR NOVELETTE

LATE on that frosty November afternoon, I realized suddenly how tired I was. All day long, I'd been forcing my personal problems into the background, pushing them aside so that I could attend to my work of visiting and caring for the sick. Now, with my calls out of the way, they came crowding in on me, demanding my attention.

Without being fully conscious of what I was doing, I got into my car and headed for home. When I turned into the driveway, the house was dark. For a moment, my heart was in a panic. Where was Tom? Then I remembered.

Tom was back. Everything was going to be all right. We'd found Tom in Chicago, in jail, but that was over now. He was back. Safe. Thanks to Stur Wolf, he had a job at the Country Club and there was nothing to worry about.

Nothing to worry about, nothing to worry about. I sat there in the car, telling myself this. But I couldn't believe it. Deep down inside me, beyond a mother's natural optimism for her son, I knew Tom wasn't safe. There were too many things nagging at him, pulling him deeper and deeper into a trap. A job with no future. Years of futility and struggle. For what? And, on the other hand, there was Trudy Reynolds, offering the easy way out with her money and social position.

Had I been wrong in opposing their marriage? If I hadn't been with Tom in Chicago, they might have gone through with the elopement. Tom would be married now.

■ As we both stepped into the living room, I could feel Louise stiffen beside me.

of Mercy

■ Her only crime was helping the helpless—yet jealous tongues threatened to rob her of her one great desire. Complete in this issue—the intensely human story of a popular radio drama

He would have money, he would have the backing of his father-in-law, E. Arthur Reynolds, his future would be secure. But would it? No, I couldn't believe that. I couldn't trust Tom's feeling for Trudy. I didn't believe it was love. He was fascinated. Yes. And why shouldn't he be? Trudy was lovely. She had money and fine clothes and could do anything she wanted. But I didn't trust Trudy. She was spoiled. All her life, she had had only to ask for a thing and she got it. But she hadn't got Tom. And I was afraid that Trudy was not so much in love with Tom as intrigued by her inability to get him. It was a game to her. Only, to me, his mother, Tom's happiness was no plaything.

My thoughts began to get muddled. I almost felt like crying—a thing I haven't done for years, mainly because I haven't had time. Wanting to cry made me angry with myself. I didn't want to go into the empty house, so I backed out of the driveway and turned the car toward the Falls.

The street lamps were coming on and Main Street looked serene and friendly in the deepening twilight. I passed Judge Leverett and Louise on the street and waved to them. I knew they expected me to stop and talk because I haven't seen them since we returned from Chicago, but I wasn't in the mood for them just then. I drove on out of town.

Near the Falls, my headlights picked out a lonely figure trudging along the road. I knew it was Stur Wolf from the way he walked, with his hands deep in his pockets and his shoulders hunched up. I slowed down beside him.

"Want a lift?" I asked.

Stur's smile was wide and sudden, as though it had been startled out of him. He got in beside me.

I turned off the highway and down the little road to the Falls. A fresh, young moon had come up and was touching the long icicles that hung from the rocky ledge down which the Falls

■ Trudy was trying to kiss him. Tom, blushing, was pulling her arms away from his neck.



Photos by Bruno of Hollywood

tumbled noisily in the summer. It was very quiet.

"Peaceful, isn't it?" Stur said. He lit a cigarette.

THEN, suddenly, he began talking. His voice was low. Listening to him, I realized how lonely he must be, how all he was telling me must have been stored up for months, growing sour and bitter in his mind. He told me many things, things no one in Forest Falls knew about him. Why he lived so far out of town, why no one ever saw his neurotic, unhappy wife, why hardly anyone in town knew he had a son, a poor boy-man whose mind had never grown up. Gradually, as he talked, the shadow of bitterness lifted from his face.

"It all seems so hopeless," he said softly. "It doesn't make sense. Why should I go on working, struggling? Why should I build a fine law practice? It won't ever do them

any good. They're lost to the world."

I couldn't stand the note of futility in his voice.

"You must work," I said. "It does you good—and you help many others."

"You would say that," Stur smiled wryly. "Doing good for others. That's your creed, isn't it?"

"Why—I—I don't know," I answered. "I hadn't thought of it that way."

"Of course, you hadn't," Stur laughed. "That's what's so wonderful about you. But now, suppose you tell me what you came out here to think about."

It was so easy talking to Stur. I found myself telling him all the things I had been thinking as I drove out to the Falls—how worried I was about Tom and Trudy, how afraid I was that the next time she tried to get Tom to elope with her she would be successful.

■ "I'll make a bargain with you, Mrs. Hopkins, I'll see to it that you get the appointment if you'll let me marry Tom."



"Stop worrying about Tom," Stur said almost gruffly. What about you? What about that supervisor's job? Are you going to get it?"

I caught my breath. Put so bluntly, the question forced me to really stop and think. I had been so worried about my son—what mother wouldn't be, who was widowed and who lived her life to see her fatherless son successfully grow up to manhood—I was facing the greatest struggle since I had first become a visiting nurse after the death of my husband.

For years I had gone on with my daily rounds, content with bringing what happiness I could to the poor and the sick. But now. . . .

Stur sensed my desperation.

"You're the logical person for the job, aren't you?" he said, almost defiantly.

I nodded. Yes, the board of trustees was soon going to appoint a new Supervisor of Nurses. The job would mean more money, money to send Tom to law school, to remove the temptation of Trudy. Even more important, it would give me a wonderful chance to improve the service, to help all those people over on the East Side.

"You're not going to let Retta Farrell cheat you out of this chance, are you?" Stur prodded mercilessly.

"No," I said firmly. If I could have been just half as sure in my own mind as I sounded! Because the trustees must choose between myself and Edna Parker. Oh, it sounded simple enough. Which would do the better job, myself, Kate Hopkins, or the other nurse, Edna Parker? Without conceit, I felt there was only one answer. . . .

But, would the trustees decide on merit alone, or would personal prejudices, so strong and so bitter in small towns, be more persuasive than logic? Edna Parker is a good nurse. I'm not more capable in supplying the needs of the sick. It's just that she fails to understand people. I'm afraid Edna's a bit of a snob. She makes the mistake of looking down on poor helpless people and they instinctively feel and resent it.

So, logically I should become Supervisor of the Visiting Nurses' Service, have the money to send Tom to school, have more time to see Stur, if he should want my company, more time to lift the bitter weight

Photographs posed by members of the radio cast—Margaret Macdonald as Kate, Helen Lewis as Louise, Templeton Fox as Trudy and Clayton Collyer as Tom. Kate Hopkins, Angel of Mercy, sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee, is a recorded program heard on 29 stations.

from his heart. And instead. . . .

Instead, there was Retta Farrell, a strong, hateful woman who had never forgiven me. For twenty-six years she had carried a bitter grudge against me. Retta had wanted to marry Bill Hopkins, and instead he had married me.

A simple story and a devastating one. Twenty-six years Retta Farrell had waited to hurt me. And at last she had her opportunity. For Retta, with the money her husband left her was an influence in Forest Falls. The trustees were bound to listen carefully when Retta spoke. And Retta was already speaking, openly, without hesitation, in favor of Edna Parker as the new Supervisor. Esther Greenlee, my best friend, had told me that.

"We're all on your side," Stur said, breaking into the middle of my thoughts. "So stop worrying. If you're in the right, somehow, someway, you're bound to win, no matter how desperate the case may appear to be."

I left it at that. Comforting thought to carry with me in the days of torment ahead, mercifully hidden from me now.

THE days before Christmas passed swiftly. My mind was easy about Tom. He liked his job at the Country Club—keeping the Club's books and running the stables. And, although he saw Trudy there almost every day, he seemed to be able to handle her. What made me certain that Trudy was losing what small fascination she had for Tom was the fact that he was seeing Louise Leverett more and more often.

Louise is a fine girl. She is sweet and gentle and I've always suspected that she loved Tom much more than she let anyone see. I have often wondered why Tom didn't sense this. But, I suppose, growing up with her as he did, he was too used to treating her as a friend.

A few days before Christmas, I got a call from the East Side. The people asked especially for me, although I didn't recognize the name. I went there after I'd finished the rest of my calls.

The house was chilly and in the midst of the upheaval that comes with moving. Mrs. Grassitt was a thin, little woman with a pinched face. After some hesitation, she told me why she had called.

The Grassitts were very poor. For some time, they had been keeping Mrs. Grassitt's sister, Mary Taylor. Mary had just had a baby. Mrs. Grassitt choked a little on the word. Mary's baby—well, it didn't have a father. Now, the Grassitts had to



■ As I went up the stairs, I glanced back at them happily—two young people reunited by misfortune.

Photos by Bruno of Hollywood

go to another city right away to take a job. But they couldn't take Mary because she was still ill. They had no friends in Forest Falls. They had heard that I always helped those in trouble. Was there anything I could do?

Of course, I did the only thing I could think of at the moment. I said I'd take Mary and the baby to my own home. I could keep an eye on the girl there until she was well enough to go to work. I went right upstairs to see Mary Taylor.

She lay in a small bed, scared and thin and pitifully pale. The baby whimpered beside her.

"I—I can't go to the hospital," she said.

I reassured her. I could understand her not wanting to go to the hospital. Retta Farrell was on the Charity Board and I knew the sort of questions she would ask the poor girl.

In a short while, I had Mary and

the baby bundled into their clothes and well wrapped up against the cold. We sat in the car a few minutes, watching the loaded moving van roar off down the street. Then I drove home with the new additions to my family.

I found Esther Greenlee waiting on the porch. She helped me get Mary and the baby upstairs to bed and then I hurried her downstairs again, because she looked as though she had something to say. She did.

"I hear that Don Parker is back from Chicago and has been going around hinting things about Tom," she said as soon as we were alone.

"Hinting things?" I asked. Then I remembered that I had met Don in Chicago one day, just as I was coming out of the jail after visiting Tom.

"And let me tell you, Kate Hopkins," Esther went on. "Nothing would please Don Parker more than to slander (*Continued on page 57*)

Good Ideas

■ It's the little things that make living more comfortable and convenient. A popular announcer's wife shows you a few intriguing and very simple tricks for your own home

By MRS. HARRY VON ZELL

DON'T exactly agree with Mr. Edgar Guest when he says "It takes a heap of livin' to make a home." Although partly true, I'd like to add: If a heap of livin' is to be done in a home, that home must be made comfortably livable. And that calls for a lot of careful planning on the part of the housewife.

Not just the cut-and-dried planning she sits down and does in order to have "a place for everything and everything in its place," but the kind of planning that means new life in the home—the kind of ideas that make a "heap of livin'" easy and desirable.

All women have their pet ideas of that kind and they like to talk about them. So let me tell you some of mine.

As it happens, we've just moved into a new home and it's proved the truth of one of my first housekeeping ideas—a very practical one. It is this: never buy furniture that will fit only into one particular house or room. I learned this when I first married Harry. He wasn't established in radio then, and we moved around a good bit. But I was nearly always able to make the same furniture look well in any new house or apartment. For one thing, I seldom bought matching pieces, and my single chairs and sofas and tables will go together in almost any room.

Another of my first housekeeping ideas was to be sure that every comfortable chair in the house had a good light and some provision for an ash tray near at hand. In our living room, we have a comfortable chair on each side of the fireplace, with a lamp and an ash tray beside each. Thus, there's no manoeuvring for the choice chair for reading; Harry and I each has his own spot.

Placing—(Continued on page 65)

■ Above, a new use for that discarded sewing machine or old table from the attic. Follow Mrs. Von Zell's instructions for a unique dressing table. The chair is an old piano stool with a needlepoint cushion.



■ Above, why not make bridge-playing comfortable with these easy-to-make cushions?

■ Fresh flowers are expensive, so Mrs. Von Zell has found the solution with a Chinese evergreen.



Make Happy Homes



ADIOS
PHOTO-
ERROR

■ Picture of a happy family in a home arranged for comfort and convenience. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Von Zell, with their son, Kenneth.

CBS Photos

■ You can hear Harry Von Zell announcing the Aldrich Family on Tuesday nights and the Fred Allen show on Wednesday nights over NBC.



■ The latest decorating schemes call for small conservatories in nearly every room. Above, a simple table with dropped side pockets for plants.



■ Left, when closet space is at a premium—the "male-female" closet; above, colored baskets for keeping your cleaning equipment handy.

The O'Neills

■ Little did Mother O'Neill realize that the restoration of Danny's sight would be the starting point for events which were to end in bitterest heartbreak and real danger for her other child, Peggy

It was a happy day in the O'Neill home when Peggy O'Neill became Mrs. Monte Kayden—for on that same day, Danny, the other of Mother O'Neill's two children, proposed to Eileen Turner, and was accepted. Only wise, gentle Mother O'Neill had any doubts about the suitability of Eileen for Danny's wife, and she kept them to herself; but she was a little afraid that Eileen, daughter of Matt Turner, might be too spoiled, too willful, for Danny. Her fears were partly realized when Eileen complained because Danny was spending too much time at his job—the bridge which Matt Turner's construction company was building—and too little with her. They quarreled and Eileen returned his engagement ring. Even the completion of the bridge, of which Danny had dreamed for months, could not quite erase the sting of that broken engagement. On the morning of the bridge's formal opening, Danny rose early and went out to look at it, meeting Collins, the foreman, on the way. On the big span, which should have been deserted, they found Wilkinson, Matt Turner's discharged secretary—and just as Wilkinson turned to run the whole bridge was shattered by a tremendous explosion, in which Collins was killed and Danny and Wilkinson badly injured. In the hospital, a contrite Eileen returned to Danny's side—but Mother O'Neill's happiness over this was soon destroyed when the hospital surgeon told her Danny might never be able to see again.

It never occurred to Mother O'Neill to accept the fact that Danny might be blind, without doing something about it. Her old rule—the rule by which she had

brought up her two fatherless children—still held, now as in the past. When faced with a crisis—do something!

But it was, perhaps, just as well that she could not see into the future. It would have been a hard choice for her if she had known that in restoring Danny's sight she would set in motion a whole train of circumstances which would bring heartbreak and real danger to her other child, Danny's sister, Peggy. Yet, Mother O'Neill being Mother O'Neill, it might have made no difference in what she did. . . .

Busy with concerns that she kept secret from both Danny and Peggy, she stayed away from the hospital for nearly a week. When she finally did appear, her son greeted her with the weak petulance of the invalid.

"How about that?" he reproved her obliquely by turning his bandaged head to where Eileen Turner sat beside him. "A fine thing, when a fellow's own mother can't find time to come to the hospital to see him!" The words were jocular, and the tone tried to be, but neither Eileen nor his mother was deceived.

He could not see the tears in Mother O'Neill's eyes, but Eileen could, and she laid her hand on his as if to protect him from some new blow. The older woman smiled at the movement.

"Yes, Eileen, I'm crying," she said, "but just because I'm happy about what might have been very bad news. The doctor didn't want to tell you, son, but now I think you ought to know. The reason they haven't taken away those

bandages is because they're afraid you—you may not be able to see when they do, Danny!"

There was no way to stop the gasp that came from Danny's lips, the little cry from Eileen, except by hurrying on with the rest of the story. And at least, she had avoided that one dreadful word—blind.

"But I've been busy, the last few days, and I've located a very famous eye surgeon, named Dr. Bores. He'll be here, just as soon as he can get away from his practice, to operate on you!"

For a long minute, Danny did not speak. And when he did, it was as if he hadn't heard her last words. He said, hoarsely, "I'm going to be—blind! *Blind!*" His voice made the word a thing of horror and blackness, of ultimate defeat.

"Danny, that's not true! It's going to be all right. Listen to me, Danny. . . . Dr. Bores. . . ."

"Never mind, Mom." Danny seemed to avoid her comforting hands. "You did all you could, I know. But miracles don't happen any more. And it's not really a surprise. I've known all along—something was wrong. I could tell."

Mother O'Neill's eyes begged for help from Eileen, and the girl put her cheek against Danny's bandaged face. "Danny darling," she said, keeping her voice as steady as she could, "please. Don't talk like that. You *must* believe it will be all right!"

But here was a Danny O'Neill they had never seen before—a despairing Danny, half-resigned, half-surlly, wholly unbelieving, who said, "I don't want any pity. I'm going to be blind. All right. I'll try to get used to the idea of stumbling around with a cane, reading from little pin dots. But don't expect me to be cheerful about it!"

Listen to the dramatic adventures of The O'Neills over the NBC-Red Network, twice a day, Monday through Friday, and sponsored by the makers of Ivory Soap.



■ "Here, let me help you," Danny said, and was delighted at the bright and child-like smile she turned up to him.

Photo especially posed by Kate McComb, Helen Claire and Jimmy Tansey, as Ma O'Neill, Sally Scott and Danny O'Neill.

And his depression deepened in the two weeks that elapsed before Dr. Bores could get away from his city practice. Even the visits of Trudie Bailey with her blustering misuse of the English language could not cheer him up.

"You don't have to push me over with a brick wall. I can see through a glass house when I've outstayed my welcome," Trudie would say disgustedly.

Once Danny would have laughed at her. Not now. He was glad to see her go. It was getting so he could hardly stand to have all these *seeing* people around him. Why, they could watch their own shadows

falling across his bed, while he. . .

The one thing he wanted was to be left alone with his bitterness.

So it was little wonder that when Dr. Bores arrived—a plump little man with a Van Dyke beard and fine, strong, square-tipped fingers—his verdict after the examination was tinged with Danny's own doubt.

"From the examination," he told Danny's mother, "I see no reason why an operation should not restore his sight. But there is one difficulty. This is a delicate operation, and one which demands the patient's full acceptance and cooperation. In your son's present de-

pressed state, I dare not attempt it!"

Sadly, Mother O'Neill went back to Danny's room. How could she get Danny into a more cheerful and positive frame of mind?

It was a question to which she could find no answer in the next few days. Only chance, finally, showed her the way.

For the last week or so Danny had had something else to fret about. Eileen had told him what she might better have left unsaid—that ugly stories were going around town concerning the bridge collapse. People were saying that both the contractor, Matt Turner, and the foreman, Danny, had been inefficient, neglectful. And Danny, with the mystery of the bridge still unsolved and his reputation for honesty and integrity at stake, could only fret at the blindness which

kept him helpless in the hospital.

Then Wilkinson, the man Danny and Collins had surprised on the bridge that fateful morning of the collapse, died from his injuries in the hospital.

MOTHER O'Neill told Danny about it.

"He died last night, son," she said. "But first he made his peace with Heaven, and he had a talk with Matt Turner. He confessed everything—that he paid a man named Martin to blow the bridge up. The police are after Martin now. So I don't think you'll have to worry any more about your reputation—or Matt Turner's, either. Everybody knows now it wasn't your fault."

Danny's mouth, under the white bandage, was parted with eagerness and delight. "I knew it!" he said. "I knew if they could just get that Wilkinson to talk— Gee, Mom, you don't know what a load that is off my mind!"

Gently, she pointed out: "Don't you see, Danny, how sometimes things will turn out all right, if we just give them a chance?"

"Oh, sure, but—" he began, impatient with abstractions. Mother O'Neill went on firmly:

"And if you'd only do your part, son, and try to get better, Dr. Bores will help you to see again. That will turn out all right, too—if you'll just give it a chance."

The bandaged head on the pillow before her was inscrutably silent for a while. The Danny said soberly, "Mom, I guess I've been stubborn and hard to handle. I'm sorry. It didn't seem like there was anything for me to live for—a blind man, and a disgraced one at that. But do you know—for a minute there, while you were telling me about Wilkinson's confession, I even forgot about my eyes. So I guess if I could stop thinking about them for a while—why, then, I guess there's more to living than I thought. . . . I'll try. I'll get well enough for the operation."

He was as good as his word. Within two weeks, Dr. Bores pronounced him ready for the operation. And he was smiling when they slipped the ether cone over his head. . . .

It was a smile that spread eagerly to the faces of the whole family the day they brought Danny home. Only the dark glasses remained. But, through those dark glasses, Danny O'Neill was able to see!

He stopped in the kitchen first,

and picked up the tea kettle that stood on the stove.

"Ma," he said in a voice that was a little husky, "you never realize until you haven't been able to see one, just how beautiful a tea kettle is!"

Then they all burst in to welcome Danny home—the twins, Janice and Eddie Collins, shouting as children will, Morris Levy beaming from ear to ear, Trudie Bailey with a fresh lemon pie which she called "Danny's favorite fruit!"

A little later, there were Peggy and Monte, who brought their three-months-old twins as a special treat; and the little house hummed with such laughter as it had not known for weeks.

In the days that followed, the house was transformed into a private hospital—for one convalescent, Danny O'Neill. He was not yet strong enough to be out of bed except for a while in the late afternoon, when he was installed in the parlor on the couch. There he held a small court as his family and friends gathered around to help entertain him.

"My own house is a wreck," Peggy often laughed. "But it's not every day a girl's brother is just home from the hospital!"

"But what about Monte, dear?" Mother O'Neill asked.

"Oh, Monte doesn't mind! He's so busy right now anyhow that he mostly gets a bite downtown. Anyhow, I hope we're still welcome here for dinner!"

"You know you are."

But just the same, it didn't seem quite right to Mother O'Neill. Maybe she was a little old-fashioned, but a man likes to have his dinner waiting for him nights—and his wife and family, too. After working hard in a law office all day, surely Monte deserved more attention than Peggy was giving him just now. But she said nothing, because it was sweet of Peggy to spend so much time with her brother; and it helped Mother O'Neill, too, to have Peggy there with the house always so full of people.

She wondered, though, if all this company was actually good for Danny. Sometimes when she put him to bed around nine o'clock, he seemed irritable and unlike himself. Perhaps it would have been better to leave him a while longer in the hospital. At home, she could not deny him this bit of gaiety and company.

So Danny O'Neill's little court of admirers was still holding forth that Friday afternoon, three weeks after his operation. Peggy had called Monte (*Cont'd on page 69*)



■ Two lovable characters that add fun and warmth to the O'Neills' family adventures, are Trudie Bailey, played by Jane West, and Morris Levy, played by Jack Rubin.



Universal Photo

BING CROSBY

■ Expert in cascading cadenzas and euphonious ululation, proud paterfamilias, acme of all the virtues—that's how we'd describe Bing Crosby if we had his vocabulary. But in plain English: swell singer, happy husband and father, grand guy.

RADIO MIRROR'S
PREVIEW OF A HIT

Vote For Gracie

■ A gay new tune especially written by a famous vocal coach that will make you vote the straight ticket in Gracie's "Allen-for-President" campaign

Words and Music by
CHARLES HENDERSON

Martial tempo

The radio year's comedy stunt presents Gracie Allen as the Surprise Party's "candidate."

Vote for Grac-ie! Vote for Grac-ie! She's the best lit-tle

skip-per in the land Vote for Grac-ie! Vote for

Grac-ie! Won't you please give this lit-tle girl a hand? E - ven

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RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR



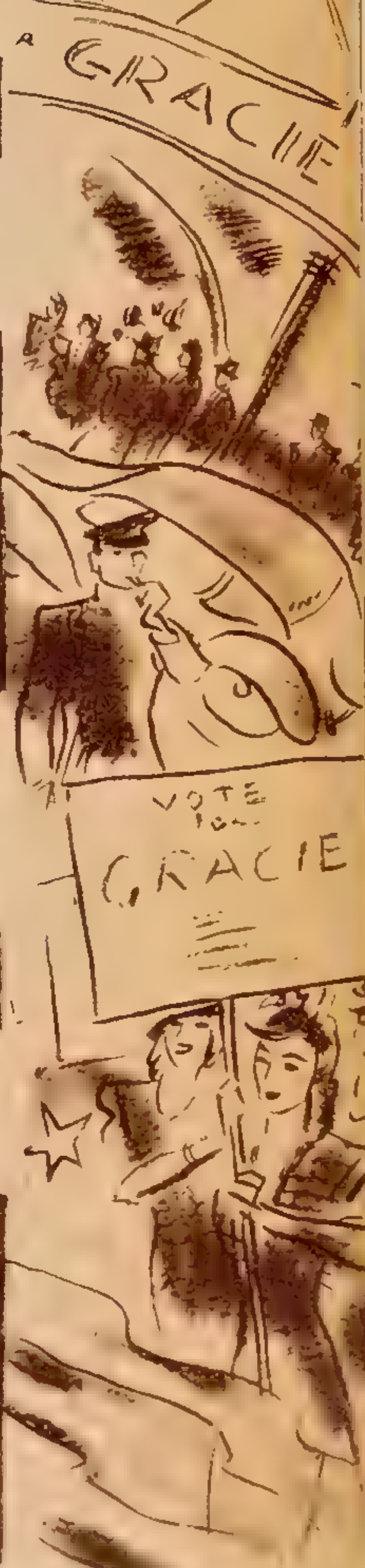
big pol-i-ti-cians don't know what to do,— Grac-ie does-n't know ei-



— ther, But nei-ther do you! — So vote for Grac-ie To win the

pres-i-den-tial ra-cie! A hun-dred mil-lion strong, That's right you can't go

wrong! Vote for Grac-ie, Keep vot-ing all day long! —



SONG OF THE MONTH

HOW TO SING FOR

■ If you have diligently followed this unique series by Hollywood's famous coach, you are now ready to put your knowledge to the test

By **CHARLES HENDERSON**
(with Charles Palmer)

Illustrations by Steele Savage



■ Don't ask for big money for your services unless you've already made a name for yourself.

HERE is the last of the talks you and I have had together on the subject of singing popular songs and making a good living out of it. If you've been among those present every month you should know by this time how to go about getting your start—how to judge your own voice or at least put yourself in a position where others can judge it for you; how to conduct yourself at an audition, in a radio studio, in front of a dance band; how to make the microphone your friend instead of your enemy; how, in fact, to do all the various things that go with Getting a Foothold in the Business.

Now I want to tell you a few things about the hardest part of the



■ Crash into publicity. You may not like the method, but Sally Rand did it by jumping into a river.

job: Hitting the Top and Staying There.

You see, there's no automatic promotion in the singing business. You go up on merit and very little else.

There was once a gentleman on a Pullman who knew my business and seemed quite willing to mind it. He disposed of the whole matter of success in singing with a wave of his cigar and a remark something like this: "Take the labels off," said he, "and all these singers, big and little, are as much alike as ten-cent cigarettes. This skill stuff gives me a laugh; it's all in the breaks and knowing the right guys."

The gentleman was wrong. A lot of other people—maybe including you, my dear client—have the same idea buried more or less deep in their minds, and they're wrong, too. I can prove it.

Back in 1933 I was connected for about five weeks with Ben Marden's Riviera, a big night-spot across the Hudson from New York. The top pay for singers was \$150 a week,



■ Don't try to make all your money at once. Twenty hours of work a day might land you up in Saranac.

which blocked out name singers and restricted us to new talent. In that five weeks we showed the following singers: Frances Langford, Martha Raye, Frances Hunt, Jean Sargent, Gertrude Niesen. These girls were then getting their starts. Our caster recognized their brand of entertainment, and his picks were later verified by four-figure salaries. Five hits in five shots is far enough from any hint of coincidence to prove that talent and skill has a great deal to do with success.

The singing business isn't civil service. There's no automatic promotion in the singing business. You go up on merit and very little else.

You can memorize every principle in the book, but you won't get much value out of them until you've tested them in the fire of commercial experience and learned to realize their true significance to you. A year with a good band is a grand thing. You get around, learn to please all sorts of people, get the inside of the music business, and find out how musicians think, develop poise and confidence. You have a priceless chance to work out your new stuff, mold it under professional guidance, and gradually develop your "style." A year in

MONEY



■ Never ignore your autograph seekers. They are your public, and can really put you "on top."

the small night clubs (either instead of band work or in addition to it), gives you the same chance to try out your ideas and get critical reactions, and to learn from the intimate contact a great deal about audience-handling technique. Add a period on the radio sustainer, and you really have a foundation. You'll go higher and stick tighter if you bat around for a while in the rough-and-tumble at the bottom of the ladder. End of sermon.

NOW then, getting down to brass tacks, how do you work this business of actually getting ahead in the world? Is it all in "knowing the right guys?" No, of course it isn't all, but I must admit there's something to it, at that. It's enough so that even the most firmly established performer would like to deduct from his income tax the expense of parties given "for professional advancement."

People. Certain people have jobs to give. Other people have influence with them. You've got to know them, to see that they know you back, and that they know what you have to offer. You may sing like a sophisticated angel and no good will it do you unless the fact is known to the people who hire the hands.

Regardless of how distasteful the idea may be to you, you must eventually develop the headwaiter's flair for recognizing the Right People. The best start is to steep



■ It's very important to avoid any type of scandal. One wrong move, and your career's ended!

yourself in the trade papers, and in trade gossip. Find from these sources who these right people are, who knows them, the places they frequent; and when an unwary one comes within range, don't put any obstacles in the way of an introduction. Once the introduction is achieved, bear down just enough to make your impression as a very nice person who sings; high pressure makes people ill at ease. Then after the initial impression is made, keep it alive by taking every chance to keep yourself and your abilities fresh in that man's mind.

Commercial-program radio should be your ultimate goal. There are more four-star figures and four-figure stars here than in any other branch of entertainment. Night clubs and bands pay off well in experience, but not much in cash. Musical comedy requires lots more than mere singing. Getting into pictures is usually accidental, so I'd suggest your concentrating on getting a commercial program on the air.

Heading the list of the right people in commercial radio are the sponsors—usually in the persons of the presidents or vice-presidents of business concerns which advertise on the air. Then come: Program builders—men who specialize in building radio shows and selling them to the agencies, or who act as radio-entertainment consultants. Talent agency people, who separately or in combination with co-operative competitors, build "Package shows" out of the talent which they manage, and sell these shows to the advertising agencies. The radio station and network person-



■ Be pleasant to co-workers. Don't get big-headed—remember the stars of five years ago. Where are they?

nel, including program directors, artist bureau men, show producers, musical directors, choral directors, even announcers and writers. Top-show artists of the Crosby, Vallee, Kate Smith calibre who have valuable showcasing guest-shots to allot.

Most of the big advertising agencies have audition rooms of their own and hold periodic tryouts, although you may prefer to bring in a personal recording.

Now for the Name dance bands. Most leaders are easy to know, and they listen to hopeful singers all the time, especially on tour. If you're in the hinterlands, this is your best chance to start up in the world. When the name band comes to town for a one-nighter, get an entrée somehow.

Night club singers are hired by the club managers (who are usually the owners as well). A word on your behalf from a columnist or a prominent member of café society may sometimes lead to an engagement. The leaders of novelty stage bands are good men to know, and so are performers who work in vaudeville habitually. When it comes to pictures, you really can't afford to slight anyone in the business. Today's assistant cutter may be tomorrow's producer.

Now about Prices. Though you'll probably start for a lot less, \$50 a week is almost standard for the run-of-the-mill band and nitery singing jobs. To me, "getting a start" means a weekly salary of up to \$100. "Coming up in the world" carries you up to \$750, and over that brings on the problem of "staying on top." The sky is the limit when you reach the point where your name is a household word and potential patrons of the sponsor stay home from the movies to hear your program. (Continued on page 72)



■ "You are part of me," she said, "part of my heart, part of my flesh!" And yet she knew, even as she spoke, that this was a love doomed from the very start

The

FROM the first moment she met him, Helen Trent felt the fascination of Drew Sinclair, famous Hollywood producer—and tried to resist it. For Drew was not only her employer, he was married. But the treachery of Helen's co-workers, who accused her of deliberately sabotaging the production of a motion picture, brought Drew and Helen closer together when Helen proved her innocence. Slowly their friendship became deeper, and when Drew's most expensive production, one on which Helen had designed the costumes, was a failure he came to her for comfort. On the return of Drew's wife, Sandra, from a luxurious yacht cruise, Drew and Helen met the yacht some miles off shore. Helen, waiting on the deck, heard a shot and ran below to find Drew standing over the dead body of a man named Petrolov. Drew was charged with the murder of his wife's lover, was tried, and sentenced to death. But Helen's feminine intuition led her to the real murderer, and her quick action was able to save Drew. Meanwhile, his wife had divorced him, and Drew and Helen, realizing their love, were preparing to marry when Helen was accused by a woman calling herself Mrs. Dunlap of being the mother of a child Mrs. Dunlap had cared for since eight years before. Helen sent the woman away, and explained to Drew that her own child from a previous marriage had died soon after its birth in Chicago, but Chicago records failed to reveal any death certificate for the baby, and Drew, fearing scandal, insisted that Helen pay Mrs. Dunlap off and get rid of her. Helen refused, and in the quarrel that followed she broke off her engagement. Then, in desperation, she went to see Gilbert Whitney, Mrs. Dunlap's lawyer, hoping to persuade him that Mrs. Dunlap was a fraud.

GILBERT WHITNEY listened to Helen with such intensity that he seemed to be listening not only to her words, but to her thoughts, her motives, her emotions—to all the things she left unsaid. When she had finished, he said courteously:

"I'm glad to hear your side of the story, Mrs. Trent, but I'm afraid you don't quite understand the situation. Naturally I did not take Mrs. Dunlap's case against you until I had investigated it thoroughly. I've looked up Mrs. Dunlap's past

Romance of Helen Trent

record. I've learned that for years she has been living in Chicago, making her living by boarding babies, and that she has been generally respected there. She has no police record."

His calm, unruffled manner sent a chill through Helen. Had she been wrong in her first estimate of this man? As she entered his office, she had felt that he would give her sympathy, not alone this frigid courtesy.

"And Mrs. Dunlap has four very strong pieces of evidence tending to prove that Barbara Sue is your child," he was continuing. "A check given to her by your late husband, Martin Trent, and returned by the bank it was drawn on. And three letters." He opened a folder on his desk and drew out four stiff sheets of paper. "These are photostatic copies. Perhaps you would like to see them?"

Her hands shaking, Helen ac-

cepted the proffered papers. They were, as he said, photographs of four documents: a check for twenty dollars, made out to Mrs. Dunlap by Martin Trent, and endorsed "For care of infant;" and three typewritten letters, inquiring after the health of Barbara Sue and promising to send money, signed by—Helen almost dropped the crackly sheets—by Helen Trent!

"That's not my signature!" she burst out.

"I'm sorry—but I've had a handwriting expert compare those signatures with yours on the lease of your ranch, and he says they are certainly genuine."

The room was whirling about Helen. "But—that's insane! I know they aren't!"

Gilbert Whitney said nothing with his lips. His eyes were eloquent enough. They said, "I don't believe you."

Somehow or other, she managed

to leave him, get into her car and drive home again. But she felt, now, as if she were unreal, the whole world was unreal, and life a fantasy of incredible events. Such things didn't happen—blackmailing women like Mrs. Dunlap didn't go to reputable lawyers armed with convincing legal proof of their fraudulent stories. And death certificates didn't just disappear, as the death certificate of her own little girl had disappeared! To all of which the facts answered coldly: such things did happen—were happening, to her.

It was several days before life began to take on some semblance of reality again. The matter-of-fact acceptance of the situation by her own lawyer, Jonathan Hayward, helped. He didn't urge her, as Drew had done, to pay Mrs. Dunlap off and get rid of her. He simply listened to her story, accepted it as truth, and began to

■ They were very close—closer physically and spiritually than they had been for many months

Illustration by
Alex Redmond



LISTEN TO THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT, STARRING VIRGINIA CLARK AND SPONSORED BY EDNA WALLACE HOPPER AND LOUIS PHILIPPE COSMETICS, OVER CBS, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY AT 12:30 P.M., E.D.S.T.

think of ways in which he, legally, could help her.

"Of course it's bad that we don't have the death certificate," he admitted. "You say the doctor that attended you died before you left the hospital?"

"Yes. It was very sudden."

"I suppose he was going to file the death certificate—and died himself before he had a chance," Hayward mused. "And the hospital where you had the baby was a private institution and has since closed. . . . Well, that leaves us just Mrs. Dunlap to investigate. . . ."

Mercifully, he didn't add what Helen couldn't forget; that Gilbert Whitney himself had investigated Mrs. Dunlap, and found nothing but proof of her claim.

And Drew?

He called several times, but Helen refused to answer the telephone. She couldn't talk to him—not while the memory of the evening he had forced her to break their engagement was so strong. Perhaps later, after she had proved the falsity of Mrs. Dunlap's charge—if she proved it. . . .

BUT after the story hit the newspapers, Drew stopped calling.

How the reporters learned about Mrs. Dunlap and Barbara Sue, Helen didn't learn until the damage was done. A disgruntled employee in her dress shop, a girl she had had to dismiss for inefficiency, had pieced together what gossip she had heard around the shop and gone with it to a local columnist. There wasn't much she could tell him, but it was enough to start him and all the other reporters after the story.

Mrs. Dunlap's suit against Helen, filed by her attorney, Gilbert Whitney, gave the newspapers something new to publish a few days after the initial story had made its sensation.

Helen tried to go on with her life. Every day she went to her job at Continental Studios; every day she found time to drop in at the dress shop and talk to Chris Wilson, its manager and her partner; many evenings she went out, in desperation, to parties and picture premieres and the homes of friends. As far as she could, she filled every waking minute with activity, hoping thus to keep thoughts of Drew at arm's length. She succeeded . . . but so very often, when she was alone, they came back.

In those first weeks after Mrs. Dunlap filed her suit, Jonathan Hayward was able to bring only one piece of good news—that Gilbert Whitney had suddenly withdrawn from the case, to be replaced

by another lawyer, one of much less repute called Hanford.

"It must mean he doesn't trust Mrs. Dunlap any more!" she exclaimed.

"It might mean that," he said. "Or it might just mean that Mrs. Dunlap's dissatisfied with his conduct of the case so far."

There were the usual false alarms—moments when it seemed as if Jonathan's agents might be on the track of something that would disprove Mrs. Dunlap's story. A nurse was found in Chicago who had worked in the hospital at the time Helen's baby was born. She remembered it, she said—but when she was interrogated more closely it was discovered that she hadn't been in the hospital then, after all.

Then came a letter from a woman who signed herself Opal Carney, of Chicago.

Helen read the letter. Poorly written, misspelled, it told a pitiful story. Eight years ago, Mrs. Car-

Next Month

We begin another exciting novel, bringing more of your favorite radio characters to you in vivid fiction form . . . Don't miss "JOHN'S OTHER WIFE" starting in the August RADIO MIRROR

ney said, her mother had died in childbirth. Mrs. Carney and her younger sisters were left destitute; their father had been killed in a train wreck some months before the baby's birth. In desperation, they had given the new baby to a Mrs. Mary Dunham to take care of for them. Mrs. Dunham had subsequently disappeared, taking the baby with her. "Durham is so much like Dunlap," the letter concluded, "I wondered if this little girl they say is yours could really be my sister Ruby."

"By all means send for her!" Helen told Hayward. "If there's the slightest chance. . . ."

So Mrs. Carney was sent for, and in due course arrived—a plain little woman in her late twenties, with

work-scarred hands and an apologetic manner. Secretly she was taken in a closed car to the house where Mrs. Dunlap lived, and kept outside until she had an opportunity to see the woman. But she couldn't be sure, she said; Mrs. Dunlap might be her Mrs. Durham, or she might not. It was hard to tell.

"If there were only some way you could identify the little girl!" Hayward said. "But of course I don't suppose there is—she was just a baby last time you saw her."

Mrs. Carney's face lit up. "Maybe there is!" she exclaimed. "All us girls—all o' Ma's daughters—are hard o' hearin' in our right ears. Every last one, me and Pearl and Crystal. None o' the boys, just the girls. We all inherited it from Ma."

"And if Barbara Sue is your sister Ruby, she might have the same trait!" Hayward supplied eagerly. He turned to Helen. "I think we may have it! I'll ask Mrs. Dunlap's lawyer to arrange a meeting for us."

All her life Helen was to remember the suspense of that meeting in the dingy law offices of Mark Hanford. Herself, Hayward, Mrs. Carney, all sitting tensely forward on their chairs. Hanford, blustering and coarse, lolling back in his chair, scornfully impatient with what he called "a pack of nonsense." Mrs. Dunlap, with Barbara Sue at her knee, watching silently.

The meeting was ostensibly for the purpose of letting Mrs. Carney see Barbara Sue and endeavor to identify her; but, as pre-arranged, she shook her head, and Hanford's triumph was pretty to see. Then Helen called Barbara Sue over to her.

"I've got a secret to tell you, Barbara Sue," she said, and bending down, she whispered into the little girl's right ear.

"Please—tell me in my other ear."

"Why, Barbara Sue?" Helen asked in a voice that was choked and thick.

"Because that ear's the one I don't hear so good in."

Then Mrs. Carney was on her knees beside Barbara Sue, sobbing, and Mrs. Dunlap and Hanford were both talking angrily—but Helen heard none of it all, for now she knew.

There were, of course, loose ends for Jonathan Hayward to tie up, but that was easy, once given Mrs. Carney's positive identification of her sister. Indeed, Mrs. Dunlap must have known her cause was lost, because before the week was out she had confessed to the fraud. The check. (Continued on page 62)



JESSICA DRAGONETTE

■ It is with extreme delight that we welcome back to radio one of its queens of song—Jessica Dragonette. After a round of concert tours throughout the country, Jessica brings her golden voice to the CBS Ford Summer show, Friday nights.



■ Above, famed Gertrude Lawrence, televising a scene from "Susan and God." Part of the time she acted in bed and under blankets—and nearly suffocated!

■ Hollywood contributes its bit of glamour with Gloria Blondell (Joan's younger sister). Below, appearing in "The Fortune Hunter," with Douglas Gilmore.



TRIALS, TRIBULATIONS and

■ You just can't believe the woes these hardy pioneers endure, what with milk that curdles, mascara that runs, and ice cream that is really mashed potatoes

RIGHT now, television is more than a storm in a teacup. Day by day it is going through a frantic upheaval, not unlike the early days of the movies when they were grinding out the Keystone Comedies. While television engineers experiment and perfect new technical equipment, those on the television sets plunge through tragicomic situations which will some day make show business history.

The movies reached their present technical and artistic brilliance through the trial and error method. Television is doing the same thing. There are no books on television. There are no precedents. There are no schools where you can learn anything about it. If you're working in television today, you tackle the problems as they come up and say a little prayer for success.

So all sorts of unforeseen things happen.

By NORTON RUSSELL

One day, not long ago, I saw the lovely Dinah Shore come running out of a television studio at NBC, holding one eye and blinking the other a mile a minute. Her eyes were swollen and red and her cheeks were streaked with black stuff.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked her.

"I've just come from my first television broadcast," she wailed. "The heat from the lights melted my mascara. I had to finish the show singing with both eyes closed and tears running down my face. I've got to get to First Aid before my eyes burn out."

I'm sure Dinah felt like a television guinea pig, but a few years from now she'll be around boasting with others about being a television pioneer. She's certainly earned her right to boast. And no less a person-

ality than Gertrude Lawrence has also contributed her bit to television. This Broadway star did a bedroom scene from "Susan and God" under blankets heavy enough for an arctic winter while the studio temperature under the glaring lights stood high in the nineties.

Men complain much more about the heat on a television set than the women. One Broadway star, Helen Claire, said, "I don't think it's nearly as hot as a summer theater." But the next week, I saw every male member of the cast of "The Pirates of Penzance" walking around the set at rehearsals, stripped to the waist. And in "Ethan Frome," the actors came in out of what was supposed to be snow and cold, dripping with perspiration!

In another play, an actor came on the set carrying a bottle of milk which he had presumably just bought at a store. The heat of the



■ One of the best types of show and one of the most uncertain is the sports event. Broadcasters are never sure if they're making history—or monkeys of themselves.

TELEVISION!



■ A television director's nightmare is the soda fountain where liquids get too hot to drink, ice cream turns into soup, and grape juice must be substituted for beer.

Photos through courtesy of NBC

lights had curdled the milk so much that to the television audience it looked as though he was carrying only a half-full bottle. During the two days' rehearsal of "Prologue to Glory" the actors complained of sunburn.

Now and then, the heat of the lights makes a scene very convincing. In a telecast called "A Game of Chess," an actor was supposed to take poison and then choke. The poison was nothing more than coca-cola in a glass, but by the time the actor was ready to drink it, the lights had heated it so much that it burned him quite badly. His choking scene was played with utter realism.

The lads who have the toughest time in television are those working in the "video effect" department. This effect is similar to the sound effect in radio. It employs miniature shots and trick effects to



■ The complete Broadway show, "When We Were Married," was televised recently. Below, entire company on the set.

give the television set the illusion of reality. The "video effect" department is on the fifth floor of NBC, the television studio on the third floor. And this distance between the departments causes many a slip-up.

In one show, "The Mysterious

Mummy," the "video effect" men rigged up an elaborate series of clues in their studio. The scene was cut from the broadcasting studio to their department. In one shot, a "video effect" man didn't get his hand out of the miniature set in time. People who saw the show

wrote in for weeks afterward, asking what the "hairy arm" clue was supposed to mean.

Another show called "The Gorilla" required an actor to be shot on the set. It was too dangerous to fire even a blank at such close range. So, (Continued on page 74)

SHOULD TELEVISION'S PROGRESS BE SLOWED UP?

A CONTROVERSY that means a great deal to you was raging last month between the Radio Corporation of America and the Federal Communications Commission. On its outcome, not yet decided as RADIO MIRROR went to press, depends the immediate future of television. Should television be allowed to come to quick maturity or should it be retarded, kept in the laboratory and the public warned against spending its money on sets? Here, stripped of all technical language is the basis of the argument:

The Federal Communications Commission authorized the beginning of limited telecasting of spon-

sored programs for next September. Immediately, RCA began a sales campaign intended to sell 25,000 television receivers in and near New York City—and the FCC countered by suspending its permit for sponsored programs. Then there was a hearing in Washington to determine whether or not RCA's intensive sale of sets would retard laboratory development of television and "freeze" transmission standards by forcing competing set-makers to put their products on the market, too.

RADIO MIRROR takes no sides in the battle. As a result of the Washington hearings, the FCC may have

restored its permit for commercial telecasting by the time you read these words. But whatever the outcome, you, the readers of this magazine, are the persons most concerned, because it will be your money that is spent for television sets; and for that reason we present here a digest of the two opposing viewpoints as explained by James L. Fly, chairman of the FCC, and David Sarnoff, president of RCA. We offer them in the hope that they will clarify for you a complicated problem—should television be allowed to speed ahead, or should it be held back to protect your interests?

GO SLOWLY!

Says James L. Fly

Chairman, Federal Communications Commission

SELL the public a large number of television sets now and in a year, either the sets will be of little practical use to the owners or else manufacturers will have to put aside many improvements which should go into new sets and into new transmitting methods, said Mr. Fly, in justifying the FCC's move in revoking its permission for telecasting of sponsored programs.

The FCC had not intended to bring about any active selling campaign. Television, he said, is still very much an infant art, and it is important that set buyers should know in advance they are partaking in an experiment. Standards of televising are not permanent, and there is a danger that the set bought today may be completely useless a year from now.

Television sets are not like automobiles or sound radio receivers, he pointed out. An automobile built ten years ago is not as good as one built in 1940, but it runs. A radio set of ten years ago still receives programs. But a television set could easily be incapable of bringing in a single picture if there were any real change in the standards of transmission.

The Commission's withdrawal of permission for limited commercial programs was on the basis that RCA had used the permission to stimulate sales. The Commission was aware of the money that had been spent by RCA and other set manufacturers to perfect telecasting, Fly said, and sympathized with its desire to realize on that investment by selling sets, but it felt that the possible loss to the public, caused by buying sets which might turn out to be worthless after transmission standards had finally been set, might be greater than the cost of waiting and continuing laboratory experiment.

FULL SPEED AHEAD!

Says David Sarnoff

President, Radio Corporation of America

MR. SARNOFF, in a statement before the FCC, denied that there was any danger existing television sets might become useless in the future.

The sets RCA has been offering to the public, he said, could be adjusted to meet any expected improvements for only a nominal fee—at most, \$40. If these changes came about, and the purchaser did not wish to spend the \$40, Sarnoff pointed out, he would still own the very finest sound radio in existence, one operating on three wave-bands, international short-wave, standard broadcasting, and police and aviation.

He also denied that any prospective purchaser of a television set was allowed to buy it without knowing exactly what he was getting—in other words, a set which would receive programs that were still partially experimental.

He believed, Sarnoff said, that greater public participation in television was necessary at the present time, if the art was to progress satisfactorily, and that it was more important to extend sight reception to many people than to concentrate on getting larger or clearer pictures to the sets owned by a few. RCA has developed a system of relays, corresponding to the present-day sound-radio networks, which would bring television to people coast-to-coast, and the company is ready, he said, to ask for a license to construct this system as soon as commercial television was permitted.

Furthermore, Sarnoff said, he did not believe that permission to put commercial programs on the air would tend to stop laboratory research for better transmission standards. On the contrary, he believed that the availability of more money, coming from sponsored programs, would stimulate progress.

The Screen Actors' Guild presented Ginger Rogers with a beautiful compact, after her brilliant performance of "Vivacious Lady." Her admiring cavaliers are, standing, Huntley Gordon and Fred McMurray (her co-star); seated, are Jean Hersholt, Ginger, Roger Pryor, Conrad Nagel.



Hollywood

RADIO WHISPERS



THE "miss" in "Six Hits and a Miss" now heard on both the Don Ameche and Bob Hope programs is film material. She's a lovely looking lass and has a half dozen Hollywood Bachelors talking to themselves . . . Pat Friday, the sweet-throated gal of the Don Ameche show, is romancing John Conte . . . Since Loretta Young met Radio producer Tom Lewis, they've been going everywhere together. It looks like love and an elopement.

* * *

Bob Hope's comics, Brenda and Cobina, have actually had fifteen proposals of marriage by way of mail since starting their old maid routine . . . Norma Shearer and

George Raft, who may soon be aired on a dramatic show, are sustaining their romance at the same high level, marking something of a record for Hollywood . . . Rudy Vallee who leads the town for his stay in the romantic trade winds, with a new affinity each week, is having close competition from Tom Brown, who has a different date every day.

* * *

Kay St. Germaine, who used to go with Edgar Bergen, is now going with Jack Carson, and that means they'll be married in the fall . . . (Continued on page 81)

By GEORGE FISHER

Listen to Fisher Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon as well as on Saturday night over the Mutual network.

Below, three stars of Don Ameche's NBC program, Pat Friday, Don and Claire Trevor. Above, the newly-married Hanley Stafford (Baby Snooks' Daddy) with his bride, Vyola Vonn.





■ A sure hot-weather thirst-quencher is made of equal parts of canned grapefruit and pineapple juice, decorated with sprigs of fresh mint. Below, a tempting dish to start the day—crunchy cereal with fresh raspberries.



THE COOKING CORNER

Cool off your summer

WHAT busy, happy weeks these have been for your cooking editor—and all because of you readers and your enthusiastic response to RADIO MIRROR's Favorite Recipe Contest. Recipes for the most delectable sounding dishes have poured in from every section of the country and the task of deciding on the winners is proving an engrossing one indeed. However, it is progressing so well that I am happy to announce that you will find the names of the winners in August RADIO MIRROR. It's been thrilling to read not only the recipes, but the warm, friendly notes which have accompanied them. I wish I had the time to write to each one of you personally, but since that is out of the question I want to thank everyone of you through these pages for your enthusiasm and good wishes.

Even though the contest has proved so fascinating, I've been keeping my eyes and ears open for hot weather menu suggestions for you, and I've such a variety of sug-

gestions that I can hardly wait to pass them on to you. It's been fun, too, because one of the nicest things about summer is the opportunity it gives us to enjoy crisp cold cereals, long iced drinks and frozen desserts.

Surely nothing could be more tempting to start the day than a breakfast of crunchy cereal and raspberries such as we have pictured here. That is powdered sugar in the center and there is a pitcher of cream at hand, but if you like a more exotic flavor, try sour cream, beaten and sweetened to taste.

The bun-shaped shredded cereal so delicious with cream or milk, takes on new interest when it is coated with butter and honey, which have been creamed together, then popped beneath the broiler flame for a few minutes before serving. It is also an excellent basis for the ever-popular summer dessert,

strawberry shortcake. Split the cereal bun in half lengthwise, butter the halves and place them in the oven until the butter is melted, then spread crushed berries between the halves and on the top, and in the traditional twinkling of an eye you have one of the finest shortcakes you have ever eaten. And don't forget peaches, pears, pineapple and cherries, either canned or fresh, and bananas as shortcake ingredients.

The mention of fruit juices naturally brings us to the subject of summer drinks like the one pictured here. It is made of equal portions of canned grapefruit juice and canned pineapple juice, decked invitingly with sprigs of fresh mint. I've become so enthusiastic about these canned fruit juices, that I always keep a variety of flavors—and a glance at your neighborhood grocer's shelves will show you what a number of varieties there are—in my refrigerator so I'll never be without the "makings" for hot-weather thirst-quenchers. Some of

Listen to Kate Smith's daytime talks, Monday through Friday at 12:00 o'clock, E.D.S.T., also her variety show Friday nights, both over the Columbia network.

■ Very busy, but happy. Right, Kate, going over the thousands of recipes received in Radio Mirror's contest. Below, serve this frosty Cranberry Sherbet for dessert.



By KATE SMITH
Radio's Mirror's Food Counsellor

MENUS

■ Serve crisp, cold cereals, refreshing iced drinks and frozen desserts—they'll keep your family comfortable and happy during the hot weather

my favorite combinations are: Grapefruit juice and apricot juice; pineapple juice and cherry juice; apple juice and grape juice. These canned fruit juices blend equally well with other beverages, too—apple juice with ginger ale and a leaf or two of fresh mint; apricot juice and seltzer with a few drops of lime juice. The combinations are almost limitless and the proportions may be varied to suit your own preference.

For summer desserts, nothing is more deservedly popular than frosty sherbets. They, too, are made of canned fruit juices or canned fruits, and range from simple grape juice sherbet to the cranberry sherbet which you see at the top of the page.

Grape Juice Sherbet

2 cups grape juice
2 cups cold water
6 tbs. lemon juice
1¾ cups sugar

Combine ingredients and mix until sugar is dissolved, then freeze in rotary freezer or in mechanical refrigerator.

Pineapple Sherbet

⅔ cup canned pineapple juice (unsweetened)
¼ cup sugar 3 egg whites
¼ cup shredded coconut
6 maraschino cherries, chopped
½ cup chopped nut meats

Combine pineapple juice and sugar, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Pour into freezing tray and freeze until mixture reaches a mushy consistency. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, coconut, maraschino cherries and nuts and continue freezing.

Apple Sherbet

4 cups canned apple sauce
1¾ cups sugar 1 cup water
2 tbs. lemon juice
1 cup whipped cream
⅛ tsp. cinnamon

Combine sugar and water, bring to boil and boil for ten minutes. Allow to cool, add apple sauce and lemon juice, pour into freezing tray and freeze until mixture reaches mushy consistency. Add whipped cream and cinnamon and continue freezing.

Cherry Sherbet

2 cups canned cherries, drained
¾ cup sugar
2 tbs. chopped roasted almonds
1 cup whipped cream

Combine cherries and sugar and let stand until sugar is dissolved. Add nuts and cream, and freeze.

Cranberry Sherbet

1 cup sugar ¾ cup water
½ cup New Orleans type molasses
½ cup orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
3 bananas
1 cup canned cranberries (well drained)

2 egg whites 2 tbs. sugar
Combine sugar and water, bring to boil and boil for ten minutes. Stir in molasses and chill. Run cranberries and bananas through coarse sieve, and add, together with lemon and orange juice, to liquid mixture. Beat egg whites until foamy, then beat in sugar and add to first mixture. Pour into freezing tray and freeze until mushy, beat until smooth (but do not allow to melt) then continue freezing.

Her name wasn't always Bonnie Baker—Read how it was changed. And, read about the other woman in Orrin Tucker's life who shares in the orchestra leader's sensational rise to stardom.



Facing the Music

WHO says that Artie Shaw honestly hates the dance band business? On his recent trip to New York, luscious Lana Turner and her husband spent one hectic day with Eddy Duchin when the pianist raced back and forth from the Hotel Plaza to the Strand Theater. Later they were reported shagging in Harlem's swing-mad Savoy Ballroom, and welcoming Jimmy Dorsey and Orrin Tucker when those two bandsmen began recent engagements. Quite a busman's holiday for one who was allegedly sour on jive and jitterbugs.

When I spoke to Jan Savitt recently he told me that a certain blonde eyeful was occupying his attentions but would not reveal her name. The blonde turned out to be his lovely secretary, Barbara Stillwell, who hails from Chicago. They were married in April, and spent a good part of their 48-hour honeymoon visiting other bandleaders.

Kitty Kallen has left Jack Teagarden's band and Mary-Anne Dunne replaced her. Kitty married saxo-

BY KEN ALDEN

phonist Clint Gardin of Francis Craig's band.

The Song Hit Guild, which helps amateur lyric writers and composers to get their work published by bringing them into collaboration with professionals, has announced the winners of its second project: Robert de Leon, Detroit; John D. Dolezal, Chester, Montana; F. Kay Lueders, Prairie de Sac, Wis.; Melvin Kay, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dwight Claar and John Hawkins, San Quentin, Calif.; and Gilbert Mills, Melrose, Mass.

Ramona has evidently shelved her own band to take a job on a Mutual network coast-to-coaster.

That Dave Rose you hear on Mutual from Hollywood is Martha Raye's husband. He is highly regarded as a conductor-arranger.

Bob Crosby will reach your ears

this summer from the San Francisco Fair and Catalina Island while Enric Madriguera, Shep Fields, and Freddy Martin are set for air appearances from Chicago's Aragon Ballroom.

Bob Chester's band is playing the Liberty Magazine dance contests which help pick a World's Fair Miss Liberty Belle.

THE WOMAN IN ORRIN TUCKER'S LIFE
THE most important woman in Orrin Tucker's life is not brown-eyed Bonnie "Oh, Johnny" Baker, but one who has contributed even more to the young bandleader's success.

She can't sing like the tiny girl who has won the plaudits of a nation with her naughty, baby voice.

Her graying hair is no match for the black, curly locks of the vivacious Texas songstress. No one has ever asked for her autograph.

Yet without this woman's long, silent struggle, Orrin Tucker would not be one of radio's brightest stars, and Bonnie Baker might still be plain Evelyn Nelson, a small-time night

(Continued on page 43)

*"I prefer a mild
cigarette—so of
course I smoke
Camels!"*

MRS. ALEXANDER COCHRANE FORBES,
international figure in embassy circles

Her name is "Sunny" Forbes. The daughter of a diplomat, she is at home with world notables...speaks five languages fluently. She was educated in Rome, made her New York debut at the Tuxedo Ball, was later presented at the Court of St. James...



Now, in her Manhattan apartment, Mrs. Forbes entertains famous personalities with casual teas and buffet suppers...



"And I wouldn't think of entertaining," she says, "without having a carton of Camels handy. My friends are as Camel-conscious as I am. They evidently enjoy Camels, too."



She likes to wear colorless polish on her nails...do her own marketing...make needlepoint seat-covers for her Chippendale chairs...collect Low-stoft china...go to concerts...



One of those charming people who are "asked everywhere"—to attend a party for visiting royalty, to hunt in Virginia, to swim in Bermuda—she says:



"I see Camels everywhere I go. Nobody has to tell me that Camels are 'extra cool, extra mild, and have extra flavor.' I *know*—I smoke Camels. They're my favorite. Positively the grandest-tasting cigarette I could ever want."

**THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS!**

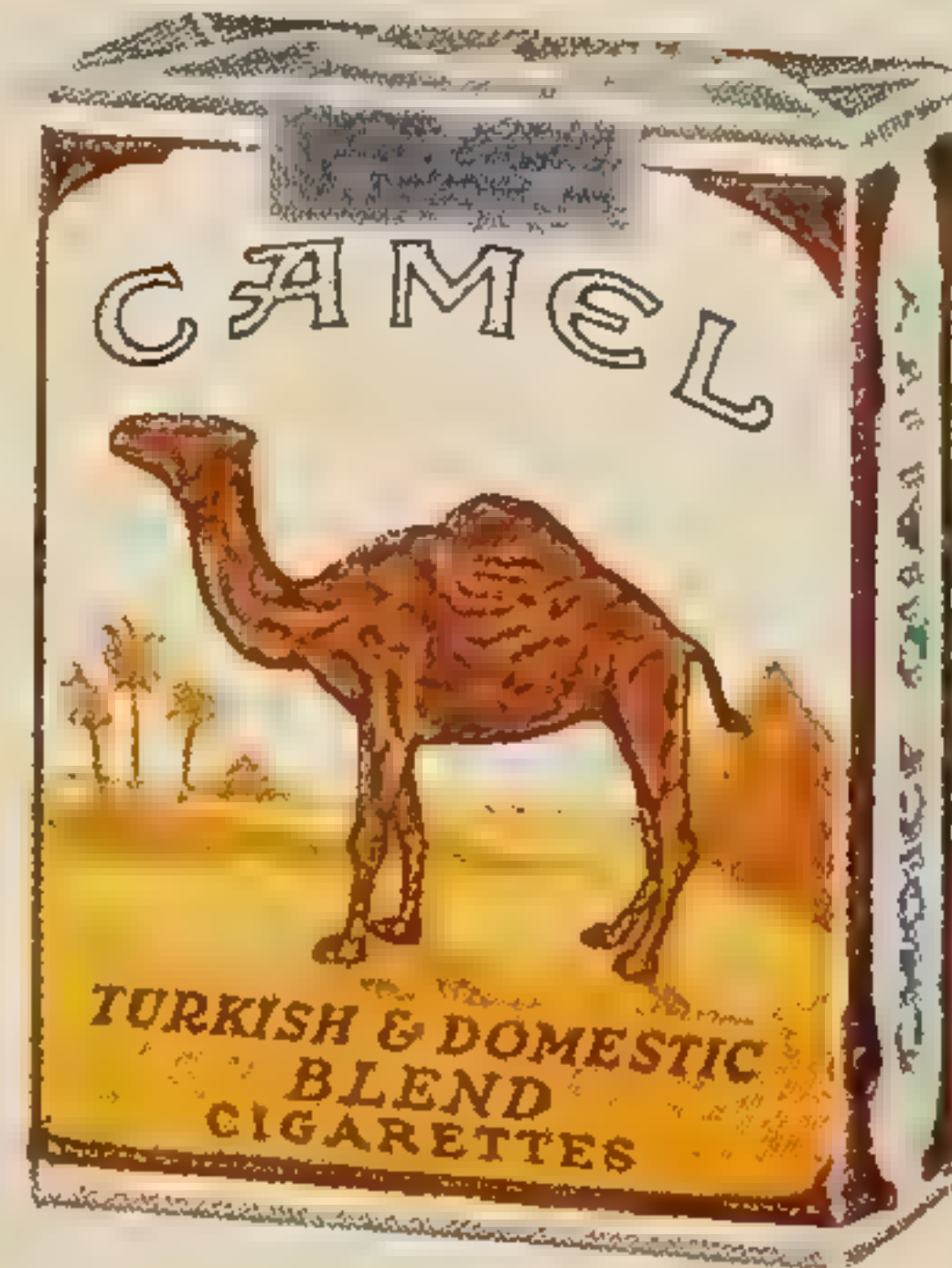
Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company.
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



*A few of the many other
distinguished women
who prefer Camel's mildness
and delicate taste:*

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Gail Borden, *Chicago*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *Philadelphia*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2ND, *Boston*
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Nicholas Griffith Penniman III, *Baltimore*
Mrs. Thomas Edison Sloane, *New York*
Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena*
Mrs. Oliver De Gray Vanderbilt III, *Cincinnati*
Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer, *New York*

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



**5
EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!**

Slower-burning Camels give you—

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR



“Quit bawling—you can get him back!”

AND then Jane let her sobbing roommate hear the truth . . .

“Maybe it’s your breath, honey. I’ve been noticing lately that it’s—well, off color. And that’s one thing no man will stand for—even a patient boy like Bob. I don’t blame him for staying away . . .”

“But, Jane . . . I never dreamed . . .”

“Of course you didn’t. That’s the trouble with a lot of girls. They take their breath for granted. Why not start using Listerine Antiseptic . . . it’s wonderful for the breath.* I’ll phone Bob on some pretext or other and get you two together again—and this time I bet he stays!”

And Jane was right—right about Listerine Antiseptic . . . and right about Bob.

How’s Your Breath?

It may be on the offensive side at this very moment—without your realizing it. That’s the insidious thing about halitosis

(bad breath). It seldom lets its victim know.

If you want people to like you, better let Listerine Antiseptic help look after your breath. This wonderfully delightful antiseptic and deodorant is the first aid of really nice people. Just use it as a mouth rinse and gargle before a heavy date.

Sweetens Your Breath

*Some cases of bad breath are due to systemic conditions. But usually, and fortunately, it is caused, say some authorities,

by tiny bits of fermenting food skipped by the tooth brush.

Listerine Antiseptic is amazingly effective against this fermentation—halts it quickly and then overcomes the odors it causes. Almost immediately your breath becomes purer, sweeter, less likely to offend.

Never guess about the condition of your breath. Take the delightful Listerine Antiseptic precaution that attractive, popular people rely on.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

BE SWEETER TO YOUR SWEETIE—
USE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC FOR

halitosis
(BAD BREATH)

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 40)

club singer, snubbed by Fame.

Today Mrs. Margie Tucker can look back knowingly on those hard days in Wheaton, Illinois, when divorce marred her life. She still remembers how she grimly resolved not to let her domestic tragedy cast shadows on the career of her only child.

When Orrin went to high school, his mother sewed and mended for the neighbors. When he showed musical ability, Mrs. Tucker spent her evenings minding other people's children so that her own boy might master the saxophone.

These sacrifices strengthened the bonds between mother and son. I doubt if anyone will ever break them, as the 29-year-old leader climbs to new triumphs. For his success must be shared with the tall, handsome woman who made them possible.

AT the age of 14, Orrin had already organized a band composed of high school chums and he continued it at Northwestern University. This work helped pay his tuition but left him no time for campus girl friends. Anytime Orrin attended a prom he was lost behind a music rack.

Although Mrs. Tucker secretly hoped her boy would be a doctor, she knew music had already captured him. She did not argue.

When I asked her what she would do if her son fell in love, she said: "Orrin's happiness is always mine. I never oppose him."

But this problem is far off. Orrin doesn't even have a girl friend. His relations with Bonnie, despite baseless rumors, are strictly platonic.

Mrs. Tucker is more than just Orrin's mother. Every boy in the band affectionately calls her "Mom."

"She's a real trouper," said one musician. "Why 'Mom' even goes on the one night stands with us. She hasn't missed a date!"

And to wee Bonnie Baker she's become a true friend, confidante, and Mother Confessor all rolled into one.

"I sort of treat Bonnie like Orrin's sister," she said. "Why, a lot of people think I've adopted her."

Bonnie was born Evelyn Nelson, twenty-two years ago in Orange, Texas. Her father was a merchant seaman and the girl remembers him vaguely because he was seldom ashore and died when his daughter was fourteen. Her mother remarried, and she and her second husband, Le Roy Jones, now reside in Houston. When Bonnie was a kid, she was moved around like a gypsy. Jones was a chain drug store checker and his work took him and his family to dozens of southern cities. She picked up most of her education in Houston and Macon, Georgia, parochial schools. It was in the latter city, however, that Bonnie first lifted her voice in song. She was sixteen.

"I had dates there with plenty of boys," recalled Bonnie, who speaks just like she sings, "we used to drive out to the country under a big, bright moon and I just sort of started to sing for the fun of it."

The boys and girls prevailed upon the Mother Superior at Mount de Sales Academy to let Bonnie sing in the forthcoming school play.

"All right," the nun finally agreed, "Evelyn can sing one song."

The one song turned into four when the same squeaky voice that sold over 750,000 records of "Oh, Johnny," turned the little school play into an uproar.

Monk McAllister, a local band-leader, attended the performance and immediately offered the five-foot-tall singer a job. Two weeks later Bonnie was singing at the Macon Country Club Saturday night dances for \$5 a performance. This arrangement lasted only a fortnight.

Bonnie's stepfather, tired of the roving life his job required, packed up his family and returned to Houston where he got a better position.

There Bonnie soon got a job singing with Fay Godfrey's band.

Then Bonnie sang in a Houston night club for \$20 a week, except for excursions to neighboring Texas cities for extra work. Finally a booking agent with bigger plans approached the girl.

"I've got a job for you in St. Louis," he said, puffing a smoke screen across the table as he quickly snapped a contract from his pocket, "A swell place too. The Claridge Hotel. And the band they got there is a comer, I hear. Run by a Chicago kid, by the name of Orrin Tucker."

Bonnie's work in the floor show soon attracted Orrin. Up to that time he had little luck with girl vocalists.

"But I liked her right from the start," he said in that boyish way of his. "She was retiring, modest, and had a quality to her voice that was very unusual."

So in 1936, Evelyn Nelson, aged 18, joined Orrin Tucker's band. It didn't seem an important move at the time, but three years later it changed her whole life, quickened Orrin's success, and started an amazing trend in the music industry.

The first thing Orrin did to his latest acquisition was change her name. This was done on an auto trip to Memphis.

"I wanted the same harmony in her name that was in her voice."

After suggestions from several boys

in the band, the name Bonnie Baker was picked.

The Tucker-Baker combination didn't set worlds afire until last year. They managed to play all the better hotels and critics said the band showed promise. Bonnie had some favorable comments for singing an old tune called "Billy." Orrin decided to dig up some other dusty tunes, and one day jotted down the names of three old-timers, one of which was "Oh, Johnny."

"A friend of mine dug up an old copy of 'Johnny' in a second-hand music store in Chicago," the band-leader recalled. "I stored it away until we played the Palmer House where a spot in the floor show called for a tune of yesteryear."

However, it was not until the tune was recorded by Bonnie in Los Angeles that things began to happen. Offers came in from theaters, movies, hotels. They broke business records everywhere. Then came the Hit Parade broadcasts, a session at the Waldorf-Astoria, and the gold-paved road tours.

The first thing Orrin did when success caught up with him, was to tear up Bonnie's old contract and sign a lucrative, new one. Bonnie went out and bought a mink coat.

Bonnie and Orrin are still walking around in a daze. The girl lets her secretary, Talayha Abbott and "Mom" Tucker handle any financial details. She spends all spare time buying plenty of clothes, seeing stage shows, eating good food, and fussing with her hair in swank beauty parlors.

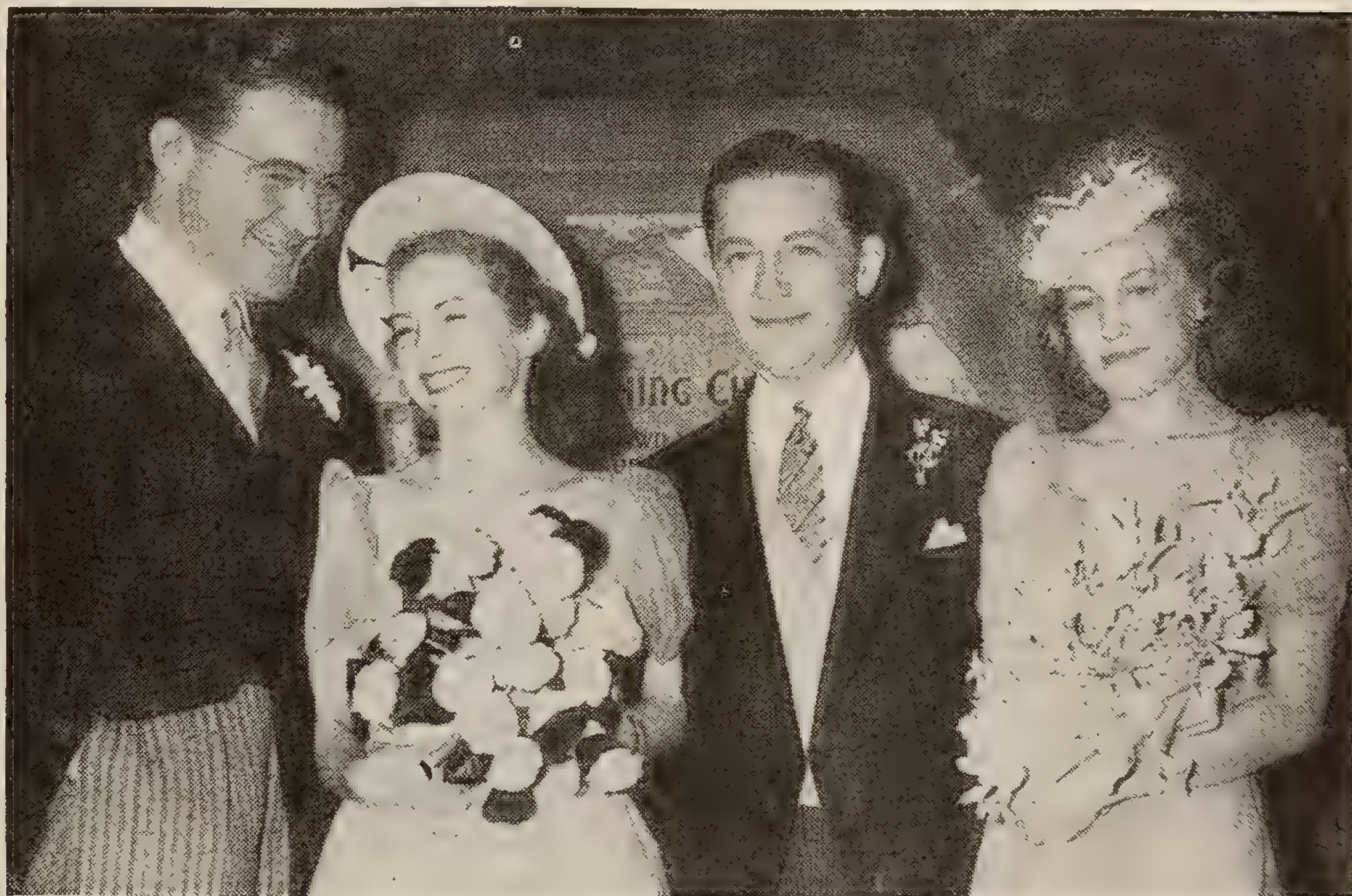
However, Bonnie sees one thing clearly:

"I'm not thinking about marriage or men. Settling down now would spoil all the fun."

Orrin feels the same way. Right now he's too busy looking for a successor to "Oh, Johnny."

This doesn't worry Mom Tucker. She just shrugs her shoulders and smiles confidently, "I'll take care of Orrin just like I always did."

(Continued on page 51)



Benny Goodman was best man at the wedding of his pretty vocalist, Martha Tilton to Leonard K. Vannerson, on April 1st. Martha's sister, Elizabeth Ann (right), was maid of honor.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
		8:00 A.M.	CBS: News
		NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio	NBC-Red: Organ Recital
		8:30	CBS: Morning Moods
		NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00	CBS: News of Europe
		8:00	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
		9:15	NBC-Red: Tom Teriss
		9:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
		8:30	NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
		10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
		8:00	NBC-Blue: NBC String Quartet
		8:00	NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
		10:30	CBS: March of Games
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Four Belles
		8:30	NBC-Red: Children's Hour
		10:45	NBC-Blue: Happy Jim Parsons
		11:05	CBS: News and Rhythm
		9:05	NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen
		11:30	CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
		9:30	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
		9:30	NBC-Red: Music and Youth
		12:00 Noon	NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
		8:00	NBC-Red: The Story of All of Us
		12:30 P.M.	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
		8:30	NBC-Red: On the Job
		1:00	CBS: Church of the Air
		9:00	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
		9:00	NBC-Red: Music for Moderns
		1:15	NBC-Blue: Vass Family
		1:30	CBS: Democracy in Action
		9:30	NBC-Blue: Al and Lee Reiser
		9:30	NBC-Red: Silver Strings
		2:00	NBC-Red, CBS, MBS: Salute of the Americas
		2:30	CBS: So You Think You Know Music
		10:30	NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
		3:00	CBS: CBS Symphony
		8:30	NBC-Red: I Want a Divorce
		3:15	NBC-Blue: Foreign Policy Assn.
		3:30	NBC-Blue: H. Leopold Spitalny
		11:30	NBC-Red: News from Europe
		4:00	NBC-Blue: National Vespers
		12:00	NBC-Red: Woody Herman
		4:30	CBS: Invitation to Learning
		12:30	NBC-Blue: Swing Ensemble
		12:30	NBC-Red: The World is Yours
		5:00	CBS: Choose Up Sides
		1:00	MBS: Musical Steelmakers
		1:00	NBC-Red: Yvette
		5:15	NBC-Blue: Vicente Gomez
		5:30	NBC-Blue: Salon Silhouettes
		1:30	NBC-Red: From Hollywood Today
		6:00	CBS: Fun in Print
		2:00	NBC-Blue: Voice of Hawaii
		2:00	NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
		6:30	CBS: Gene Autry
		2:30	NBC-Blue: Cavalcade of Hits
		2:30	NBC-Red: Beat the Band
		7:00	CBS: News of the World
		3:00	NBC-Blue: News from Europe
		3:00	NBC-Red: JACK BENNY
		7:30	CBS: ELLERY QUEEN
		3:30	NBC-Blue: Concert Orch.
		3:30	NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
		8:00	NBC-Blue: Musical Comedy Hits
		4:00	NBC-Red: CHARLIE MCCARTHY
		8:30	CBS: Swingo
		7:00	NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
		9:00	CBS: FORD SUMMER HOUR
		8:00	NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
		5:00	NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
		9:15	NBC-Blue: The Parker Family
		9:30	NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
		7:15	NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Bill Stern Sports Review
		10:00	CBS: Take It or Leave It
		8:00	NBC-Blue: Goodwill Hour
		6:00	NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
		10:30	NBC-Blue: Cheerio
		6:30	NBC-Red: NBC String Quartet
		11:00	NBC-Red: Dance Orchestra

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ A contestant agonizes—and so does Bob Hawk—over the \$64 question.

Tune-In Bulletin for May 26, June 2, 9, 16 and 23!

May 26: Spencer Tracy appears this afternoon on Nobody's Children, Mutual at 4:30, E.D.S.T. . . . At 3:00 on NBC-Red is your last chance this season to hear I Want a Divorce . . . Panama City is honored by the Worlds Fair program on all networks at 2:00.

June 2: Ted Fio Rito's orchestra closes tonight at the Cleveland Hotel—you've been hearing it over CBS . . . The World's Fair program deals with Costa Rica.

June 9: That excellent show, the Musical Steelmakers, comes to you today from the Taft Auditorium in Cleveland. It's on Mutual at 5:00.

June 16: All good things come to an end—so tonight is your last chance to listen to Jack Benny until next season.

June 23: The Aldrich Family, always amusing, moves into Jack Benny's time, NBC-Red at 7:00—and of course Ezra Stone is still being heard as Henry. . . . The Republicans are warming up for their convention tomorrow and all the networks will carry a broadcast of their night-before rally, at 10:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Take It or Leave It, a quiz show with a new and exciting twist, on CBS at 10:00 tonight (rebroadcast to the Pacific Coast at 8:30, P.S.T.), sponsored by Eversharp Pens and Pencils.

There's all the excitement of a prize fight, a horse race, a night at Monte Carlo, and two reels of the old-time movie serial in this quiz program. If you haven't heard it already, tune in tonight and have yourself a time. The idea is this: contestants win \$1 if they answer the first question right. They can take their dollar and go home, or they can try answering a second question. If they get it right they win \$2—but they can let that lie and try a third time, for a \$4 prize, and so on, until if they answer seven questions correctly they get \$64. That's as high as they can go, though. And if they miss on one of the questions, they forfeit all they've won before.

Bob Hawk, who asks the questions, has been a quiz expert for the last five or six years, starting in Chicago, where he first became famous for a phonograph record program in which he joked and ad libbed between musical numbers. Two years ago he came to New York to ask questions on the Mutual program, the People's Rally, then changed to another Mutual program, Name Three, and from there moved to his present assignment.



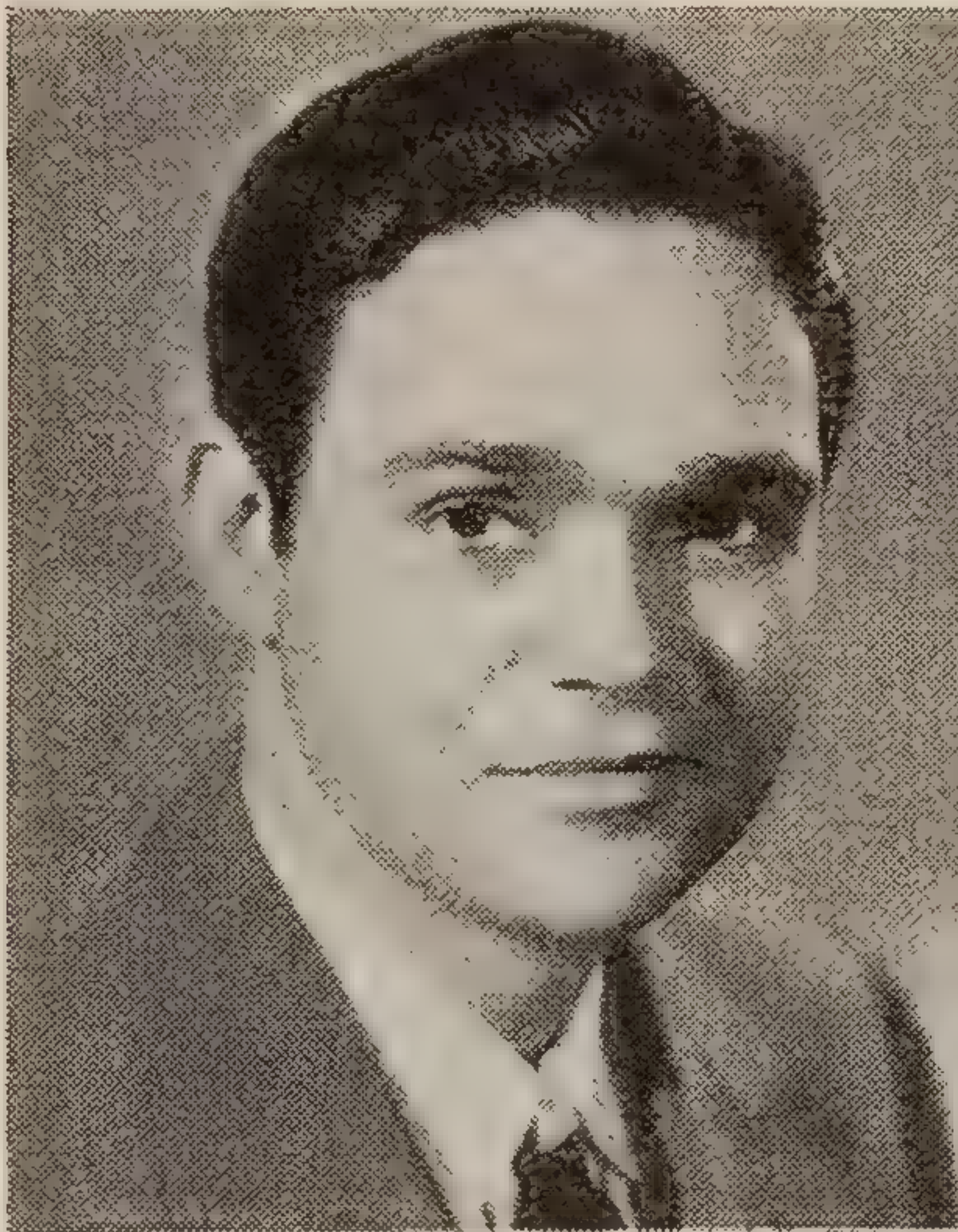
SAY HELLO TO . . .

DIX DAVIS—not quite ten years old and already a full-fledged member of the Rudy Vallee Alumni Club. In less than a year, since he was first put on the air in a Vallee playlet, he has appeared on practically every NBC Hollywood dramatic show, and now he is heard as Hazel's son, Pinky, in that saga of American life, One Man's Family. He's a native Californian and an accomplished actor.

INSIDE RADIO—The New Radio Mirror Almanac

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:30 A.M. NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:00	CBS: Woman of Courage 9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB 9:45
		8:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children 10:00
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly NBC-Red: The Man I Married
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
1:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream 10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
12:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family NBC-Red: Woman in White
	9:00	10:00	CBS: Short Short Story NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: Life Begins NBC-Red: Road of Life
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister NBC-Blue: Jack Berch NBC-Red: Against the Storm
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS 12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent 12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday 1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs 1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful 1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Right to Happiness 1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: Road of Life 2:00
2:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone NBC-Red: Light of the World
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Girl Interne NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
2:30	12:15	1:15	CBS: Fletcher Wiley NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: My Son and I NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Society Girl NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas 4:30
	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones 4:45
	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown 5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris NBC-Red: Girl Alone
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful 5:30
	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong 5:45
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines MBS: Little Orphan Annie
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Bud Barton NBC-Red: The O'Neills
7:55	9:00	5:00	CBS: News, Bob Trout 6:05
	9:05	5:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill 6:15
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Hedda Hopper 6:30
9:00	5:15	5:30	CBS: Paul Sullivan 6:45
	5:45	6:00	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas 7:00
7:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy NBC-Red: FRED WARING'S GANG
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Lanny Ross 7:30
6:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: BLONDIE MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Sammy Kaye 8:00
6:30	6:00	7:00	CBS: TUNE-UP TIME NBC-Red: The Telephone Hour
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Howard and Shelton NBC-Blue: True or False
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone 9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: LUX THEATER NBC-Red: Doctor I.Q.
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: ALEC TEMPLETON 10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Guy Lombardo NBC-Red: The Contented Hour

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Jimmy Melton and Francia White, singing stars of The Telephone Hour.

Tune-In Bulletin for May 27, June 3, 10, 17 and 24!

May 27: Jack McLean's orchestra opens tonight in Bill Green's Casino in Philadelphia, broadcasting over CBS . . . Listen to a strange new personality today—Fletcher Wiley, on CBS at 2:30. He's an old favorite in the West, but new to the networks.
June 3: "Till We Meet Again" is scheduled for the Lux Radio Theater, tonight at 9:00 on CBS, starring Merle Oberon, George Brent and Pat O'Brien.
June 10: The Aqueduct Race Track on Long Island opens today, and all the networks will be there with bells on their microphones, telling you about it.
June 17: For a really funny half-hour, tune in Blondie tonight, on CBS at 7:30.
June 24: The big show starts today—the Republican Presidential Convention gets under way at Philadelphia, and of course all the networks will have their crack air reporters and commentators there until the excitement is over and a candidate chosen.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Telephone Hour, starring James Melton, Francia White, Don Voorhees' orchestra and Ken Christie's chorus, on NBC-Red at 8:00 P.M., E.D.S.T., sponsored by the Bell Telephone System.

It is very, very nice to have the beautiful voices of Jimmy Melton and Francia White back on the air, and all lovers of pure melody ought to be happy.

Melton hasn't been broadcasting for some months, but that doesn't mean he hasn't been busy. There have been concert dates, guest spots, other professional jobs—and in addition there's been his boat, in which he loves to cruise around Long Island Sound, singing at the top of his voice in competition with the wind and the waves. Most singers couldn't do this—their voices wouldn't stand the damp air and the strain—but Jimmy is a physical giant, six feet three inches tall and weighing 196 pounds, and he believes singing at sea actually improves his voice.

Jimmy's co-star, Francia White, will be remembered for her broadcast appearances with Nelson Eddy and Fred Astaire. A tiny brunette in her mid-twenties, Francia owes much of her success to the fact that her mother was a singing teacher. Phoebe Ara White was well on the way to an opera career of her own when romance caught up with her. Her husband insisted that she retire from public activities, but she never got out of touch with

musical things, and not long after Francia was born she began teaching other young people to sing. Francia listened, big-eyed, to the pupils practicing their scales, and pretty soon nothing would do but that she must reach for high C herself—and she made it. After that, she was one of her mother's prize pupils.

An interesting thing about The Telephone Hour is that it's the first network program the Bell Telephone System has ever put on the air—yet NBC and the other networks annually pay the Bell System millions of dollars in rentals and service charges for the wires which carry programs coast-to-coast. (About time, don't you think, that they were giving a network its chance to earn some of that money back?) Another funny thing is that with the whole big pile of Radio City to broadcast from, The Telephone Hour originates in NBC's old studios farther up Fifth Avenue—studios which are relics of pioneer broadcasting days and are so small that a studio audience can't be admitted to watch Jimmy and Francia sing. The reason for this is that NBC still has a lease on those studios, sub-leases them to the World Broadcasting Company, which makes recorded programs and has some sort of business tie-up with one of the companies which has a tie-up with the Bell System. All very complicated, but it all boils down to keeping The Telephone Hour in the Bell System's family.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

PAULA WINSLOWE—who, because she is one of Hollywood's busiest radio actresses, is almost certain to be heard tonight on the Lux Theater. First heard on the networks as Leslie Howard's leading lady, Paula has since played leads opposite most of Hollywood's masculine movie guest stars. Whenever he is scheduled for a radio job, Clark Gable always asks to broadcast with her.

Complete Programs from May 24 to June 25

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
		8:30 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
1:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
12:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
		11:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
11:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: Life Begins
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		12:00 Noon	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
8:00	10:00	11:00	12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45	MBS: Carters of Elm Street
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Mrs. Roosevelt
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
	11:45	12:45	CBS: Road of Life
2:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
2:30	12:15	1:15	CBS: Girl Interne
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
1:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: My Son and I
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Society Girl
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
2:45	4:45	4:45	MBS: Little Orphan Annie
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
6:55	8:55	5:00	CBS: News, Bob Trout
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
	9:05	5:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
9:00	5:15	5:30	CBS: Paul Sullivan
	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
7:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: EASY ACES
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: HELEN MENKEN
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
7:30	6:00	7:00	CBS: EDWARD G. ROBINSON
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS: La Rosa Concert
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: The Aldrich Family
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Court of Missing Heirs
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Pot O'Gold
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: We, the People
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Cavalcade of America
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Professor Quiz
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: McGEE and MOLLY
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Glenn Miller
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: BOB HOPE
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Uncle Walter's Doghouse

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Mimi Aguglia and Tito Vuolo of The Goldbergs cast.

Tune-In Bulletin for May 28, June 4, 11, 18 and 25!

May 28: Commentator H. V. Kaltenborn begins his sponsored program series over NBC-Red tonight at 7:45, and the first one is due to come by short-wave from London—but of course it might come from almost anywhere, because Kaltenborn goes where the news is . . . The Max Baer-Tony Galento fight is on the air tonight—NBC at 10:00.

June 4: Gene Krupa and his swing orchestra open tonight at Meadowbrook Country Club, playing over NBC and Mutual.

June 11: Two new actresses will be selected today by the Carters of Elm Street program on Mutual at 12:45. Carrie Carter has been conducting a contest, and the winners are to be announced on today's program. Prizes are a contract to appear on the show and a chance at network success. One winner will be under 25, one over.

June 18: Today's big sports event: the Poughkeepsie Regatta, broadcast over NBC.

June 25: The Republican Convention is still the big noise of broadcasting. By today the delegates ought to have really settled down to choosing a candidate.

ON THE AIR TODAY: The Goldbergs, on CBS at 1:00 P.M., E.D.S.T., sponsored by Oxydol and starring Gertrude Berg. And in the cast are two very interesting people. They're Mimi Aguglia and Tito Vuolo, who play Michael's grandmother and his uncle, Carlo. Both were born in Italy, both have won laurels on radio, stage and screen, and both are making their English-speaking debut on the air in The Goldbergs.

First—Mimi Aguglia, who rates being called "Madame" Aguglia, because she's a Great Name of the Theater. She was even born in the wings of a theater, the St. Cecile in Palermo, Sicily, while her mother was waiting for her father, Ignace Aguglia, to finish his day's work prompting the performers. Mimi made her stage debut at the age of five, speaking not her native Italian, but French; and went on from there to act in Europe, the United States, South America, and Mexico.

Her American debut was in 1909, in an Italian play. Later she appeared in English; and she also has spoken Spanish, French and Portuguese on the stage. Her greatest success was as "Salome," and the last time she appeared in this part was in 1938, in the Greek Theater at the University of California. For the last year she has been living in Brooklyn and doing radio work in Italian over WOV, a foreign-language station.

The dark-eyed, vivacious Madame Aguglia was married when she was fifteen years old—and, she'll tell you proudly, she's still married to the same man. They have a home in Brooklyn, near the sea, so that when the weather is good her husband can fish—a sport which he loves and she hates. "Sitting for hour after hour, doing nossing—oh, no! Not for me!" she says scornfully in her slightly accented voice. They have three children, two of whom are in radio in California.

Tito Vuolo, Mrs. Berg's other Italian actor, is a roly-poly little man who was born in Naples and went on the stage at the age of ten to support his widowed mother. He studied singing, and made a name for himself in Italy as a comedian and singer, then came to America and was in vaudeville as a comedian for a long time. Like Madame Aguglia, he now lives in Brooklyn, in a home he owns himself, with his wife and three daughters, and like her he appears in Italian programs, which he directs himself, over New York's station WOV.

Tito is very jolly, loves lobster and good red wine, poker and parties with all his friends. Rather proudly, he admits that he never had a chance to go to school when he was a boy, and didn't learn to read until he was fifteen, when he taught himself. He's also taught himself to speak very good, although accented, English.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

ARTHUR PETERSON—beloved, kindly Dr. Ruthledge in the two serials, *The Guiding Light* and *The Right to Happiness*, on NBC-Red and CBS today. Art belongs to a theatrical family—sisters, cousins, aunts, parents and grandparents are all actors, and so is his wife. He met the latter, Norma Ransom, at a dramatic production at the University of Minnesota. He and Norma live in Chicago in winter, in the country in summer. Art has one pet ambition—to lose just a few pounds so he can get back into an old and cherished suit. His favorite dish is tuna fish casserole—provided it has been cooked by his wife.



"The Summer Sun has changed your skin —why not change the shade of your Face Powder?"

[FIND YOUR LUCKY SUMMER SHADE—
AND GET IT IN MY GRIT-FREE POWDER]

says *Lady Esther*



Slowly, subtly—the sun has deepened your skin tones, making them richer—more vibrant. But... are you innocently spoiling your skin's sun-tinted warmth with a *too light* shade of powder? It's so important to change to a warmer, richer shade—a shade that will harmonize with your skin tones *as they are now!*



Find out now which is your most flattering shade! But remember, even a richer shade won't help... if your powder is *too coarse* for your skin! For the deeper the shade, the more important that your powder should be *free from grit!*



Make my famous "Bite Test"! Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly. If your powder contains grit, your teeth instantly detect it. But how easily Lady Esther Powder *passes the same test!* Your teeth will find *no grit!*



Lady Esther Face Powder is so smooth it clings for 4 long hours! Put it on after dinner—say at eight—and at midnight it will still flatter your skin. No coarse particles ruin its perfect blending... or give you a harsh, "powdery" look!

Get your lucky shade in my GRIT-FREE Powder!

You can't judge powder shades by the appearance of the powder in the box. To find the most flattering shade for the new, warmer tones of *your* complexion... try each shade of my powder *on your own skin*... at my expense!

Mail me the coupon, and there will come to you ten new shades of my grit-free powder—brunette shades, rachels, rose tones. Try each shade on your own face. Find the one that is just right *for you!* And as you try on these lovely shades...

notice how *smooth* my powder is. Don't mistakenly believe a high price means a grit-free face powder.

Impartial laboratory tests showed that many expensive powders—costing \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 and even more—contained up to 20.44% grit.

Find your lucky shade of my grit-free powder, and wear it confidently. No coarse particles will streak or fade your powder... or give your skin a harsh, "powdery" look. You cannot find a finer, higher quality powder. So mail the coupon now!

★ 10 shades free! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (57)
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T. Eastern Daylight Time
		8:30 A.M. NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00 CBS: Woman of Courage
		9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
12:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
		10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
1:30	8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
		10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
		10:45
12:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Stepmother
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00
	9:00	10:00 CBS: Short Short Story
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15
11:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Life Begins
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
		11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
		11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
		12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: When a Girl Marries
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
		12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45 MBS: Carters of Elm Street
		1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
		1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
		1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Right to Happiness
		1:45
	11:45	12:45 CBS: Road of Life
		2:00
2:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
		2:15
2:30	12:15	1:15 CBS: Girl Interne
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Quilting Bee
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30
1:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: My Son and I
10:45	12:45	1:45 MBS: George Fisher
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
		3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Society Girl
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
		4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
		4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
		4:30
	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		4:45
	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
		5:15
	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
		5:30
	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
		5:45
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
2:45	4:45	4:45 MBS: Little Orphan Annie
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		6:00
7:55	9:00	5:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Lil Abner
		6:05
	9:05	5:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:15
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
		6:30
9:00	5:15	5:30 CBS: Paul Sullivan
		6:45
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: The World Today
		5:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00
7:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Amos n' Andy
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:15
7:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
		7:30
6:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: BURNS AND ALLEN
7:30	7:30	6:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
		8:00
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Ben Bernie
7:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Johnny Presents
5:30	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Hollywood Playhouse
		8:30
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
7:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: What Would You Have Done
		7:00
7:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Plantation Party
		9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: TEXACO STAR THEATER
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: FRED ALLEN
		10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Glenn Miller
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S KOLLEGE

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Irna Phillips, most prolific of radio writers, celebrates an anniversary.

Tune-In Bulletin for May 29, June 5, 12 and 19!

May 29: Don Bestor and his orchestra open tonight at the Muehlbach Hotel, Kansas City, playing over NBC.

June 5: From the Belmont Race Track on Long Island, Mutual broadcasts the Swift Stakes . . . For some Hollywood gossip, tune in Hedda Hopper tonight at 6:15 on CBS.

June 12: It's still not too late to get interested in "Mystery House," the adventure thriller they are broadcasting serially on By Kathleen Norris, CBS at 5:00.

June 19: Mutual broadcasts the Georgetown Steeplechase from Delaware Park . . . Larry Clinton's orchestra closes tonight at the New Yorker Hotel. It's been broadcasting over NBC.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Four serials from the busy mind of Irna Phillips, radio's most prolific writer, who this month (May 30, to be exact) rounds out her tenth full year of continuous writing for the air.

For a sample of Irna's work, listen today—if you're not already a fan—to Woman in White on NBC-Red at 10:45 A.M. . . . or The Road of Life, NBC-Red at 11:15 or CBS at 1:45 P.M. . . . or The Guiding Light, NBC-Red at 11:45 A.M. . . . or The Right to Happiness, CBS at 1:30 P.M. She writes 'em all, and they're all in top positions in the popularity surveys.

Before she began her career as a writer, ten years ago, Irna was an actress, and before that a school teacher. Beginning her first radio serial, Painted Dreams (it's still running, but she no longer writes it), she didn't even know how to use a typewriter—so she dictated her lines. She still does.

In Today's Children, which followed Painted Dreams, she also played one of the leading characters, but when that serial went off the air she decided to devote all of her time to writing and none to acting.

Carl Wester, an old friend of Irna's and now the head of the office which casts and produces all her scripts, will be giving her a testimonial dinner about the time of her anniversary, and so will NBC. Some of the things they'll congratulate her on at those dinners are:

Having written approximately 6,000 radio scripts in the ten years of her career. Being, as far as is known, the first woman

to establish herself as the author of radio serials (when Irna began, Amos 'n' Andy were the only well-known daily serialists on the air. Her pioneer work brought many women writers into radio as a new field for their talents). Being the person who started the careers of such people as Irene Wicker, Gale Page, Lucy and Toni Gilman, Bess Johnson, Arthur Peterson and many others.

This small, quiet woman gives employment to scores of people. Each of her four programs has a cast numbering from 30 to 40 actors. Producing so many programs means that numerous musicians, directors, engineers and sound effects men are kept busy. Besides those who work in the studios, there are the people in Irna's own office staff—secretaries, stenographers, research clerks, all of them busy as bees at full-time jobs.

While she creates work for so many, Irna herself has to work, work, work. Although she doesn't do any of the physical labor of getting her ideas down on paper, she does conceive them all herself, and it takes real energy to keep your mind functioning at the high speed necessary to plot and write an average of four scripts a day. She recently returned from a four-week vacation in Honolulu—but in order to get away she had to write advance scripts for four weeks on each of her four programs—almost a superhuman task, but she did it.

So you can see that all the congratulations Irna will receive on her anniversary—and Radio Mirror's are included—are well deserved.

SAY HELLO TO . . .



BEN GRAUER—conductor of tonight's amusing quiz program on NBC-Blue, What Would You Have Done?—and also announcer for many a network program. (He recently was awarded radio's biggest announcing plum, introducing Mrs. Roosevelt on her twice-weekly broadcasts.) His real name is Bennett, he's five and a half feet tall, weighs 135 pounds, will be 32 years old on June 2, has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He says he's too busy to get married, but he does have time to be an ardent collector of the most peculiar list of things: rare books, miniature whisky bottles, statuary, pottery, radio slang, and etchings.

I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL
WITH LUX SOAP

JOAN
BENNETT

WALTER WANGER STAR

LUX SOAP HELPS
SKIN STAY SMOOTH,
ATTRACTIVE. FIRST
PAT ITS **ACTIVE**
LATHER INTO
YOUR SKIN

RINSE WITH WARM
WATER. THEN
YOU FINISH WITH
A DASH OF COOL

Try this
gentle Lux Toilet Soap
beauty care for 30 days!

HOLLYWOOD'S lovely screen stars tell you Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather does the trick—gives gentle, *thorough* care. Try **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** *regularly* for 30 days. See if Hollywood's fragrant, white beauty soap doesn't work for you—help you keep skin smooth and soft—attractive.

LUX
TOILET SOAP

PAT THE FACE
LIGHTLY TO DRY.
NOW IT FEELS
SMOOTHER,
SOFTER. A **LUX**
SOAP FACIAL IS
A WONDERFUL
HELP IN KEEPING
SKIN LOVELY!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
		8:30 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00	CBS: Woman of Courage
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:05	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
		9:30	NBC-Red: Escorts and Betty
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
		10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
12:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Man I Married
		10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
12:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
		9:15	NBC-Red: Midstream
1:30	8:15	10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
		9:30	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
12:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
		10:45	CBS: Stepmother
12:45	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
		9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
9:45	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	CBS: Life Begins
11:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		11:30	CBS: Big Sister
10:00	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Against the Storm
		11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		12:00 Noon	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
8:00	10:00	11:00	12:15 P.M.
		11:15	CBS: When a Girl Marries
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Art of Living
		12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45	MBS: Carters of Elm Street
		1:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
9:00	11:00	12:00	1:15
		12:15	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt
		1:30	CBS: Right to Happiness
9:30	11:30	12:30	1:45
		12:45	CBS: Road of Life
		2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
2:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Light of the World
10:00	12:00	1:00	2:15
		1:15	CBS: Girl Interne
2:30	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
10:15	12:15	1:15	2:30
		1:30	CBS: Fletcher Wiley
1:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valliant Lady
10:30	12:30	1:30	2:45
		1:45	CBS: My Son and I
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Society Girl
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:15	1:15	2:15	3:30
		2:30	NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:30	1:30	2:30	3:45
		2:45	NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
11:45	1:45	2:45	4:00
		3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:00	2:00	3:00	4:15
		3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:15	2:15	3:15	4:30
		3:30	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		5:00	CBS: By Kathleen Norris
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
1:00	3:00	4:00	5:15
		4:15	NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
		5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
		5:45	CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: Little Orphan Annie
2:45	4:45	4:45	NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
1:45	3:45	4:45	6:00
		5:00	CBS: News, Bob Trout
6:55	8:55	5:00	NBC-Red: Lil Abner
2:00	4:00	5:00	6:05
		5:05	CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:30	CBS: Paul Sullivan
9:00	5:15	5:30	6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:15	CBS: Lanny Ross
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
3:15	5:15	6:15	7:30
		6:30	CBS: Vox Pop
		7:45	NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
3:45	5:45	6:45	8:00
		7:00	CBS: Ask It Basket
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Musical Americana
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Mr. District Attorney
4:00	6:00	7:00	8:30
		7:30	CBS: Strange as it Seems
8:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: I Love a Mystery
8:30	6:30	7:30	9:00
		8:00	CBS: MAJOR BOWES
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Rochester Philharmonic
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS
		9:30	NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
		10:00	CBS: Glenn Miller
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:00	8:00	9:00	

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Mrs. Raymond Paige straightens her husband's tie before a broadcast.

Tune-In Bulletin for May 30, June 6, 13 and 20!

May 30: It's Memorial Day, and let's hope the weather is fine . . . Three important sports events claim your attention . . . the automobile race at the Indianapolis Speedway, a 500-mile classic, on all networks . . . the Suburban Handicap from Belmont Park, on NBC and Mutual . . . and the Dovet Stakes from Delaware Park, on Mutual at 4:00 . . . Something unusual in Memorial Day programs is scheduled by Mutual—a Navy broadcast, services and exercises from U.S.S. *Tacoma*, anchored in Lake Erie.

June 6: The National Open Golf Championship play is on CBS exclusively, with Ted Husing describing what goes on for you.

June 13: From Delaware Park Mutual brings you the Delaware Oaks Stakes, horse race.

June 20: The summer music season is on, and CBS broadcasts the first Lewisohn Stadium concert, with Artur Rodzinski conducting.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Musical Americana, on NBC-Blue at 8:00 P.M., E.D.S.T. (rebroadcast to the West Coast at 7:30, P.S.T.), starring Raymond Paige and an orchestra of 100 musicians, a 24-voice choir, Deems Taylor, and a guest soloist—and sponsored by Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co.

Quite a program. The idea at first was to have the orchestra and soloists play nothing but music by American composers, but it has been relaxed a little since then. Now and then an orchestral work by a foreign composer creeps in, and the soloists are allowed to play music by people of any nationality. But one cardinal principle is always held to: Musical Americana mustn't get high-brow.

Musical Americana comes to you from the city of Pittsburgh, which is unusual for a network program. The reason, of course, is that Pittsburgh is the home city of the sponsors. Syria Mosque, where the concerts originate, holds about 4,000 people, and it's jammed every Thursday.

Raymond Paige and Deems Taylor commute to Pittsburgh from New York every Tuesday night, arriving Wednesday morning for two days of intensive rehearsing, and announcer Milton Cross follows twenty-four hours later. The musicians in the orchestra—the largest used on any sponsored program—are all Pittsburgh men, mostly taken from the ranks of the Pittsburgh Symphony.

Paige is a cheerful, round-faced man

who is known in radio for his good humor and lack of temperament as well as for his ability. He lives in an apartment in a fashionable part of New York City with his wife, Mary York, a talented soprano whom he married in 1932. He loves to sail, and owns an eight-meter sloop, the "Prelude" (wouldn't you know he was a musician?) with which he has cleaned up Pacific Coast championships in that class. The sloop just arrived in the East, on the deck of a tanker, so Ray can use it this summer.

Ray says he isn't eccentric—but he wanted to be an aviator as a boy, and now that he's grown up has never once been in a plane. And he wears a hat only when it snows.

Deems Taylor, the distinguished composer and music critic, who comments on the music and reads the weekly stanza of "Where Else but Here?" the epic poem which is a feature of the show, doesn't look at all like a musician. He's spare, small, and alert, with sharp features and a twinkle in his eye. As you know if you've ever heard him, he doesn't object to using slang if slang gets his meaning across better than a five-syllable word.

The guest soloists are all students from America's most famous music schools. When they're notified that they've been chosen to play on Musical Americana they submit a list of numbers they'd like to do, and Paige selects the one or two that fit in best with the rest of his program.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

CARLTON E. MORSE—the author of *One Man's Family* and *I Love a Mystery* (the latter being on NBC-Red at 8:30 tonight). For several years after Carlton graduated from the University of California he worked on newspapers up and down the Pacific Coast. While he was a columnist in San Francisco he met and married Mrs. Morse, who is small, blonde and witty. Soon after their marriage, newspapers began to get the habit of going out of business and leaving Morse jobless, so he dropped reporting for radio writing. He is credited with having done a great deal to bring radio drama to its present importance.



Facing the Music

(Continued from page 43)

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Ballad for Americans (Victor P20) Paul Robeson's dramatic rendition of this important John LaTouche-Earl Robinson patriotic saga was first performed on CBS' Pursuit of Happiness. Might well be America's streamlined anthem and should be in every home.

Say It; My My (Bluebird 10631) Glenn Miller. These two hits from the new Jack Benny film should now be scaling Hit Parade heights. An equally smooth rendition on Victor 26535 by Tommy Dorsey and his new singer, Frank Sinatra.

Sing a Spell; You, You Darlin' (Columbia 35395) Kay Kyser. The Musical Kollege novelty is now ready for your own phonograph. Try and sing along with Sully Mason and Ish Kabibble.

Dance La Conga (Columbia C-12) Desi Arnaz. A handsome album of eight congas with intelligent Arthur Murray instructions. Xavier Cugat's Siboney and I Want My Mamá on Victor-26522 is the best Latin-American pairing in many a musical moon.

From Another World; It Never Entered My Mind (Victor 26534) Larry Clinton. Rogers and Hart ring the bell again with these two tunes from their new musical "Higher and Higher." Messrs. Charlie Barnet, Johnny Green, Tony Pastor, Leo Reisman and Shirley Ross have all rushed to the waxworks to place their renditions on permanent exhibition.

Some Like It Swing:

Headin' for Hallelujah; Alice Blue Gown (Varsity 8201) Harry James. A drum-beating disk which is this young trumpeter's answer to Tuxedo Junction. They wrap up Alice's Blue Gown in a neat swing-package.

Turkey in Straw; Parade of Wooden Soldiers (Decca 3041) Jan Savitt. This record shows how to swing old favorites without burying the tune. Solid stuff.

Adios, Mariquita Linda; Frenesi (Victor 26542) Artie Shaw. Well, here is the long awaited spic-and-Spanish Artie Shaw. If it wasn't for the clarinet passages you'd never recognize the man who is allergic to jitterbugs. Will have curiosity value but will never put the lad back on front pages.

Tuxedo Junction; Salt Butter (Decca 3042) Erskine Butterfield. A new indigo rival to Fats Waller. A fresh approach to a well-worn swing hit.

All Star Band (Columbia 35389) Metronome, swing magazine, had Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Teagarden, Bob Haggart, Jess Stacy, Harry James and other rhythmic royalty combine for this work and you can guess the results. The individual solos are superb. The tunes don't even matter.

To Ken Alden, Facing the Music
RADIO MIRROR Magazine
122 E. 42nd Street, New York

I would like to see a feature story
about _____

I like swing bands _____

I like sweet bands _____

(Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope if
you want a direct answer.)



You may work like a beaver on your washings and *still* have tattle-tale gray! To get rid of that drab, dingy look, you need a soap that washes out deep-down dirt as well as the surface kind. You need Fels-Naptha Soap—*golden* bar or *golden* chips. And here's the reason why . . .



You get two willing workers in Fels-Naptha—richer *golden* soap teamed with gentle dirt-loosening *naptha*. Two busy hustlers that speed out every last speck of dirt and make clothes dazzling white, sweetly fragrant. Enjoy this *extra* help both ways. Use Fels-Naptha Soap for all bar-soap jobs. Use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for all box-soap jobs. These *golden* flakes pep up washing machines like magic—because they're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy powders! No sneezy dust to bother you. And you get the grandest suds ever because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder. Ask your grocer today for Fels-Naptha Soap—*golden* bar or *golden* chips—and put an end to tattle-tale gray in *your* house!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with Fels-Naptha—BAR or CHIPS

Wherever you use bar-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap
Wherever you use box-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips



COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T. EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME
		8:30 A.M. NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		9:00 CBS: Woman of Courage
		9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
12:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: The Man I Married
		10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
12:15	8:15	9:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
		9:15 NBC-Red: Midstream
1:30	8:15	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
12:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
		9:30 NBC-Red: Ellen Randolph
		10:45 CBS: Stepmother
12:45	8:45	9:45 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
		9:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00 CBS: Short Short Story
		9:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15 CBS: Life Begins
11:30	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: Road of Life
		11:30 CBS: Big Sister
10:00	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Jack Berch
		9:30 NBC-Red: Against the Storm
		11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
		9:45 NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT
		12:00 Noon CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
8:00	10:00	11:00 P.M. CBS: When a Girl Marries
		10:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
		12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45 MBS: Carters of Elm Street
		1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
		1:15 CBS: Right to Happiness
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Road of Life
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:00 NBC-Red: Light of the World
2:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Girl Interne
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:15 CBS: Fletcher Wiley
1:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:30	12:30	2:45 CBS: My Son and I
10:45	12:45	1:45 MBS: George Fisher
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
		3:00 CBS: Society Girl
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15 CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Blue: Honeymoon Hill
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30 NBC-Blue: John's Other Wife
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45 NBC-Blue: Just Plain Bill
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
11:45	1:45	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:00	2:00	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		5:00 CBS: By Kathleen Norris
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
1:00	3:00	5:15 NBC-Red: Life Can be Beautiful
		5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
		5:45 CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:45	3:45	4:45 MBS: Little Orphan Annie
2:45	4:45	4:45 NBC-Blue: Bud Barton
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		6:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Lil Abner
		6:05 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
		6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Paul Sullivan
9:00	5:15	5:30 CBS: The World Today
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Blue: JOSEF MARAIS
7:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:15 CBS: Lanny Ross
7:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Al Pearce
5:00	5:30	6:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	7:30	8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
		8:30 NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days
4:30	6:30	9:00 CBS: Johnny Presents
7:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Home Town
7:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Waltz Time
5:00	7:00	9:30 CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: This Amazing America
7:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: What's My Name
		10:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Raymond Gram Swing
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Don Ameche

FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Don Ameche sings a solo while Olcott Vail accompanies him.

Tune-In Bulletin for May 24 and 31, June 7, 14 and 21!

May 24: The Ceferino Garcia vs. Ken Overlin fight is on NBC-Blue at 10:00 tonight, Bill Stern announcing . . . Reggie Childs and his orchestra open at the Wardman Park Hotel, Washington, D. C., and you can hear them broadcasting over CBS.

May 31: One of the year's big track meets—the I.C. 4-A, at Harvard Stadium, is on NBC exclusively this afternoon . . . Three of your radio favorites celebrate their birthdays today. They're Fred Allen, Don Ameche and Ben Bernie.

June 7: The National Open Golf Championship play continues over CBS, Husing announcing . . . And there's a race (the Top Flight Handicap) on Mutual . . . Jimmy Lunceford and his band open at the Fiesta Danceteria on Broadway, and both CBS and Mutual have microphones there.

June 14: Woody Herman's orchestra opens at the Westwood Gardens, Detroit, tonight. You can listen over CBS.

June 21: Harvard and Yale stage their annual boat race today, and NBC is going to describe it for you.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Old Gold Don Ameche Show on NBC's Red network from 10:00 to 10:30 P.M., E.D.S.T.

Here's a program that listeners liked on its first broadcast, and have gone on liking more and more as time went on.

You can credit Mann Holiner, of the Lennen and Mitchell advertising agency, with the idea of bringing Mark Hellinger's short stories to radio. Hellinger—news-papper man, playwright, and author—didn't have radio in mind when he wrote many of these short stories, but they make perfect air entertainment because they're brief, exciting, and have surprise endings.

Don Ameche, who acts in the plays, sings, and is master of ceremonies, always gets the script of the program early in the week for his approval. Then a rehearsal is held the night before the broadcast, and another one, with Victor Young's orchestra this time, on Friday afternoon. Broadcast time in Hollywood is six o'clock, so rehearsal usually goes on right up until time to go on the air.

Serious little Pat Friday, who sings on the program, doesn't let radio cut into her school time. In order to attend rehearsals she has to cut Friday afternoon classes at the University of California at Los Angeles, but she makes up by spending all the time she can in a corner of the studio, carefully doing home work. Her singing coach, Adele Lambert, and

her special accompanist, Helen White, are always on hand.

Claire Trevor, Don's leading lady in the Hellinger plays, usually sits in the control room when she's not rehearsing, and knits rugs. That's part of her home-making campaign, and she expects to complete many a rug in these rehearsal intervals. She's one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood, and always shows up for the broadcast in a new and stunning costume, usually featuring a smart hat.

Don, as usual, is the life of the broadcast party. That man refuses to take anything too seriously. He always sees the comical side of everything that happens, and likes to joke with the cast, with Olcott Vail, his special violin accompanist, and with the singing group (known on the air as Six Hits and a Miss).

Most singers would be pretty mad if you told this on them, but Don doesn't mind. He has a good singing voice, as you know, but no ear for pitch at all, so Vail always stands close beside him while he's singing, playing the melody on the violin so Don will be sure not to drift off the right notes.

Victor Young, musical director of the program, has the reputation of being one of Hollywood's finest orchestra leaders. Especially successful on this show is his background music, which he composes himself, for the dramatic spots.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

DICK TODD—the baritone soloist on Home Town, Unincorporated. Dick comes from Montreal, and was already established as a popular singer in Canada before he headed south of the border, down U.S.A. way. In this country a couple of guest appearances on the Magic Key of RCA show, and a season as soloist with Larry Clinton's orchestra, brought him a large and lusty fan following. In physical makeup, Dick's built like a football player: no wonder, because he was one, in McGill University. Boxing, swimming and wrestling are a few more things he was noted for in college, where he studied engineering.



Propose to Him!

(Continued from page 11)

examples. They might be any of the couples who, failing to find happiness in marriage, come to my Institute of Marital Relations, or appear on the Good Will Hour, seeking advice.

Suppose Bob values his independence at more than its actual worth, or hesitates to take on any new financial responsibilities, or has some other equally good (to him) reason for avoiding marriage. Then suppose Alice does get him to propose, in any one of the several roundabout ways that are open to her. She can begin going out with other men, breaking dates with Bob, and doing everything else she can think of to make him jealous. She can use some incident or circumstance to play on his sympathy, making him feel strong and protective, and jockey him into a proposal in that way. Or she can seize upon some chance tender remark of his and deliberately misinterpret it, twisting it into a proposal that he can't gracefully deny.

THE first trouble with any of these methods is that Alice can't be sure they'll work. Bob, if he really does not want to be married, may evade them all. But let's suppose one of them does work, and Alice and Bob are married. Then the second, and more important trouble is that they are beginning their life together on an utterly false foundation.

Any marriage, no matter how happy, is basically a conflict. It can't help being, because it is an effort to merge two unlike personalities into one, and before that effort is achieved—if ever—there are certain to be moments of strain. Bob and Alice, like any other couple, will have their disagreements, arguments, differences of viewpoint and opinion leading to angry words. And a dishonest foundation for the marriage will show up during these moments of strain, and wreak more havoc.

Bob may never realize, consciously, that he was tricked into marriage, but he will know it subconsciously, and will resent it.

It is difficult enough, at best, to create a happy marriage. Why make it more difficult by starting out on the wrong foot?

Here is what Alice should have done:

If she and Bob have known each other for two years, if they have exchanged kisses, they should know each other well enough for complete frankness. It should be easy enough for her to say, some evening:

"Bob, I love you and I think you love me. Why don't we get married?"

A discussion begun on such a basis of frankness will continue in the same way. If Bob doesn't love Alice, she has made it easy for him to tell her so—and it is better for your own sake, to forget a man who does not love you than to marry him.

On the other hand, if there is some other reason for Bob's distrust of marriage, that can be talked out. Money, responsibilities, children—these and other things can be discussed, then and there. If it is money that's worrying Bob, and very probably it is—usually it is—Alice can reassure him. To me, there is nothing—

(Continued on page 55)

It's come at last! The perfect summer shade! NEW—Luscious DUSK ROSE



Pond's Powder comes in 10¢, 20¢ and a big economy box, too.

Look at it, girls— DUSK ROSE!

Flat paper and printer's ink give you but a poor suggestion of this glorious new shade—its velvety softness—its texture! Send for a free sample today. You'll fall in love with it the minute you see it! Try it on. Your mirror will show you a radiant, exciting you.

"Dusk Rose is the most flattering shade I've ever used!"

says Miss Harriet Williams, vivid young New York debutante

"Like me, have you been searching for a powder that would add glamour to your face, even under the cruel harsh light of summer sunshine?"

"Well, I've found it, girls! It's a shade that's not as dark or tan as most summer shades are. The new Dusk Rose gives my face such a lovely smooth finish that my friends heap compliments on me!" says Miss Williams.

DUSK ROSE is simply wonderful at keeping your face from looking shiny under harsh lights and in brilliant sunshine. It is "anti-shine." It absorbs harsh lights and reflects softer, more flattering ones from your face.

Dusk Rose comes in 10¢ and 20¢ sizes as well as the big, economical box that so many women prefer. Go out and buy one now!

Free—write in for a free sample of Dusk Rose. With it will come 3 other lovely summer shades: Rose Dawn, Rose Brunette, Sunlight. Pond's, Dept. 8RM-PG, Clinton, Conn.



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PACIFIC STANDARD TIME		CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		E. S. T.		Eastern Daylight Time
						8:00 A.M. CBS: Today in Europe NBC-Red: News
						8:15 NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orch. NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-Tete
						8:25 CBS: Odd Side of the News
						8:30 NBC-Blue: Dick Leiber NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
						8:45 NBC-Blue: Harvey and Dell
						9:00 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet NBC-Red: News
						9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB NBC-Red: Texas Robertson
						9:15 CBS: Richard Maxwell NBC-Red: Watch Your Step
						9:45 NBC-Red: The Crackerjacks
9:00	8:00	9:00	8:00	9:00	8:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Al and Lee Reiser NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway
						10:15 NBC-Blue: Rakov Orchestra
						10:30 CBS: Hill Billy Champions NBC-Blue: Charioteers NBC-Red: Betty Moore
						10:45 NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up NBC-Red: Bright Idea Club
						11:00 NBC-Blue: Murphy Orch.
						11:30 NBC-Blue: Our Barn NBC-Red: Gallicchio's Orch.
8:00	10:00	11:00	10:00	11:00	11:00	12:00 Noon CBS: Country Journal NBC-Blue: Education Forum
8:30	10:30	11:30	10:30	11:30	11:30	12:30 P.M. CBS: Let's Pretend NBC-Blue: FARM BUREAU NBC-Red: Call to Youth
9:15	11:15	12:15	11:15	12:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
9:30	11:30	12:30	11:30	12:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Luncheon at the Waldorf
10:00	12:00	1:00	12:00	1:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Lani McIntyre Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	12:30	1:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Music Styled for You
11:00	1:00	2:00	1:00	2:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
11:30	1:30	2:30	1:30	2:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Dol Brissett Orch.
12:00	2:00	3:00	12:00	2:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Bull Session NBC-Red: Campus Capers
12:30	2:30	3:30	12:30	2:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: KSTP Presents
1:00	3:00	4:00	1:00	3:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Magic Waves
1:30	3:30	4:30	1:30	3:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: The Human Adventure NBC-Blue: Teddy Powell Orch.
6:30	8:30	5:00	2:00	4:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: News, Bob Trout NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten
2:05	4:05	5:05	2:05	4:05	5:05	6:05 CBS: Albert Warner NBC-Blue: Reggie Childs Orch.
2:30	4:30	5:30	2:30	4:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Renfrew of the Mounted NBC-Red: Religion in the News
2:45	4:45	5:45	2:45	4:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today NBC-Red: Southwestern Serenade
3:00	5:00	6:00	3:00	5:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: People's Platform NBC-Blue: Message of Israel NBC-Red: Art for Your Sake
7:00	5:30	6:30	3:30	5:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Sky Blazers NBC-Blue: Benny Goodman Orch.
3:45	5:45	6:45	3:45	5:45	6:45	7:45 NBC-Red: H. V. Kaltenborn
7:30	6:00	7:00	4:00	6:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Gang Busters NBC-Blue: Glen Gray Orch.
4:30	6:30	7:30	4:30	6:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Wayne King's Orch. NBC-Blue: Radio Guild
8:00	7:00	8:00	7:00	7:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
5:45	7:45	8:45	5:45	7:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
6:00	8:00	9:00	6:00	8:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: NBC SYMPHONY NBC-Red: Bob Crosby
6:15	8:15	9:15	6:15	8:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Public Affairs
6:30	8:30	9:30	6:30	8:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Gay Nineties Revue

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Wayne King congratulates Madeleine Moschenross, diamond ring winner.

Tune-In Bulletin for May 25, June 1, 8, 15 and 22!

May 25: The San Francisco Fair opens today, and you'll hear all about the gayety and excitement over all the networks.

June 1: Bill Stern interviews a sports celebrity today in the Academy of Sports pavilion at the New York World's Fair. It's a regular Saturday event, at 11:30 A.M. over NBC . . . The finals of the I.C. 4-A Track meet are on NBC . . . Two horse races, one from Belmont, on both NBC and Mutual, and one from Delaware Park, on Mutual alone.

June 8: Today sees the finals in the National Open Golf Championship tournament—Husing announcing, on CBS . . . As to horse races, the Belmont Classic, a \$50,000 stake event, is on NBC and Mutual, and the Polly Drummond Stakes at Delaware Park are on Mutual . . . And as to Track: NBC has the Princeton Invitation meet.

June 15: Will Osborne and his orchestra open tonight in Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel, with a CBS wire . . . The Shevlin Stakes race is being run at the Aqueduct Track, with NBC and Mutual there to tell you about it.

June 22: The first thunder of the Republican Convention is on all networks tonight—at 6:30 and 10:15 P.M.—as delegates begin pouring into Philadelphia.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Wayne King's orchestra, on CBS at 8:30, E.D.S.T., sponsored by Cashmere Bouquet and Halo.

Even a jitterbug who thinks anything sweeter than "Tuxedo Junction" is icky would like Wayne King. He couldn't help it. This gentle, unassuming fellow in his late thirties is one of the nicest guys you're likely to meet in show business, with a sincere love for music and an even more sincere love for his fellow-man. It's an indication of his character that today, fourteen years after he first began leading his own band, all but four of the band's original members are still with him. What's more, they get paid all year around, whether they're working or not.

Once a year Wayne King and his band go on a personal-appearance tour, playing in theaters. For this tour he scouts around and picks up singers, dancers, and other specialty acts. He doesn't hire people with reputations, but concentrates on youngsters who are just getting started. "They've got to be good, but I don't want 'em famous," he says. Then he parades their talents, with his band and his showman's instinct as a background, and usually sees them step from his show to new and more permanent jobs when the tour is ended. On tour he acts as father-confessor to these young entertainers—cheering them up when they're depressed,

showing them how to improve their acts, browbeating agents into getting them better terms from possible future employers, and in general helping them along. "I love doing it for the kids," he says.

Wayne always wears baggy tweeds—coat and trousers never, by any chance, matching—and usually is smoking a pipe. His favorite is a rather disreputable chin-warmer with a big bowl, which he stuffs with a special blend of tobacco the secret of which he guards jealously. He'll give a pipeful to anyone who wants it, but he won't tell where or how it is blended.

Tonight's Wayne King program, you know, is made up of numbers requested by the listening audience. The people who write in the best request letters get diamond rings as prizes, and there's nothing phony about the contest. Buddy Clark, singer on the program, knows that to his sorrow: his favorite song is "Let's Face the Music and Dance," and he's longing to sing it, but so far no winning letter has requested it, so—no sing. You might win his undying gratitude (and a diamond ring for yourself) by writing a good letter suggesting it.

Wayne's yearly tour will be about ended as you read this, and he'll be back in his beautiful Winnetka, Ill., home, with his wife (the former Dorothy Janis, movie star) and his children.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

JANE KAYE—who is properly described as a torch singer. You can hear her tonight on the National Barn Dance over NBC-Blue, where, Uncle Ezra says, she is really giving the Hayloft gang a definition of the word "photogenic." Jane was born in 1915 in Aurora, Illinois, and started singing over a Chicago station after her graduation from high school. She joined Joe Sanders' orchestra in 1937 and remained with him until last fall, when she signed up with NBC. Cigars, reckless driving, and untidiness are the things she likes least—lemon pudding, swimming and clothes what she likes most. No, she isn't married—yet.



(Continued from page 53)

ing in the least unromantic about a young couple looking into their bank-books, talking about income and expenditure, and even fixing up a budget, before they are married. It isn't unromantic: it's common sense.

And while we are on the subject of what is "romantic" and what isn't—you probably think it's very unromantic for a girl to do the proposing. Probably it is. But romance is a doubtful benefit, and a girl who overestimates its value will not be happy very long in her marriage—no matter how romantic the courtship has been.

The city of Reno knows women who demand romance—knows them very well. They are frequent visitors. Always in search of the unattainable, they go from husband to husband, always disillusioned, always hoping to meet and marry the knight in shining white armor—who turns out, once the honeymoon is over, to be only another mere man. They have their romance—frequently. But are they happy? Well, if you'd ever met one of them you'd know the answer.

No, frankness and honesty and knowing-where-you-stand—these are much more important than romance.

I hope I've convinced you that it is not only all right, but much better, to do the proposing yourself if the man you love shows a disinclination to do it. Assuming that I have, you are probably wondering if there is any particular time or place for the proposal. And the answer is—

DON'T set the stage. Don't plan in advance. Haven't I said before that the moment when a young couple decide to marry should be spontaneous, honest, without subtlety?

I can't tell you when the right moment is, any more than I can tell you the moment when you fall in love. I can only say that you will recognize it instinctively, just as you recognize the fact that you're in love. It will come—the precise instant when it will be as natural as breathing to tell him that you love him, and to talk of marriage. Try to force that moment, and it will vanish, just as love vanishes if you try to force it.

Just one more thing. It may seem an unnecessary caution, but more young people than most of us realize are still dependent upon their parents' advice, even in 1940. Don't let your parents interfere in your relationship with the man you hope to marry. Don't expect, or accept, their help. It is your problem to choose a mate, and you will be happier if you do it yourself. Your parents may be wiser than you—but they don't know your instincts, your emotions.

It's all right, if the man you love is shy of proposing to you, to let Mother open the door for him when he comes to call, and talk to him until you're ready. But no more than that. Many a prospective bridegroom has been scared away by too possessive in-laws-to-be.

There's nothing more I can tell you—and in fact what I've said boils down to a few words: Be frank, sincere, spontaneous. Those three qualities work just as well after marriage as before, too.

Listen to John J. Anthony's marital advice on the Good Will Hour, every Sunday night at 10:00 E.D.S.T., over the NBC-Blue network and the Interstate Broadcasting Company, sponsored by Ironized Yeast.

Three fights a day



Those upsetting "scenes"—those long-drawn-out conflicts about eating—do not have to happen. Countless mothers have proved with Clapp's Strained and Chopped Foods that such troubles can be avoided. They've shown how important it is to offer foods whose flavors and textures *please* the baby and suit his stage of development.

Or three happy meals?



Babies take to Clapp's!

They like the flavors—special vegetables bred, grown, cooked, and lightly seasoned to please the taste of babies. (And they test high in vitamins and minerals, too.)

They like the *textures*—not too coarse for easy handling, nor too fine for exercise.

They like the *variety*—more kinds than any other brand offers.

They like the *pleasant placid transition* from Strained Foods to Chopped Foods—the same good garden-fresh flavors they've always known.

• Any wonder Clapp's know what babies like? Doctors and mothers have been giving them tips about it for almost 20 years! Clapp's is the oldest baby foods house, and the only one of any importance that makes nothing else.

**17 Strained Varieties
for Young Babies**



**12 Chopped Varieties
for Toddlers**



Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES



The Most
**BEAUTIFUL
FINGERNAILS**
in the world

DURA-GLOSS

The search for beauty is a never-ending quest, and rightly so! Now comes a *new nail polish*—Dura-Gloss—that brings new beauty to your fingernails. Thousands have adopted it already. *Have you?* For those who admire you, and for yourself, acquire this gleaming new beauty. See how smoothly and easily Dura-Gloss goes on, and how much longer it wears! In the loveliest shades. The best nail polish you can buy. 10 cents at all cosmetic counters.

Send for "Proper Care of Fingernails." Only complete guide to nail beauty, fashion, health and manicure. Enclose 3¢ stamp, Dept. 41.

Choose your color by the

**FINGERNAIL
CAP**

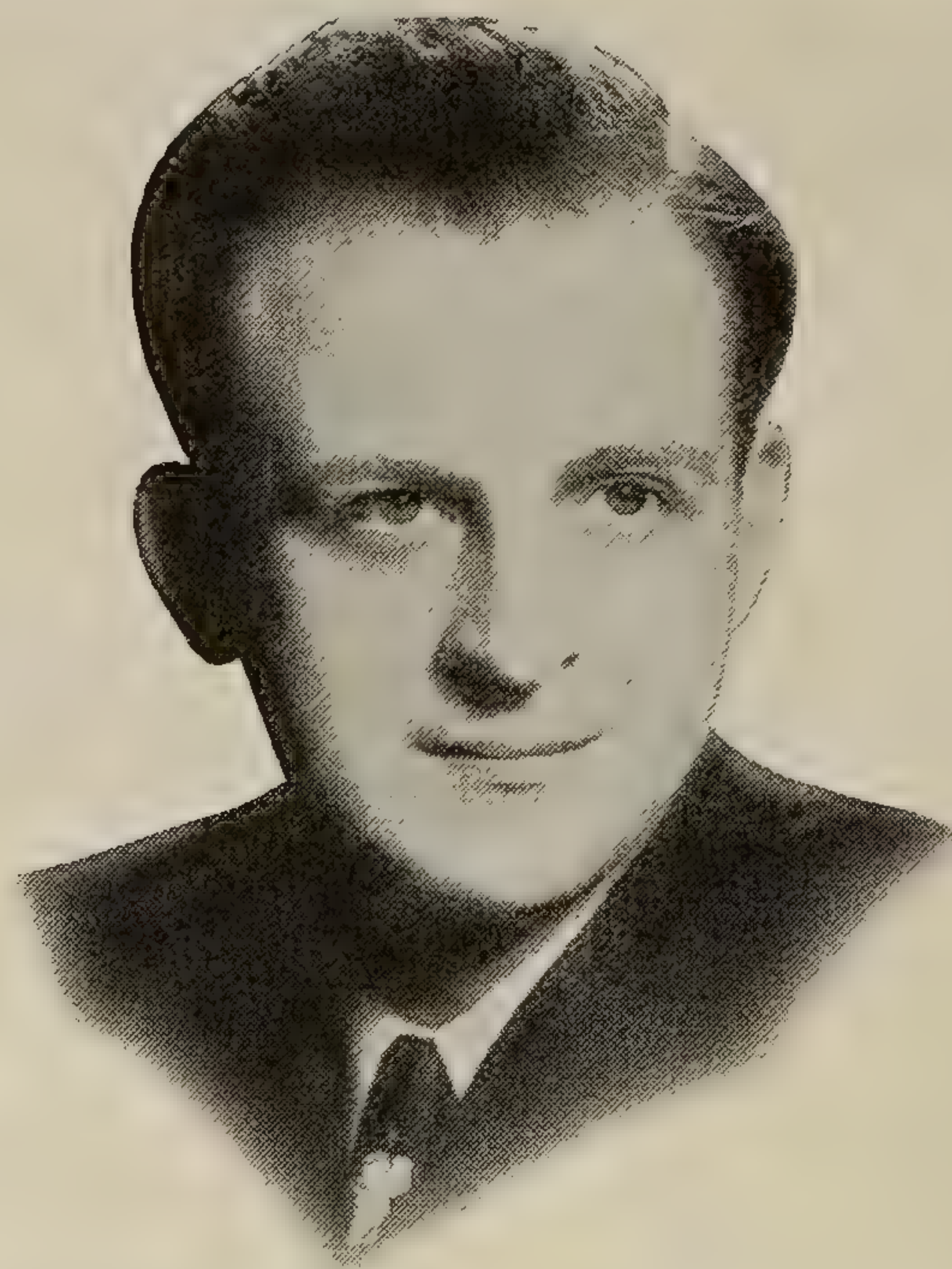
Only Dura-Gloss has it! New "fingernail cap"—coated with the polish that's in the bottle. Shows exact shade. Banishes guesswork, disappointment.

10c

Lorr Laboratories,
Paterson, New Jersey



WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



■ You hear his baritone voice on the Lucky Strike Hit Parade—but once Barry Wood wanted to be a doctor.

WHEN radio people get together and talk about the outstanding broadcasters of the past winter, it's ten to one that it won't be long before Barry Wood's name is mentioned. He's the singing star on the Lucky Strike Hit Parade heard over CBS every Saturday night at 9:00. And there's no doubt about it, Barry hitched his star to his baritone voice, and those vocal chords haven't let him down!

As a kid, Barry wanted to be a doctor, and that's why he took a pre-medical course at Yale. Music came naturally to him, and while at college he played saxophone with the Yale dance and football bands and did some occasional singing. He was also a crack swimmer and for three years was on the All-American water polo team.

When Barry reached his senior year, he wasn't quite so sure that he wanted to continue toward an M. D. At graduation, he abandoned the idea entirely and determined instead to become the world's greatest saxophonist. Fired with this tremendous enthusiasm he came to New York and for the next five years played with the orchestras of Buddy Rogers, Vincent Lopez and Abe Lyman.

Mr. Lyman's decision to go to Chicago, indirectly was responsible for Barry's concentration on singing. He didn't want to leave New York and he wanted to take voice lessons. So he remained behind and finally got a job singing over a local station . . . for exactly nothing a week! All this time he was living on savings accumulated from his orchestra work, and waiting for a break.

It came one day when an audition won him the job as Jerry Cooper's replacement on a fifteen minute network program for eight weeks. After that CBS signed him, and Barry worked on many sustaining shows, continued his voice lessons—and this time determined to become the best

baritone in the country. Last November Barry got his "Lucky" break. Ask any one—they'll tell you that Barry Wood is on the hit parade of romantic baritones.

Rita Barisic, New York City: Janice Gilbert is the accomplished seventeen year old actress who plays the role of Janice Collins in The O'Neills. She's a graduate of the Professional Children's School and made her radio debut six years ago. Janice does a number of dialects and speaks French and Spanish fluently. She's a very grown-up looking young lady with brown curly hair and gray eyes, and she likes to play tennis in her leisure time and collect autographs of famous people. Besides appearing in The O'Neills, she is occasionally heard on the Second Husband and Hilltop House programs.

Shirley Dawson, Ottawa, Ontario: Following is the cast of Guiding Light:
Dr. Ruthledge Arthur Peterson
Mary Ruthledge Sarajane Wells
Mrs. Kransky Mignon Schreiber
Rose Kransky Ruth Bailey
Jacob Kransky Seymour Young
Ned Holden Ed Prentiss
Torchy Holden Gladys Heen
Fredericka Lang Margaret Fuller
Iris Marsh Betty Arnold
Ellen Henrietta Tedro

FAN CLUB SECTION

If you'd like to join Pepper Young's Family Fan Club, write to Mrs. E. K. Robinson, 68 East Street, Oneonta, New York.

There's a new Nan Wynn Fan Club just formed by Miss Helen Henderson, 251 Maple Street, Kearny, N. J. She'd like to hear from those who are interested in joining.

Miss Alice Robertson, 47 North Bleeker Street, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., has formed what she believes to be the first fan club in honor of a radio announcer . . . the honors going to Del Sharbutt. If you share her enthusiasm, why not write her?

Kate Hopkins, Angel of Mercy

(Continued from page 19)

your good name by spreading the news that Tom is a jailbird. And then, you won't have a chance in the world of getting that appointment."

I didn't know what to do. I had no idea how much Don knew about what happened in Chicago. I wasn't as worried about not getting the appointment as I was about Tom's losing his job, if the story came out. In desperation, I phoned Stur Wolf.

It was a relief to hear his calm voice. He listened and then told me not to worry. He'd keep Don quiet. He didn't say what it was, but I had a feeling that there must be something not very pretty in Don's past, of which Stur knew, and which he was willing to use to silence him.

I SUPPOSE I should have told Tom about this, but I didn't have the heart to upset him. The day after I had this bad news, Forest Falls held its annual Christmas dance. I had been afraid that Trudy might prevail on Tom to take her to the dance, but, as I was pleased to learn, Tom had asked Louise Leverett. More than that, he had asked Louise to have dinner with us before the dance.

Louise looked very lovely in her simple dinner dress. Even Tom noticed how charming she looked and his compliment brought a brightness into her eyes that only confirmed my suspicion of her love for him. The three of us had a very pleasant time. Then, toward the end of dinner, the

baby started to cry upstairs and we had to tell Louise about Mary Taylor and the baby.

So after dinner, when Louise and I went upstairs for our wraps, nothing would do but that we stop and see the baby. It was while we were in Mary's room that the doorbell rang. Tom shouted from downstairs that he'd answer.

A few minutes later, after Louise had taken a last look at the baby and a last quick glance at herself in the mirror, we went downstairs. About halfway down the stairs, I heard Tom's voice:

"You shouldn't have come here, Trudy," he was saying.

"And why shouldn't I?" Trudy asked. "Are you afraid that little Louise Leverett will be jealous?"

"Please, Trudy," Tom answered. "Leave Louise out of this. I've told you Louise is just a good friend."

"That's what you say," Trudy said. "Louise has different ideas."

This was too much for me. I hurried down the stairs. I had a feeling that Louise wanted to turn back and run and hide, so I took her hand and made her stay beside me.

"Please, Trudy, go away before they come downstairs," Tom was saying as we reached the foot of the stairs.

"I won't," Trudy said. "Tom, how can you treat me this way, when you know I love you so much?"

As we stepped into the living room, I could feel Louise stiffen beside me. There were Tom and Trudy, together.

Trudy had her arms about Tom's neck. She was trying to kiss him. Tom was blushing furiously and trying to pry her arms loose.

"Trudy!" I said.

"I—I'm sorry, mother," Tom said. "I—I didn't ask her to come here. I told her I was taking Louise to the dance."

"Oh, stop apologizing, Tom!" Trudy snapped. "It's all right, Mrs. Hopkins. I'm going."

With that she flounced out of the room and a moment later the front door slammed. Tom fidgeted with his tie and shrugged his shoulder nervously.

"I'm sorry, Louise," he managed to stammer at last.

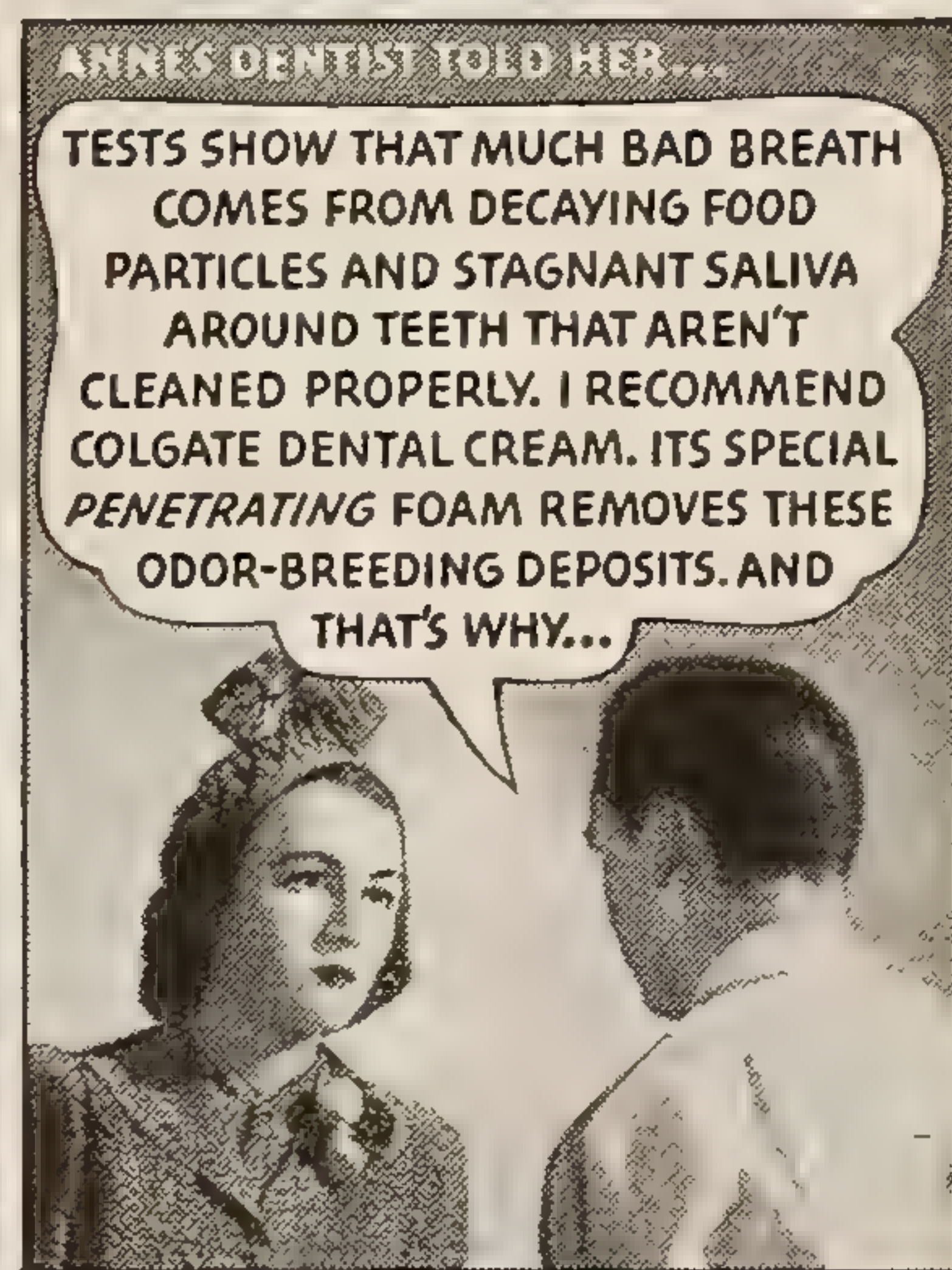
"That's all right, Tom," Louise said. "I know it wasn't your fault. It doesn't matter a bit. Let's forget all about it." She smiled and put out her hand. Her poise was magnificent.

THE banquet hall at the Pioneer Club was crowded by the time we arrived. The Christmas Dance is the social event of the year in Forest Falls. Everyone was there.

The music was loud and happy and everyone, from the grandfathers to the children, was dancing. Tom whirled Louise off into a dance and I was left to wander about alone.

After awhile, I found Judge Leverett up on the balcony and we sat together and watched the dancers. I looked about for Stur Wolf, but he wasn't there.

Just an inch and a half from a kiss!



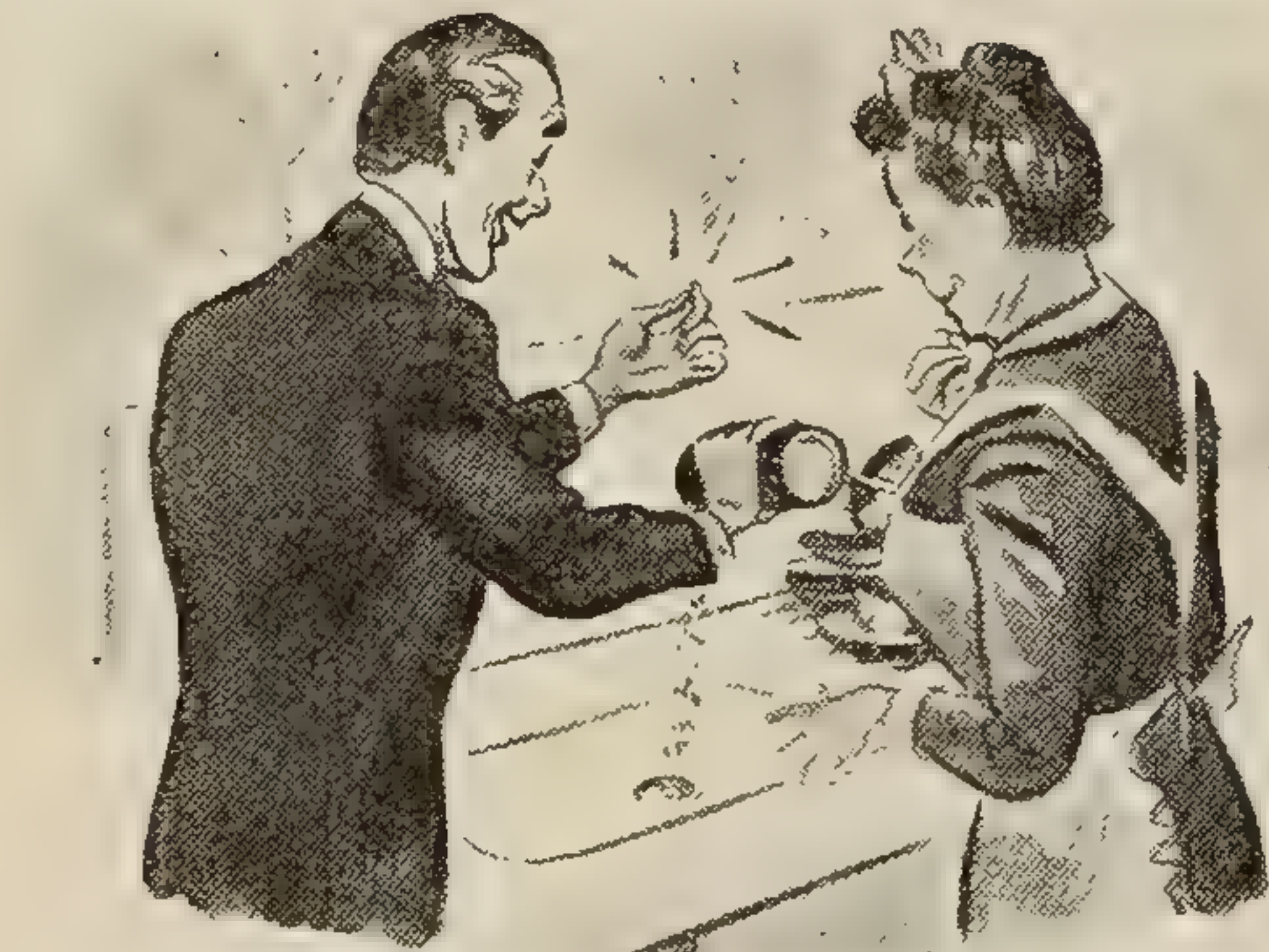
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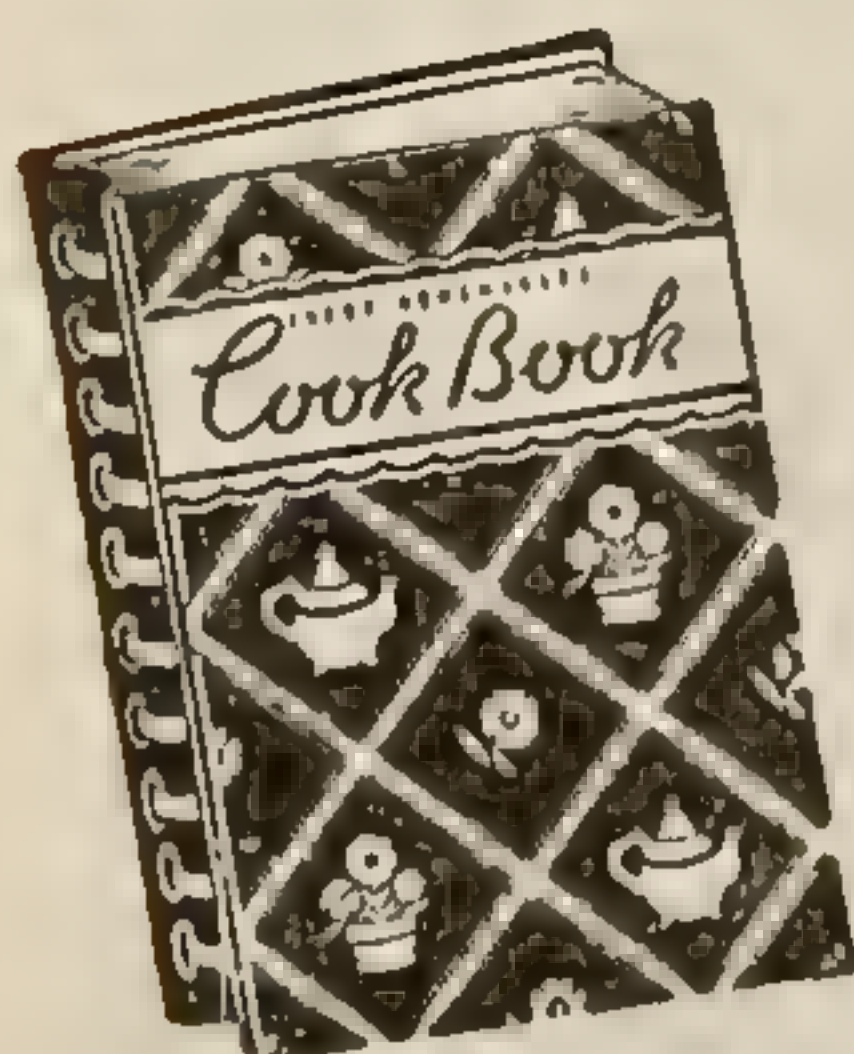
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"They make a fine couple, don't they?" I heard Judge Leverett say. I looked down to where Tom and Louise were dancing. Louise was looking up at Tom and he was smiling down at her in a new way. I had never seen him look at Louise with that expression before—something tender and humorous and very near. I smiled at the Judge.

"I'd be very happy if it worked out that way," I said. Then Esther Greenlee and her husband, Ken, came over to sit with us and the conversation became general.

Suddenly, Louise was standing before us. She was trembling and her face was white and tense.

"Mrs. Hopkins," she said. "I just heard Don Parker telling some men that Tom was in jail in Chicago. Someone should stop him from spreading such lies."

"I should say so," Judge Leverett said, jumping to his feet. "Where is he?"

I couldn't let the Judge do anything without knowing. "Please," I said, "you mustn't make a scene, Judge Leverett. You see," this was so hard to say, "in a way, it's true. It was a mistake—but—well, Tom *was* in jail."

The Judge's face went pale. A small moan escaped Louise's lips. And then Tom came running toward us. He had heard about Don's little speech, too. Tom tried to go to Louise to explain.

BUT Judge Leverett stepped between them. "Just a moment, young man. I think it would be better for you not to see Louise again until this matter has been straightened out satisfactorily."

Louise tried to protest, but it did no good. The Judge held her firmly by the elbow and piloted her past Tom. I had to catch Tom's arm to prevent him from running down to where Don Parker was still standing in the center of a group of men.

"I'll break his neck!" Tom said under his breath. "This is just another trick to keep you from getting the appointment. Let me go, mother!"

There wasn't much sleep for me that night. Until then, I hadn't really taken the campaign against me very seriously. I'm afraid I was vain enough to think that my record as a nurse was recommendation enough to withstand any idle gossip against me. But this gossip about Tom was different. They were using my son as a weapon against me!

Tom had left the house by the time I got downstairs in the morning. All day, making my rounds, I was worried about what he might do. During the afternoon, I phoned the Country Club, only to learn that Tom was out on the bridle path with Trudy.

And, in the evening, when I got home, it was no better. Tom was very quiet during dinner. Even Mary Taylor noticed it. And, after dinner, Tom went out without telling me where he was going.

About two hours later, Esther Greenlee came bustling in, all out of breath from her hurry. Her husband, Ken, had been at the bowling alley in the Pioneer Club. Tom had come in and Don Parker had made some slighting remarks and Tom had knocked him down. I was horrified.

"Wait a minute," Esther said. "It's all right. Ken says Tom was wonderful. He told the men everything—all about Chicago—how he was living

in Arch Hall's apartment and didn't have any money when Trudy phoned that she was coming to him. And how he borrowed the silver dish from Arch, knowing perfectly well that Arch would lend him some money if he were there. He described how he was arrested when he tried to pawn the dish, because it turned out that the dish was a very valuable piece that had been stolen some time before—and Tom was suspected of being a member of a gang of apartment thieves. And then, how Arch came back and cleared him of the whole thing by explaining how he had bought the dish from some men who came to his door with it. Ken says the men cheered when Tom got through. It's all right now. Tom's cleared. They can't use that against you now."

I hoped that now we would have some peace. And at least the misunderstanding about Tom was cleared up so Judge Leverett allowed Louise to see him again. But being robbed of one weapon against me just seemed to make Retta more determined. Esther, who knows practically everything that goes on in Forest Falls, warned me time after time that Retta was up to something.

ESTHER reported that Retta was seeing a lot of E. Arthur Reynolds, Trudy's father, who had never liked me because he thought my plans for the Visiting Nurse Service were too extravagant.

And then things began to come into the open, more and more. I realized with something of a shock what Retta was doing. She had found out about Mary Taylor. Word was getting around town that I was harboring a loose woman in my home. Suddenly everyone was warning me to send Mary away if I wanted the supervisor's job.

But the most surprising of all was Stur Wolf. If his face hadn't looked so serious, I should have been tempted to laugh when I heard what he had to say.

"We've got to be careful, Kate," he said. "People are beginning to talk."

"To talk? You can't mean they're talking about us!"

"Yes," Stur said. "I've heard several sly, little remarks about our friendship recently. And I don't like it. It's silly, of course, but I think it would be better if you phone me after this, when you want to ask me anything."

"You're such a straightforward person, Kate," he went on. "You can't understand how small minds work. They can make scandal out of a look. And you can't afford any scandal right now, not if you want that appointment. And there's another thing. I wish you'd send that Taylor girl away before they get too busy on her. I've been hearing about that, too. Retta Farrell is working on the women in the Wednesday Club, getting them steamed up about your exposing the youth of the community to Mary's immoral influence."

"But, she has nowhere to go," I said. "And she isn't well, yet. Besides, I've watched Mary. I know she's not a loose character. Maybe, she's made a mistake—but, somehow, I doubt even that. I'm sure there is some perfectly simple and good reason for what's happened to her. She's been very deeply hurt and I'm not going to hurt her anymore. Certainly not because Retta threatens me!"

"I rather expected you to take that stand," Stur said. "But watch Retta—she'll stop at nothing."

As if that weren't enough, when I got back to the office of the Visiting Nurse Service, I found Trudy Reynolds waiting for me.

"I want to talk to you, Mrs. Hopkins," Trudy said, very much as though she were delivering an ultimatum.

She plunged right into it. "Ever since you arrived in Chicago and helped Tom get out of that mess, you've been working on Tom—trying to keep him away from me. If it hadn't been for you, Tom would have married me months ago."

"That's not true, Trudy," I said. "I've never said anything to Tom about not marrying you. It was Tom's own doubt of his love for you that kept him from marrying you. You wouldn't want to marry him if he didn't love you, would you?"

"Why not? If he married me—if you left him alone—he'd learn to love me. Why shouldn't he? There's nothing the matter with me. And I could help Tom. I could get my father to give him a good job. I have money. Tom could do anything he wanted—go to school—travel—stay here—anything. I wouldn't care what he did."

"Oh, Trudy," I said. "Don't you see how bad that would be for Tom? He's a man. He's got to work out his own future—without help from you. Or from me."

"No, I don't see. Why shouldn't I help him, if I want to? And if you'd get out of my way, if you'd stop trying to turn him against me, I could help him." Her young face grew shrewd and hard. "I'll make a bargain with you, Mrs. Hopkins. You want the appointment to the supervisor's job and my father can swing it for you. I'll see to it that you get the appointment, if you'll get out of my way and let me have a chance to marry Tom."

"That's not a very nice bargain, Trudy," I said.

"I don't care. I love Tom and I want him. I'll do anything I can to get him. What do you say?"

YOU just can't bear not to get everything you want, can you?" I said softly.

"Why shouldn't I get what I want? What's your answer?"

"The answer is no, Trudy. I can't play a game with my son's happiness." I turned away from her.

She had not expected that.

"Well," she said at last, "don't say I didn't warn you. There are other people who don't approve of your interference—Retta Farrell for instance. You'll be sorry!"

"That sounds like a threat, Trudy."

"Take it any way you like. There it is!" And she stormed out of the office.

Now it was getting close to the time when the committee would meet to make the appointment. The very air in Forest Falls was buzzing with excitement and conjecture.

For Retta had no scruples against attacking Mary directly. Noticing how sad Mary began to look, I found out that Retta and Mrs. Anderson had already approached her twice on the street, while she was airing the baby. Both times, the women had asked very pointed questions. Who was the baby's father? Why didn't Mary wear a wedding ring? Why was I keeping her in my house? Mary was fright-

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ened. She was afraid she would have to give up the baby. And she was also afraid that her staying with me might keep me from getting the appointment.

So, they had carried their war right to the threshold of my home!

Retta Farrell planned her moves carefully and timed them well. Just two days before the appointment, Esther arrived from a meeting of the Wednesday Club in her usual flutter. A delegation of women was coming to call on me that evening to demand that I send Mary Taylor away!

"Nonsense!" I said. "How can they demand anything like that? This is my home and I can have anyone I please in it."

"You don't understand, Kate," Esther said. "Mrs. Anderson saw Mary talking to Donald Farrell on the street the other afternoon and Retta's got the wind up about her precious son being led astray by your loose woman. You should have heard her at the meeting. She almost screamed, she was so indignant about the danger to the young manhood of Forest Falls."

Esther's voice carries pretty well, and at the moment I was busier hoping Mary hadn't heard her than I was worrying about the delegation that was going to descend upon me.

In the evening, Tom and I stayed in the living room, talking about the delegation. Mary went upstairs early, leaving the baby with us for awhile. Tom and I talked for half an hour or so, and then the baby began to be drowsy. Tom murmured something about taking the baby upstairs, but I was so preoccupied with formulating a speech for the women I hardly noticed what he was saying or doing.

I was startled out of my reverie by Tom's sudden shout.

"Mother," he called from upstairs. "Come up here! Mary's tried to kill herself!"

I don't know how I got up those stairs. Tom was standing in the doorway of the bathroom. Mary was stretched out on the floor and the air was chokingly full of gas.

SHE had the gas pipe in her mouth," Tom said. "I smelled the gas as I passed the door."

I sent him into Mary's bedroom to put the baby down away from the gas. I opened the bathroom window and knelt down beside Mary. She didn't seem to be breathing, but her pulse was still beating very weakly. Tom and I carried her into the hallway, near to a window. I started artificial respiration. I don't really know what I did. My confused memory tells me that I was praying and giving Tom orders and preparing a scathing speech to the women whose vicious gossip was responsible for this, all at the same time.

In a few minutes, Dr. Madison and the pulmotor squad from the fire department were there and it was out of my hands. Dr. Madison pronounced Mary out of danger.

I went back to the room to see that she was all right . . . and it was then I saw the letter. Thinking it was a note she had left me, I read it. And I got the shock of my life! The poor child!

Then it was time to face the delegation. And now I was ready for them. They came marching into the living room, all three of them prim and self-righteous. Retta was the spokesman.

"We represent the opinion of all the

women in Forest Falls," she announced smugly. "We have been sent to order you to get Mary Taylor out of town immediately!"

"I'm afraid that's impossible," I said calmly. "Even if I wanted to send her away, which I do not want or intend to do, I couldn't right now. You see, just half an hour ago, Mary Taylor tried to kill herself."

There was a gasp from Mrs. Clinton. Mrs. Anderson got very red in the face and didn't seem to know what to do with her hands and feet. But Retta was unmoved.

"That just shows!" she said triumphantly. "The girl has the decency to be ashamed. Her conscience got the better of her."

At that point, I'm afraid I forgot all about the cool, logical speech I had prepared for the ladies. I said what I thought. I used words like cruelty and malice and, yes, Murder! This time, the ladies had good reason for being offended, for I didn't spare them at all. They went scurrying from before me like flustered hens. At the door, I caught Retta's arm.

"I WANT you to stay," I said. "I have something to say to you alone." She turned back reluctantly. "You'd better sit down," I said. "This is going to be a shock."

"Hurry up and say what you have to say!" Retta said.



Five Reasons for the success of The Good News of 1940—Fanny Brice, Hanley Stafford, Mary Martin, Warren Hull, Dick Powell.

"Very well," I said. "You've done Mary Taylor a big injustice. You see, Mary's baby is your grandchild. Donald is his father."

Retta sat down very suddenly. She was stunned—but only for a second. "It's a lie!" she shouted. "You're just making it up to hurt me. You think that by blackmailing me with this lie you can get me to vote for your appointment. Well, you're wrong, because I don't believe it!" She stood up. "What's more, I'll tell everyone in town about this cheap trick of yours to force me to step aside so you can get that job. It's blackmail!"

I waited until she'd worn herself out. Then I read her the letter I'd

found. It was from Mary's sister and it was very plain. It advised Mary to go to Retta and tell her that Donald was married to her and ask her for money and help for the child.

"It's a lie!" Retta shouted again.

I suggested that we have Donald come over and prove the thing one way or another. Retta almost laughed at me. She left quickly, warning me that she would get hold of Donald and make him deny the whole thing.

FORTUNATELY, Tom had met Donald on the street when he went to the drugstore, so we knew where to find him before his mother reached him. It wasn't long before Donald was sitting in my living room, hearing the whole story. He admitted only that everything was possible, but he wouldn't talk until he'd seen Mary.

It was Stur Wolf who saved the day. He had heard of Mary's attempted suicide and come right over. He listened to my story and then tackled Donald himself. The last I heard was Stur saying he would keep Donald with him for the night.

The next morning, they were at my house before breakfast. Donald had confessed everything to Stur. He and Mary had been married a year and a half, but Donald had been afraid to tell his mother because he was sure she would stop his allowance and he couldn't finish college. And he was afraid he could never take care of Mary, unless he got his degree. They were living in the college town, when suddenly, Mary disappeared without a word. He hadn't known anything about the baby. Stur said to leave the whole thing to him.

That day was one thing after an-

other. In the afternoon, Dr. Madison phoned for me to come to the Leverett house at once. Judge Leverett had had a heart attack. Tom drove me over right away.

Louise met us at the door. Her tight little smile of greeting nearly made me cry. Tom must have felt the same admiration for her courage that I did, for he stepped up to her and took her in his arms. As I went up the stairs, I glanced back at them—two young people brought together after a long enforced separation, brought together by misfortune.

There was nothing much I could do for Judge Leverett. Dr. Madison had injected a stimulant and the Judge was resting comfortably. I waited with him until the trained nurse arrived and then I made Louise come home with Tom and me.

So much had happened and so quickly, that I actually forgot the committee was meeting that evening to select the supervisor for Visiting Nurses. Only when Esther called to warn me to stay at home, did I realize that the important occasion was upon us. We made a nervous trio, Louise and Tom and I, waiting for the phone to ring.

It came at last, E. Arthur Reynolds himself ordering me to appear before the committee at once. I slapped my hat on and ran to my car. In a minute, I was there. Esther was waiting outside for me.

"You won!" she said happily. "You're appointed. And guess what? Retta Farrell and Reynolds both spoke for you. They actually got up on their feet and recommended you!"

I was too amazed to say anything. Retta had recommended me! As I

stepped into the meeting room, there was a burst of applause. E. Arthur Reynolds got heavily to his feet and officially announced that I was the new supervisor.

It felt awkward standing there with all those people congratulating me. Then Stur Wolf's hand was on my arm, he was whispering in my ear.

"Come on outside, lady. Want to talk to you."

"You had something to do with all this," I said to him, when we were outside. "What did you do to turn my worst enemies into backers?"

"Simple," he said, and suddenly I knew that Stur would always be at my side, a friend who asked nothing and gave everything.

HE laughed as he explained. He had merely offered to pay Donald's expenses at college until he graduated and to support Mary and the baby until Donald got a job—if Donald would promise to appear at the meeting that evening and tell the whole committee that he really was married to Mary. Then, getting Donald's rather frightened promise to do all this, Stur had just called Retta and warned her of what was going to happen. She had tried to brazen it out on the phone, but sometime during the day she must have thought it all over. Because, by evening, she was my best friend and the whole blackmail story about me which she had been so busy spreading around Forest Falls was just a dreadful mistake. Stur did such a good imitation of an indignant Retta, that I was laughing, too, by the time I got home.

And why wouldn't I laugh? Everything was going to be all right.

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The Romance of Helen Trent

(Continued from page 32)

signed by Martin Trent had been for another woman's child, and the three letters signed by Helen were out-and-out forgeries, with signatures copied from a sample of Helen's handwriting that had appeared in a movie magazine.

Agatha urged Helen to prosecute Mrs. Dunlap—but, weary of the whole sordid affair, she let her go free.

Only one thing still puzzled Helen. Why had a handwriting expert sworn that those signatures were genuine? She learned the answer to even this question a few days later.

Gilbert Whitney called her on the telephone and asked to see her.

"I wanted to tell you why I withdrew from the Dunlap case," he said that evening when, in answer to her invitation, he had driven out to Trenthony Ranch. "Naturally I couldn't while it was still pending, but now that it's settled—and so happily settled, for you—You see, I discovered that Mrs. Dunlap was a cheat. I learned that the handwriting expert who identified your signatures on those letters had been bribed by Mrs. Dunlap."

"Oh. Oh, I see now. . . ."

ALL I could do was tell Mrs. Dunlap I could no longer act for her. It's—been on my conscience," he added shyly. "I felt I shouldn't have been so easily taken in."

"But I'm glad you told me," Helen said. "And I'm glad to see you, too. Something's been on my conscience, ever since I talked to you in your office. I'm afraid I was rather angry at you because you chose to believe Mrs. Dunlap's very convincing story instead of my unsupported truth."

"I wanted to believe you, but I couldn't," he said simply. "As a matter of fact, it was meeting you, talking to you, that made me check more thoroughly into that handwriting expert. So you see, your visit wasn't futile, by any means."

And then, suddenly, it was as if the circumstances of their meeting had never been—they were off on a discussion of Trenthony Ranch, of Hollywood and the picture industry and dozens of related and unrelated subjects. It was with a start of surprise that they heard the clock strike ten.

"Good Heavens!" Whitney said. "And I only drove out for a few minutes! You won't let me come again, if I insist on staying so long."

"Of course I will," Helen smiled. "I hope you'll come often—that is, after I return from a location trip in Texas. The studio's sending me out there next week."

Up to the last minute before she left for Texas, she was hoping that Drew would call. Twice she herself lifted the receiver and started to dial his number. But each time she stopped—a little angry, more than a little afraid. He had been at fault in their quarrel; how could she go to him now? And suppose he was still angry; suppose he was really glad of this excuse for breaking their engagement?

So she did not call. She left for Texas without hearing from him.

The immensity of Texas was good for her, and so was the hard work she did there. She was in complete charge of the costumes for the West-

ern epic Continental Pictures was making, and nearly everything went wrong—which was good for her too, because it kept her mind occupied to the exclusion of all personal problems with the task of putting clothes on the backs of twenty principals and several hundred extras.

Then, suddenly, the location trip was over and she was back in Hollywood, where the first thing she heard was that Drew Sinclair had been in the hospital, dangerously ill following an appendix operation.

She wanted to go to him then; her whole being cried out to go to him. But she fought down her desires, stayed away, hoping that his pride might let him make the first move.

In the end, it was pure chance that brought about a meeting. Drew had come to the Continental lot to see one of the producers; he and Helen met on the walk outside the commissary.

She scarcely recognized him at first, for he was walking slowly, with a cane. And then she saw his face, the pleading look in his eyes, and her heart melted.

They went into the commissary, at Drew's invitation, for a cup of coffee, and after a few moments of awkward, banal conversation, Drew said abruptly, "Helen—can't we be friends? I don't ask you to love me again. Not now. I know I did my best to kill what was between us. Perhaps I can build it up again, if you'll let me. If we can be friends, I mean."

Helen stifled an impulse to tell him the truth—that he had not killed her love for him, that everything could be as it had once been. It was caution that kept her silent. Her love was a weapon in Drew's hands, a weapon with which he could wound her mortally. It was better to keep its existence a secret from him, at least for a time. At least until she could find out how much he had changed—if he had changed. She remembered too well how he had failed her when she needed him most—and love without faith, she said bitterly to herself, was not love at all.

IN one respect, she was forced to admit to herself, he had not changed at all. He still gave far too much of himself to the studio. Heedless of his weakened condition after the operation, he spent twelve—fourteen—fifteen hours a day at his desk or on the lot, overseeing, conferring, planning.

As a friend, she had thought she could remonstrate with him, but she soon learned her mistake. Where his work was concerned he would still brook no interference, even though he frequently complained of devastating headaches which Helen was sure were brought on by weariness.

It was a relief to turn Drew's tense, driving ambition to Gil Whitney, who had followed her example and moved from his town apartment to a ranch down the road from Helen's ranch house.

Gil and Drew met frequently at her home, where they treated each other with studied, wary courtesy. She did not like to see them together, for Drew suffered by comparison with Gil. Subtly, his driving ambition seemed childish beside Gil's cool awareness that success and money alike were empty vessels; and his lack

of sympathy for all problems except those of Drew Sinclair was revealed glaringly by Gil's all-embracing interest in other people.

Then, one midnight, came the telephone call that was such a sinister forecast of events to come.

It was Peter, Drew's little son, and he was calling from Santa Barbara; To Helen's amazement, he sobbed out an incredible story of having been taken from his Hollywood school that afternoon by his father, driven to Santa Barbara, and left there in a military school. "Daddy said it was time for me to go to a real boys' school," the heartbroken voice quavered over the wire, "but I don't like it here and I want to go home. I've been trying to get Daddy on the telephone, but nobody answers. Please, won't you go and see him, Helen, and tell him I want to come home?"

"Yes, Peter," she assured him. "You go right to bed, and your father and I will be down to get you in the morning."

But when, having dressed and driven into Hollywood, she arrived at Drew's home she found it dark and deserted. And the next day Drew and Peter arrived back from Santa Barbara!

"I don't know what happened, Helen," Drew confessed. "I have absolutely no recollection at all of taking Peter to Santa Barbara. That afternoon is a blank in my memory. I didn't know what had happened until about midnight, when I woke up in my own home, asked the butler to see if Peter was well covered in his bed—and learned that I'd taken him, myself, to that school. Then, of course,

I dressed and went right down to bring him back."

Speechless, Helen looked at him. Was this the penalty of overworking at the studio?

"Drew," she urged, "you must stop working. You must rest—get your strength back—see a doctor."

"I can't!" he exclaimed so violently that she was frightened. "I won't have any long-faced doctor telling me to leave the studio—because I can't be spared there!"

Thus began an endless tug-of-war between them: Helen on one side, urging Drew to spare himself, Drew on the other, stubbornly, recklessly insisting that there was work to be done and he must do it. She urged him to see a doctor, and he flew into a panicky rage and accused her of meddling in his affairs.

And the mysterious lapses of memory that had begun with the Santa Barbara incident continued. Helen heard rumors of them from his few friends and his many business associates; heard, too, that he was drinking more than he should.

It was only a matter of time before Drew himself precipitated the crisis.

She knew something terrible had happened when she answered the telephone, that evening. It was Gil, and she had never before heard this strained note in his voice.

"Helen? Can you come over, right away?"

"What's the trouble, Gil?"

"I can't tell you, over the phone. Please come as soon as you can."

Abruptly, he rang off. It was not far to his house, and Helen ran all the way.

In the living room she found him

bent over an unconscious Drew, stretched out on the sofa.

"I'm sorry, Helen," Gil said tersely. "But you'd better know. Sinclair and I just had a fight. I had to knock him out. He came in here a few minutes ago, shouting, wanting to know where you are hiding. When I told him you weren't even here, he called me a liar. He said he'd just seen us together, and that—that—" he flushed—"that I was kissing you."

"Oh—Gil! He didn't!"

"He's sick, Helen. It's worse than you thought, I'm afraid."

Wordlessly, she set about bringing Drew to, and at last he sat up, looking at them both uncomprehendingly. The sickish reek of whiskey was on his breath. "What happened to me?" he asked, rubbing his jaw.

"I'm sorry, Sinclair. I had to knock you out," Whitney explained uncomfortably.

"You had to. . . ! What for?"

THE words were spoken before Drew realized it. As they stared at him, they saw caution creep back into his face.

"Now, Drew," Helen spoke with new authority. "You don't remember what happened, do you?"

"I—I—" He gave up, buried his face in his hands. "No."

Helen drew a deep breath. "Gil—if you don't mind. I'd like to talk to Drew alone."

For a few minutes, after Gil had left the room, Helen said nothing, looking down at Drew's bowed figure. At last she spoke gently:

"Drew. Darling, what's wrong? You can't go on like this. And it isn't just overwork. There's some-

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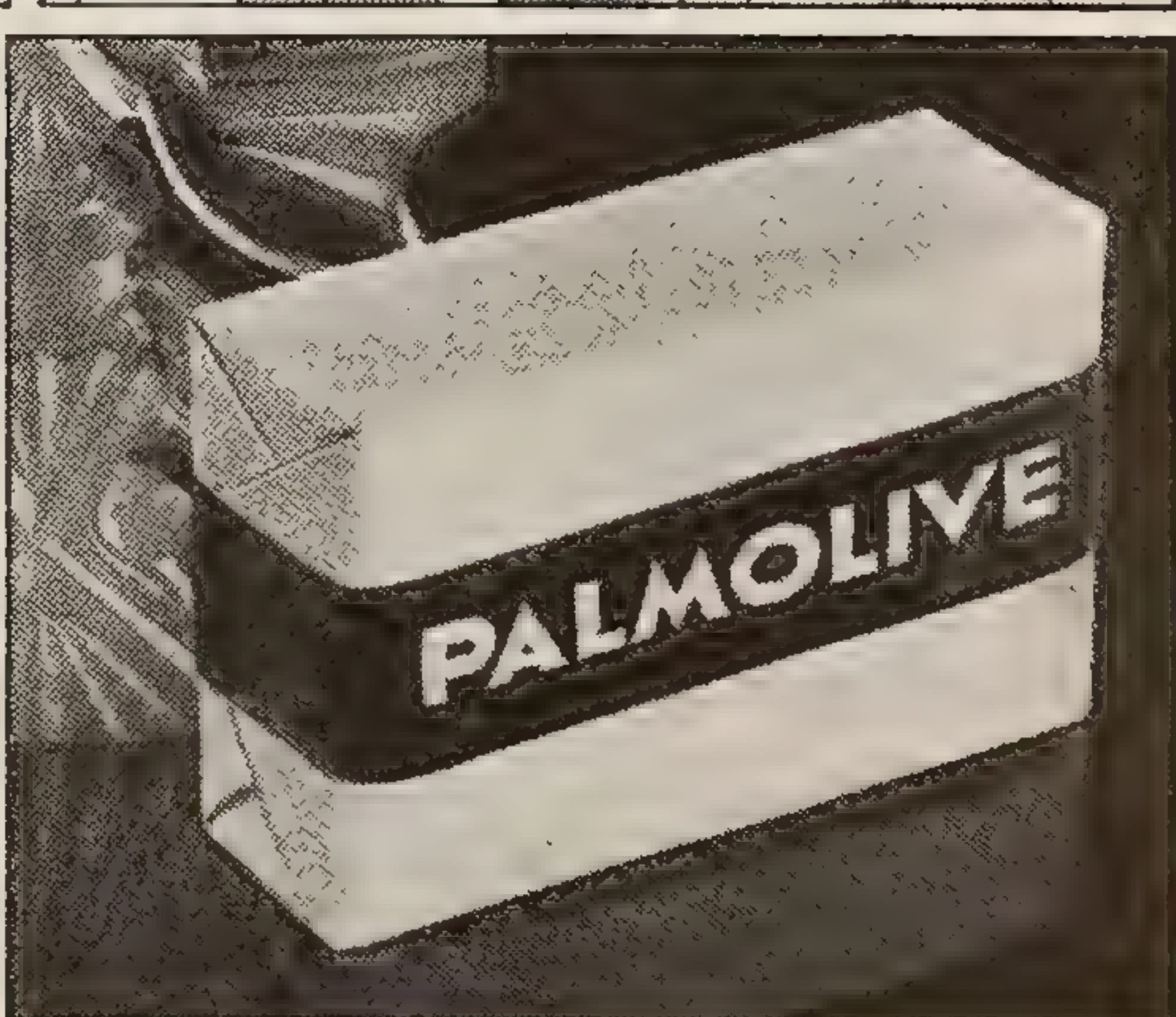


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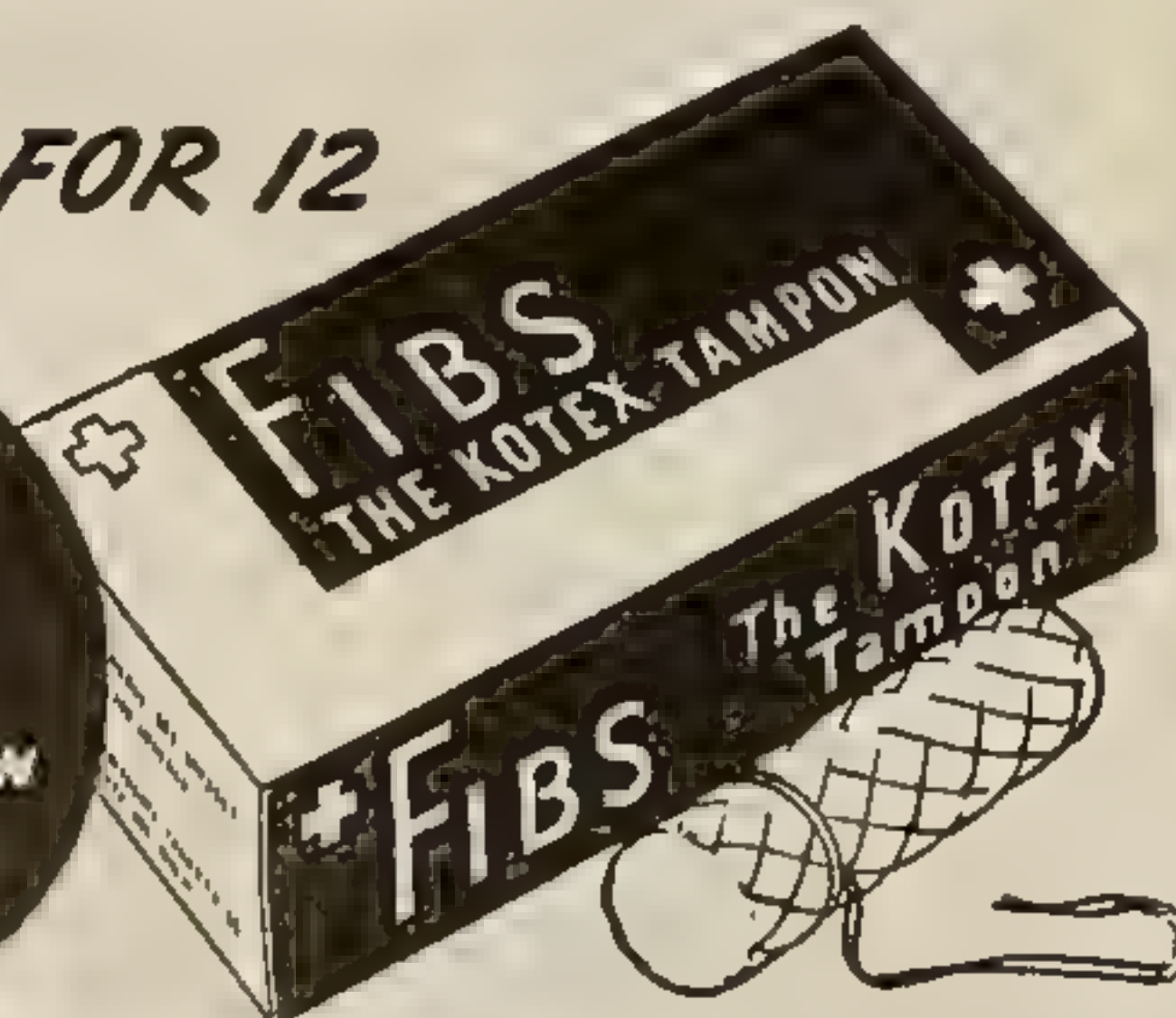
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thing you haven't told me—about yourself."

And so at last the story came out. It had had its beginning months before, when Drew and Peter were on their world cruise following Drew's acquittal from the murder charge.

Headaches—blinding, glaring headaches, long agonies during which he could not sleep, nor think, nor move. In New York, upon his return, he had gone to a doctor, but all the doctor could do was to give him a sedative for use when the attacks came.

In Hollywood, for a time, the headaches had left him in peace. Then, after his operation, as he went more deeply into his work at the studio, they had become more frequent, more devastating, but the sedative could always take away the pain.

"But—and this is the worst, Helen," Drew confessed, "the sedative dulled my mind so I couldn't work. The only way I could stimulate myself—put myself back into condition—was by . . . drinking. And lately the sedative and the liquor, together, have brought on these damnable lapses of memory—these periods when I do things I'd never do in my right mind."

SHE had sunk down to the floor at his feet; her arm was across his knees. They were very close—closer physically and spiritually than they had been for many long months.

"You must go away, Drew," she said. "You admitted yourself the headaches didn't come, after you got back to Hollywood, until you began overworking yourself. Perhaps, if you rest, you won't have them. Anyway, you must see a doctor. And nothing is as important as your health. Certainly your studio isn't."

"I'm not so sure of that. I've lost your love, Helen. And with that gone, the studio—my work—is all I have."

Helen shivered. An icy breath of dread seemed to sweep through the room—a nameless, illogical sensation of coming disaster.

"You haven't lost my love, Drew," she said. "You'll never lose it. You're part of me—my thoughts, my heart, my flesh. You've hurt me, yes—more than I ever thought any man could hurt me again. But you've never been able to kill my love for you. It's always there—whether you want it . . . or not . . ."

"You mean that, Helen?"

She summoned a wan smile. "If you'll see a doctor—follow his orders—go away and rest . . . When you come back, I'll marry you, Drew."

He jumped to his feet, dragging her with him. In a second, he had changed into a new man—the old Drew, vibrant, eager, sure of himself. "Then I will! I'll give up the studio—I'll rest, and I'll do everything the doctors tell me! Oh, Helen—you don't know—how much your love means to me!"

She was in his arms, his breath was warm on her lips. But again she shivered.

Something whispered to her: "You are saying farewell to your beloved."

Farewell. Farewell. The word followed her through the activity of the next few days. It came between her and the hectic, flushed Drew, stayed there through the conferences with Los Angeles' best neurologist, dinned itself into her ears while Drew told her of his plans for closing the studio, transferring properties to new owners, turning his power of attorney over to trusted associates.

But she must stay calm and smiling, give him no hint of what she knew. She must send him away happy. Because, of course, she was hysterical; all this was a delusion; Drew would return soon, well and happy, and they would be married.

She went with Drew to Palm Springs, helped install him in a comfortable little cottage, where he could rest and forget that anything existed except sun and air. And each week end after that she drove down to see him—to watch, dumbly, his pitiful efforts to prove that the change had benefited him, to listen when he boasted weakly, "In another month now—maybe less—I'll be well, Helen. I can come back to Hollywood, we can be married."

For the truth was, he was no better. He was worse. The male nurse-cook-housekeeper who stayed in the cottage told Helen that, told her of nights when the headaches returned with such shrieking fury that the sedative had to be administered.

At last she knew she must go to see the neurologist they had consulted. She had to hear Drew's sentence.

"I am glad you came, Mrs. Trent," the doctor said. (How precisely he talked, like a man-sized mechanical doll!) "I can speak more freely, now that you have seen how little effect complete rest has had on Mr. Sinclair's health. I could have told you before, but . . . perhaps . . . you would not have believed me. The truth is that I am afraid no cure is possible. Were you aware that Mr. Sinclair suffered a rather severe head injury when he was in college, playing football? . . . No? . . . He mentioned it one day; of course I pretended to attach no importance to it, but . . ."

And then a string of Latin terms, and X-ray photographs held up for her to see.

ALL meaningless. Because she had known, before. She had known that Drew Sinclair would never be himself again.

She went out into the bright sunlight—the same sunlight that beat down on that lonely cottage near the gates of the desert sanitarium—and walked down the gay, colorful street. Suddenly, the thought of Trenthony Ranch, with its peace and quiet, was abhorrent to her. She could not face being alone.

There was only one place she could go. Without thinking, she turned toward Gil Whitney's office. There was the only serenity in a mad, hostile world. There was the only place she could go and not talk, and still know that she was understood.

It was unfair to take her loneliness and distress to him, lay it on him like a burden she was too weak to carry herself. It was unfair, but he would accept it, gladly, as he would accept anything of herself, good or bad, that she could give him. He had never spoken to her of love; he never would, as long as he knew she could not listen. It didn't matter. They shared something that was deeper and finer than love. Call it friendship—sympathy—trust. Call it what you like, it was there, and it was the most precious thing in the world—like a warm robe to throw about her in the freezing darkness of night.

Follow the further adventures of Helen Trent every day except Saturday and Sunday, on the Columbia network at 12:30 P.M., E.D.S.T.

Good Ideas Make Happy Homes

(Continued from page 20)

furniture at angles in a room will usually make the room look smaller. So will filling it up with a lot of small pieces. So I placed my divan on a line with the wall bookcases and slightly in front, with a table and a lamp at each end, and so placed the chairs as to be in line with the walls.

Sometimes placing lamps by your chairs or tables introduces the problem of inadequate floor plugs and connections. For instance, if your lamp is some distance from the wall, you're faced with the prospect of having ugly black wire running around the room.

A NEW YORK housekeeping exhibit called PEDAC provides an answer to this problem. They suggest plugs set flat in the floor near the lamp—any electrician can do this. If your rug covers most of the floor, arrange to have the floor plug set in under a seam in the rug. The rug seam can be opened a stitch or two just enough to let you make the connection through the opening, with no harm to your rug. If there are no seams in your rug, carpet experts will tell you that a grommet, or re-enforced opening, can be made in the fabric near your floor plug. Even a plain hole made in your rug for this purpose can later be burled in, or re-tufted with no harm to your rug.

There's also a new plug-in strip of metal that can be attached to the woodwork. It has outlets every eighteen inches for living rooms and every six inches for kitchens. You can

hardly be at a loss for a lamp cord connection with that many outlets at your disposal!

To get back to the rugs, I like broadloom because it can be cut to fit nearly any space and can be re-cut later on, if you want a change. Besides, the solid colors of broadlooms allow you more freedom in choosing other colors for your rooms.

We have an Oriental rug in the living room and, because of its many colors, I've had to be very careful of the colors dominant in the room's furnishing. Of course, in the summer, I take the Oriental up and put down those fibre rugs in plain colors. Then I can go off the deep end with slip covers in all kinds of color patterns.

Slip covers, I think, are one of the gayest things about house-keeping. You can make a whole room over from winter into summer with slip covers. I have them for my divan, the two big chairs, and the love seat—and they're all different!

Then there's the question of windows. I've always liked curtains and drapes right to the floor. Not only do you get a feeling of more actual window space in the room, but the curtains seem to hang better that way. However, in our new home, there are casement windows, set back into the wall, I'm going to get Venetian blinds. They're really more practical than glass curtains; they do away with window shades; and they're easy to keep clean.

It has always taken me forever to make drapes. So, when I can, I have them made or buy them already made up. But here's a tip for women who are handy at drape-making. There's a new product called Zip-Pleat, a strip of material you can sew to the back of your drapes. When you pull the attached cords, the material falls right into pleats, without your having to stitch each one into place.

THEN there is the ever-present problem of closets. I'm still pinching myself over the closets in our new home. It's like having a dream come true, there are so many. Harry and I don't even have to share the same one. If the husband and wife do, though, there's a fine plan featured at that PEDAC exhibit which shows how to divide a closet so that the lady's silk stockings aren't always getting tangled in the gentleman's shoe trees. This double-duty space is called a "male-female" closet. It has a nest of narrow drawers right in the middle to separate the two opposing forces. On one side are the hangers and garment bag for the wife; on the other side the husband's space. On the shelf above are boxes for the woman's hats and there's a shoe stand for each in the corners. The man's ties and hats and the umbrellas fit into gadgets on the back of the door.

Incidentally, if your closets are poorly lighted—here's another helpful gadget. It's a Lumiline bulb with a fluorescent light. The bulb is long

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and flat and will fit over a closet door so that you needn't have a long cord hanging right down the middle of your closet where it will knock you on the head every time you go inside. These Lumiline bulbs give a soft diffused light, and are awfully good in bathrooms or over dressing tables, too.

And, speaking of dressing tables, I don't suppose there's a woman living who doesn't love those dressing tables with the fluffy skirts you see in all the shops and magazines. I'm no exception—so I just made myself one.

Harry's father helped me and I'll bet you'll never guess what we used as a base. My mother's old sewing machine! We put a new top on it, made from that stiff board—we used to call it compo board—that you can buy in almost any sized strip you need. Today you can get it with a shiny finish that is washable. Or you could use an old table with a colored oil cloth stretched tight across the top.

Then all I had to do was to make my own ruffled skirt, a straight piece of white dotted Swiss, gathered, line it with light blue sateen, and fasten it to the top with thumb tacks. If the thumb tacks show, try covering them with a narrow strip of ribbon, tied in front with a bow.

I wanted a little bench to go with the dressing table and, since I am very fond of antiques—mostly Colonial American or English—I looked around the local antique shops. What I found was a lovely old-fashioned piano stool that twirls on its one leg and has the little back rest I wanted. I made a separate cushion of needle point for the seat.

INCIDENTALLY, I think a wonderful idea for bridge chairs is to make yourself four sets of little matching cushions, two to each chair, one for the seat and one for the back. Don't attach them, just leave them loose, so that the tall man can offer his to the short lady, if he wants to. It will be a more comfortable game all around.

Most important of all, perhaps, are some ideas for the kitchen. One is a little glass shelf and a mirror to hang up in the kitchen, maybe over the sink, or, if there's a window there, in some other small wall space. Get small plants in bowls to put on the shelf, for decoration—and already your kitchen is more fun to work in. Then, if you keep a little make-up box, or just a few cosmetics on the

shelf, you can take a few minutes out before you start to serve the dinner you've just cooked, to freshen up.

The other idea: get three or four small baskets—the ordinary kind you buy fruits or tomatoes in will do—and brighten them up with a little paint. In each one, place all the things you need for any one cleaning job—wax and polish and the necessary cloths for floors and furniture go in one; soap and cleansing powder and scrubbing brush and rags for the bathroom go in another; gardening tools, perhaps, in another. Whichever job is to be done, just grab up the proper basket and all your equipment is at hand.

THEN, there are plants and flowers. To me, the old saying is true—that flowers do for a house what furs do for a woman. Certainly they add something to a house that you don't quite get any other way.

But cut flowers are often expensive. I found that out after trying to keep flowers on our piano one winter, so I began to look around for some way to avoid that expense and still get the effect I wanted. What I finally found was Chinese evergreen, a plant that grows in water. Now I put my Chinese evergreen in a bowl on the piano in the fall and it grows all winter.

I've been so glad to notice so many of the newest decorating schemes including small conservatories in nearly every room. Sometimes it's just a table in the living room with dropped side pockets in which plants grow. Or a shelf built along a tall window. I've often thought how easy it would be to adapt these ideas to any house. For instance, one of those old Martha Washington sewing tables could be converted into such a table conservatory. Probably any handy man could remove the lids from the side cabinets, build up the open space and put a shelf inside for the flower pots or tin trays that hold the dirt and plants. Living green things, like flowers and plants, give a room a kind of freshness that no amount of color can provide.

I suppose if you put down on paper all the good house-keeping ideas of all the women in America they would stretch from here to the moon. Maybe some of my ideas have occurred to you already, but, if they haven't, and if you can use them to make your house-keeping more practical, comfortable, convenient—or just more fun—I'll be very happy. And I'm sure your home will be a happy one.

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conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

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What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

the same way. The value of his broadcasts is proved by the fact that he's already been awarded a plaque by the State of Louisiana as the one individual who has done more than anyone else to promote crops and agriculture in his state.

Now in his late twenties, Woody was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, and upon graduating from the Shreveport High School he went to the agricultural college of Louisiana State University on a scholarship. His radio career began at station WJBW, at Baton Rouge, where he conducted a farm program. From there he went to WWL.

In the picturesque public markets of the New Orleans French Quarter, one question is always asked in any business transaction. It's "How much lagniappe?"—meaning, what will you give extra and above the purchase price? When Mrs. Woodrow Hattic went to the marriage mart, Cupid must have been in a generous mood, because he gave her plenty of "lagniappe" in Woody. For Woody weighs 260 pounds, and his wife weighs 101. Woody's weight can be explained by the fact that he eats as many as two whole fried chickens or three roast ducks at a sitting.

Mrs. Hattic is a Shreveport girl, and she and Woody were childhood sweethearts. They've been married six months, and are very much in love.

Woody's favorite recreation is hunting, and his charming patio apartment on the Vieux Carre is filled with trophies. However, he doesn't hunt like most people. He never uses firearms. Instead, he's a stout advocate of archery, employing an English long-bow to bring down his quarry. Robin Hood may have had more physical grace, but Woody is almost as deadly with a steel-tipped arrow.

* * *

Jane West, author of The O'Neills (she also plays Trudie Bailey on the show), solved one of radio's perennial headaches in an unusual way. Radio serials have a tough time finding names for their villains, because there's always a chance that they'll use somebody's real name and get sued for defamation of character. So when a new villainous character entered the story of The O'Neills and Jane had to find a name for him, she calmly called him "Bill Tasek." In real life Jane is Mrs. William Tasek—and so far hubby hasn't complained because his name was taken in vain.

* * *

HARTFORD, CONN.—Thousands of eastern and many Canadian listeners regularly desert the network programs on Monday evenings at 10:30 and Thursdays at 9:30, in favor of Guy Hedlund & Co., of WTIC, Hartford.

During the last eight years, with Guy directing and taking the leading parts, Hedlund & Co. has produced nearly 1,000 plays. (What do you think of that, Messrs. DeMille and Welles?) Some of the plays have been Broadway successes, adapted for the air by the two staff writers Guy employs, others have been originals

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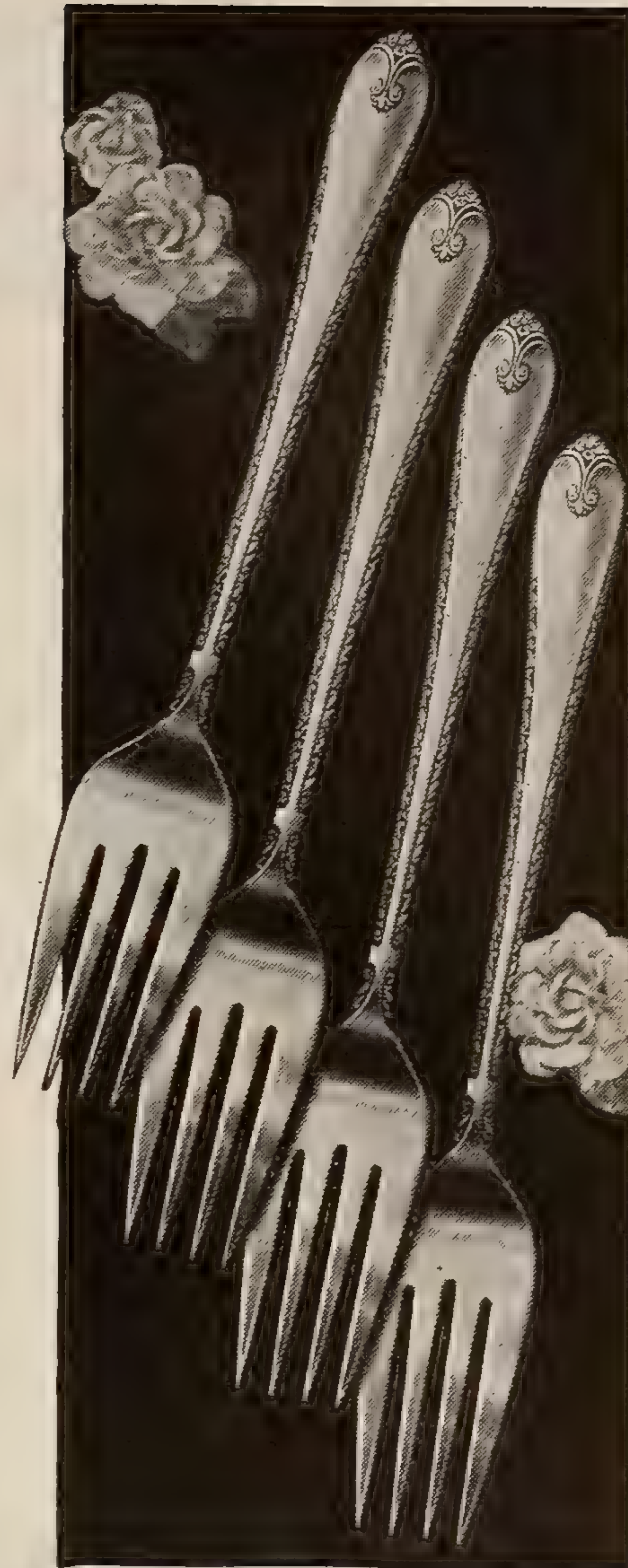
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Guy Hedlund is a Connecticut man by birth, but he traveled far and wide before coming home to stay. Maybe it was the Norse-Viking blood of his ancestors, infecting him with the wanderlust. He ran away when he was a boy, worked as a reporter on the old New York *Globe*, worked on a cattle boat, mutinied, did some private detecting, and then discovered, in a stock company, that he liked acting better than anything else.

Around 1909 and 1910 he rode in the first Western movies, and was later a leading man for Mary Pickford, Viola Dana, Blanche Sweet and many others. In Hollywood, he began his radio career, directing and playing in dramas over KFI, and made a reputation which brought him an offer from WTIC.

Guy has a farm home in the Hadlyme Hills, about two miles from the Connecticut River, where he lives with his charming wife. Besides radio, another of his activities, in which he takes great pride, was helping make a safety motion picture which showed up traffic hazards so vividly that accidents in Connecticut were reduced ten per cent.

* * *

Del Sharbutt found out that you have to do more than write a pretty song to be a successful song-writer. The Lanny Ross announcer wrote the novelty tune, "The Kitten With the Big Green Eyes," which you may have heard on the air; and when a publisher accepted it he thought his duties were done. But no—in order to give the song some publicity Del had to dress a friend up as a kitten with big green eyes and go with him to several New York night spots, having his picture taken. A good stunt, but Del felt pretty foolish, he admitted. Incidentally, Del and Meri Bell, his wife (she was on the air until their marriage) are expecting their second baby soon.

* * *

Jim McWilliams has a hearty appetite. So hearty, in fact, that he's beginning to be embarrassed over it. The jovial interlocutor of the CBS Ask-It-Basket, when he comes to New York from his home in Virginia Beach for his weekly broadcasts, lives in a Broadway hotel and usually has his meals sent up to his room. One evening, feeling particularly hungry, he simply ordered up two meals instead of one. The waiter brought in the table, laid it for two, and looked inquiringly at Jim. "That's all right," said Jim. "My friend has already seated himself," and he pushed an empty chair closer to the table, as if someone were in it. "My friend is the Little Man Who Isn't Here," he explained kindly, and sat down himself. The waiter, after one horrified glance, got out of that room and hasn't gone near Jim since.

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—First a lawyer, then a star news commentator on the air—that's the unusual career of William Winter, who analyzes the day's happenings at 10:35 every night except Sunday over Charlotte's station WBT. Bill says his legal training was the best preparation in the world for his present job, because it forced him to cultivate an analytical mind.

An analytical mind isn't enough, though—in addition Bill possesses a voice, diction and delivery that are as nearly flawless as those of any commentator on the air, and he spends at least five hours a night preparing each ten-minute program. He studies all press reports as they come in over the wires, then digs into encyclopedias and history books for background material for help in interpreting the news.

In private life, Bill has been a lot of things. He practiced law in North Carolina twelve years ago, and became an assistant prosecuting attorney in 1929. Then he moved to New York to be attorney for an automobile insurance company. In 1934 he returned to North Carolina to resume his practice, and appeared on WSOC, Charlotte, in his spare time, reporting interesting court trials. About the time the Spanish civil war broke out he moved to WBT and went on the air answering the questions of listeners who wanted to know which side was which, what the war meant, and so on. After two weeks of his interpretation a sponsor came along, and he hasn't been without one since.

Now he's turned his law practice over to an associate and jumped into radio with both feet. Besides his nightly news chore, he does other things around WBT—directs publicity and special events, handles the station's legal problems, and acts as CBS Regional Director of Education for the South. Then there are frequent lecture dates.

Bill has been married for ten years, to the former Celia Phillips of New York. Mrs. Winter was a teacher of speech and dramatics before her marriage, and she still works at it—on her husband. She listens to every one of his programs, then criticizes each sentence for diction and pronunciation.

Bill's recreations are tennis, handball, volleyball and swimming, to keep his body in trim, and reading to keep his mind the same way. He complains that he hasn't read a piece of fiction in five years, though—in fact, he says he's *the* man who's never read "Gone With the Wind." (But he saw the movie.)



William Winter gives you the day's events at 10:35 every night except Sunday over WBT.

The O'Neills

(Continued from page 24)

to say she would not get home in time for dinner. He had better come out to the O'Neills'. They'd have dinner there and then go on home when Danny went to bed.

All the visitors had left by the time Monte arrived for dinner, but Danny was still on the couch. The remnants of tea and one of Trudie's layer cakes were strewn about the room, and the atmosphere of the afternoon's hilarity still hung in the air.

HELPING Monte out of his overcoat in the hall, Mother O'Neill thought to herself that he looked very tired. There were circles under his eyes, and two creases of worry, or irritation, or pain, between them. But he straightened his shoulders and went on in, making himself smile a greeting as he kissed Peggy and the twins.

"Well," he said with a glance at Danny's face, still flushed and excited from the afternoon, "you're looking pretty healthy for an invalid."

It was an innocent enough remark in itself. But was there, perhaps, just a suspicion of bitterness, jealousy, in Monte's tone?

Danny thought so. He looked up quickly.

"Don't tell me," he said, "you hate to see all the attention I'm getting."

Monte tried to make his smile indulgent, but without much success. After all, he was tired and hungry, and he'd spent the day arguing with his law partner over an important case that was coming up tomorrow. And had lost the argument.

"Oh, well," he said. "At that, it's twice as much attention as Peggy's ever given me!"

Mother O'Neill, standing in the doorway, put out her hand in a helpless gesture. Oh, he shouldn't have said that! Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, those words would have been only a harmless joke. But this, because of the underlying resentment in Monte's voice, was the hundredth time. She saw Danny raise himself on the couch, an angry light in his eyes.

"Just what do you mean by that, Monte? You sound as if you thought I liked having to hang around the house all the time!"

"Well, you're certainly not struggling much for a man who doesn't!" Monte snapped.

Mother O'Neill glanced at Peggy. Why couldn't she do something—say something—to stop them? Why, they were positively glaring at each other—and over nothing at all, too! But Peggy looked as shocked as Mother O'Neill felt. She had opened her mouth, but before she could say anything Danny had answered, "It isn't enough that I barely escaped being blind—but now you can't wait for me to get back to work again!"

Monte shrugged his shoulders and turned toward the door.

"For heaven's sake, Danny!" he said. "I'm going home—and maybe next time I meet you your disposition will be better! Coming, Peggy?"

It was both a question and a challenge. In some vague way, the battle line had been drawn. It was as if Monte had told her, in so many words, that she must tell him, now, whether she was going to devote all her attention to her brother or to her husband.

She looked quickly toward her mother in an involuntary plea for guidance. And Mother O'Neill, without speaking, tried to send back an answer: "Go with him, Peggy. I'll take care of Danny."

Quickly, Peggy reached for the twins' hats and coats. But Monte, the limit of his patience reached as she hesitated, was already on his way out of the house.

"Monte!" she called, struggling to stuff a waving, tiny arm into a sleeve that appeared to have been sewed up since it was last used. "Monte—wait a minute!"

The slam of the door, and a moment later the roar of Monte's car, were his only answers.

There was nothing to do after that but finish dressing the twins and follow Monte home on foot, pushing the carriage.

"He's just tired and cranky." Mother O'Neill comforted a tearful Peggy. "He'll be all right by the time you get home—but if he isn't you mustn't let the quarrel go on. If Monte feels you've been neglecting him—and I'm afraid he does—remember, Peggy, it's your job to make him change his mind!"

Mother O'Neill saw little of her for the next week, beyond one or two brief, almost perfunctory visits. Then, late one evening when she was sure Danny would be in bed, Peggy came quietly into the house, without the twins. She'd asked Janice to come over and watch them for an hour, she said; Monte was out.

Monte was out. . . . There, thought Mother O'Neill, looking at Peggy's swollen and reddened eyelids, was the trouble.

"Mother," Peggy said pitifully, "I don't know what to do! I've got everything into a terrible mess!"

MOTHER O'NEILL drew the girl down on the sofa beside her. "Now tell me," she said gently. "Maybe it isn't as bad as you think."

"Oh, it's much worse! . . . You see, that night Monte left here, so mad—you remember—he didn't go home. He went out to that road house, the Glass Slipper. He didn't come home until very late, and he got up and left early the next morning, before I was up. When he came home for dinner, though, he told me all about it—how he'd been mad and hurt, and so he'd danced and talked and—and bought drinks with a singer out there named Gloria Gilbert."

"I guess he was just blowing off steam," said Mother O'Neill, smiling.

"Yes, that's what he was doing," Peggy agreed. "But he seemed so sorry about it I didn't have the heart to scold or be mad."

"You were right," Mother O'Neill nodded approvingly.

"Only—I did something else—much worse. I—I—"

"Yes, Peggy?"

"Well, I thought, since Monte felt so sorry, maybe I could get him to admit he'd been mean to Danny—and maybe he'd come over and apologize and make up—"

"Oh, Peggy! Don't you know that when a man is sorry for one thing that's no time to try to make him admit he's in the wrong about something else?"

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"Yes, I know," Peggy agreed. "I know I was wrong—now. But once I started, I couldn't stop, somehow. We had—we had an awful quarrel—and Monte went out again, to that Glass Slipper. I'm afraid"—and the tears that had been lurking in her eyes all along spilled over—"I'm afraid that's where he is right now!"

For years, Mother O'Neill was reminded, Peggy had been bringing her all her problems, sure of her mother's wisdom and help. But none of them had been as difficult of solution as this.

"You've been foolish, Peggy," she said gently. "But as long as you realize it, I'm sure things will turn out all right between you and Monte. Now, if I were you, I'd just go home, right now. If Monte comes in early enough, you can talk to him tonight—but don't wait up for him! If he's late, talk to him tomorrow morning. Swallow your pride, tell him you're sorry about everything. Make him see that keeping things right between you and him is the most important thing in the world to you. Monte will understand that, if you let him see you mean it."

"Oh, Mother, if I only can!"

"You've got to, Sis!"

SILENTLY, Danny had come to the door, where he stood now, dressed in pajamas and dressing gown.

"I heard you talking to someone, Mom, and I got up," he said. "I—I heard what Peggy said. And I'm sorry—because I guess I started the whole thing. Peggy—maybe I could help—maybe I could apologize to Monte—"

The telephone bell interrupted him, and Peggy jumped to answer.

"Hello . . . oh, hello, Monte!" Her voice was glad and eager. "I'll be right home—what? Oh. Oh, I see." Now she was speaking flatly, in a sick, hurt tone. "To . . . Chicago. Yes, but Monte, wait—I'll be right home—I want to talk to you—Monte! Monte!"

She hung up a silent, dead receiver, turned wide eyes, too frightened for tears, to her mother and Danny.

"He's—he's going away," she said in a careful voice. "Monte's—leaving me! Oh, Mother, I waited too long!"

Danny was in sudden activity. "He can't!" he called back as he sped into his bedroom. "Just a minute, Peggy—wait for me to get dressed, then I'll drive you home and you can talk to him!"

But when they reached the Kayden bungalow, no one was there but Janice and the twins. And as they raced the car out toward the Glass Slipper they heard the long cry of a locomotive. The Chicago train. They knew then that they were too late.

It was a changed Peggy who existed, rather than lived, through the next few months. She wanted, at first, to follow Monte; but Chicago is an immense place, and Mother O'Neill and Danny, knowing how little chance she would have of finding him there, persuaded her to wait. Then money orders came from Monte, but the envelopes in which they were enclosed bore no address—a Chicago postmark, that was all. And before long even these stopped coming, so that Peggy was forced to become a stenographer again. Luckily, Monte's former partner, John Barton, gave her a job in the very office where Monte had worked.

And Gloria Gilbert was no longer singing at the Glass Slipper. She had

gone, the rumor ran, to Chicago.

Peggy and the twins moved back to her mother's—to a house that everyone tried his best to keep cheerful and happy for her. Ma and Danny, the Collins children, Trudie and Morris—all of them conspired to make life seem the same as it had been before Peggy and Monte had met.

One evening the whole family, plus Trudie and Morris and the children, were in the kitchen, finishing a concerted attack on one of Trudie's lemon pies, when the front doorbell rang. "I'll go!" said Danny before even the children could get up. In his newly christened state, the humility that had come when he realized his part in the quarrel between Monte and Peggy, he was trying to be the model son and brother—even to answering the doorbell!

He wasn't prepared for what he saw there. A slight, blue-eyed girl with fine blonde hair under a blue beret, wearing a casual sports coat, stood on the doorstep. Even in the dim light he could see the delicacy of her features and the soft curve of her lips. A very pretty girl indeed.

"Is this where the O'Neills live?" she asked.

"Yes—I'm Danny."

The girl smiled, and if Danny had thought her pretty before, he now had to admit he'd been guilty of understatement. She was beautiful!

"I thought you must be," she said. "I'm Sally Scott, and I've come down from Chicago to see your sister, Mrs. Monte Kayden."

Those were the words that Mother O'Neill, coming into the hall from the kitchen, heard; and they were all that was needed to bring her to Danny's side.

It was when Sally Scott moved into the living room that they both noticed the cane she carried to help her walk. A sudden memory of the time when he, too, had been faced with physical handicap, came back to Danny.

HERE, let me help you," he said, and was delighted at the bright, child-like smile she turned up to him.

She brought good news to Peggy Kayden. Monte, she said, was living at the same boarding house with Sally and her family in Chicago. They had all learned to know and to respect him. He, in turn, had liked them, had felt at home with them and had talked often about his home, his wife, his babies, until Sally had learned the whole bitter story of his separation from Peggy, and the pride that kept him from returning.

"I couldn't stand it any longer," she told Peggy. "Finally I just had to come and see you and tell you where he was. You see, it's only because Monte feels he doesn't deserve to return, after hurting you so—and because he's clerking in a grocery store and hasn't any money. Those are the reasons he hasn't written."

"But—what about Gloria Gilbert?" Peggy asked slowly.

"Gloria Gilbert?" Sally's ignorance of the name was transparently genuine. "I don't know anything about a Gloria Gilbert. Right at first, there was a girl who used to call Monte at the boarding house and leave her telephone number for him to call back. But he never did. And after a while she stopped calling."

Peggy smiled then—such a smile as Mother O'Neill had not seen on her lips for many weeks. "Oh—I've got to go to him—tonight! Mother, I can

leave the twins with you, can't I? Let me see, I'll have to pack—we'll be back in a few days, but I'll need some things—"

She was like a girl again—a girl on her way to her first grown-up party, bubbling with excitement, trying to do fifty things at once, full of a happiness that would not let her think, or rest, or plan.

By superhuman efforts, they got her and Sally on the night train to Chicago—the same train that had carried Monte away—and those who were left behind settled down to wait.

They didn't have to wait long. Two days later came the special-delivery letter from Peggy:

"Dear Mother and Danny and everybody: Monte and I are together again—and this time it's forever! We've both made solemn promises never to quarrel about *anything*.

"You can imagine how surprised Monte was to see me, because he knew nothing about Sally's trip. We both were so excited we cried.

"We're coming home day after tomorrow. The Scotts have been wonderful to us and want us to stay longer, but Monte says he's in a hurry to see the twins again. You'd love the Scotts, Mother. Sally's father is a retired lawyer—in fact, an ex-Judge. Her brother is studying law, too. And Sally's mother is almost as sweet as you are. Sally asks to be remembered to all of you. And Monte says to be sure to kiss the twins for him. Love, Peggy."

MOTHER O'NEILL finished the letter and took off her glasses. It was silly to want to cry, she told herself fiercely. But sometimes that's the way great relief hits you.

And perhaps, she thought all this had been a good thing. Surely everyone—Monte, Peggy, even Danny—had learned something from everything they had been through. Now they could take up their lives again, and be the richer for what they had learned. And the happier.

Monte could return to his old partnership with John Barton; he and Peggy and the children could move back into their little bungalow, or into another one; Danny was happy again, helping Matt Turner rebuild the bridge; even Eileen, Mother O'Neill thought—even Eileen might now prove that she could find a measure of serenity in her life.

There was only one person that Mother O'Neill did not reckon with. Gloria Gilbert.

She even failed, two weeks or so after the Kaydens' joyous return, to see any great significance in the announcement, three columns wide by twelve inches high in the evening paper, that "The Glamorous Singing Star of New York—Paris—Chicago—Gloria Gilbert" had returned for a special engagement at the Glass Slipper. What had Gloria Gilbert to do with the O'Neills, or the O'Neills with Gloria Gilbert? The brief madness which had brought her into their lives was over, finished.

So Mother O'Neill was all the more unprepared, one afternoon, when she returned from a shopping trip downtown to find Peggy in the kitchen, talking to Danny in a low, agitated voice. They looked up as she came in, and she saw that Peggy's face was pale, her eyes sparkling angrily.

"Peggy!" she exclaimed. "Whatever's the matter?"

"Gloria Gilbert!" Peggy burst out.

"I didn't want to tell you about her—but what happened this afternoon is just too much!"

Mother O'Neill sank down on one of the scarred kitchen chairs. "What happened, Peggy?" she asked.

"For the last week she's been bothering Monte—telephoning him, coming to his office. Monte left orders not to admit her, but she's so bold she walks right past Miss Wilson. She simply won't believe he doesn't want anything to do with her—or maybe she's after some money. I don't know what a woman like that does want! And this afternoon she came up to me on the street, and practically told me I'd better watch out or I'd lose my husband. She was—she was as bold as brass! And by the time she walked away I was shaking all over. I wanted to slap her!" said Peggy, in shocked amazement at herself.

"If there's anything I can do, Peggy. . . ." Danny was talking.

Peggy caught him up. "You can help, Danny. Lend me your car tonight. I want to go to the Glass Slipper and talk to her. I want to tell her if she's after money that we haven't any. It'll take all Monte earns for the next few months to pay what we owe. If I can only talk to her, woman to woman—" involuntarily, Mother O'Neill smiled: Peggy looked so absurdly young to be talking to anyone "woman to woman." But then she shook her head firmly.

"Now, Peggy, there's no sense in getting yourself mixed up in this business. You said yourself that talking to her just made you mad. And I'm sure Monte wouldn't like it."

"But, Mother, I could try, anyway."

"No," Mother O'Neill said again, with the same cool note of firmness the children had learned to respect years before. "I forbid you to do such a thing, Peggy, and I forbid Danny to help you."

Peggy was obviously unconvinced, however, when she left; and most of the night Mother O'Neill lay awake, thinking. Of course, Peggy would want to confront the Gilbert girl—the *do-something* philosophy of the O'Neills was as strong in her as it was in her mother. But there must be some other, surer, way of helping the situation.

If there was, she couldn't find it, and she entered the kitchen the next morning feeling dull and listless. Danny, too, already at the table, looked as if he had not slept much. He was looking at the morning paper, and Mother O'Neill's glance went over his shoulder, to the headlines. The black headlines, streaming across the width of the front page:

"Gloria Gilbert Found Murdered at Glass Slipper."

"Danny!"

He turned around, met her eyes squarely. They looked at each other for a long minute.

"Danny—did you lend your car to Peggy last night, after all?"

He did not answer. He dared not. He dared not even think what might have happened last night. For Peggy had taken his car, with his permission—with the intention of going to the Glass Slipper to see Gloria Gilbert.

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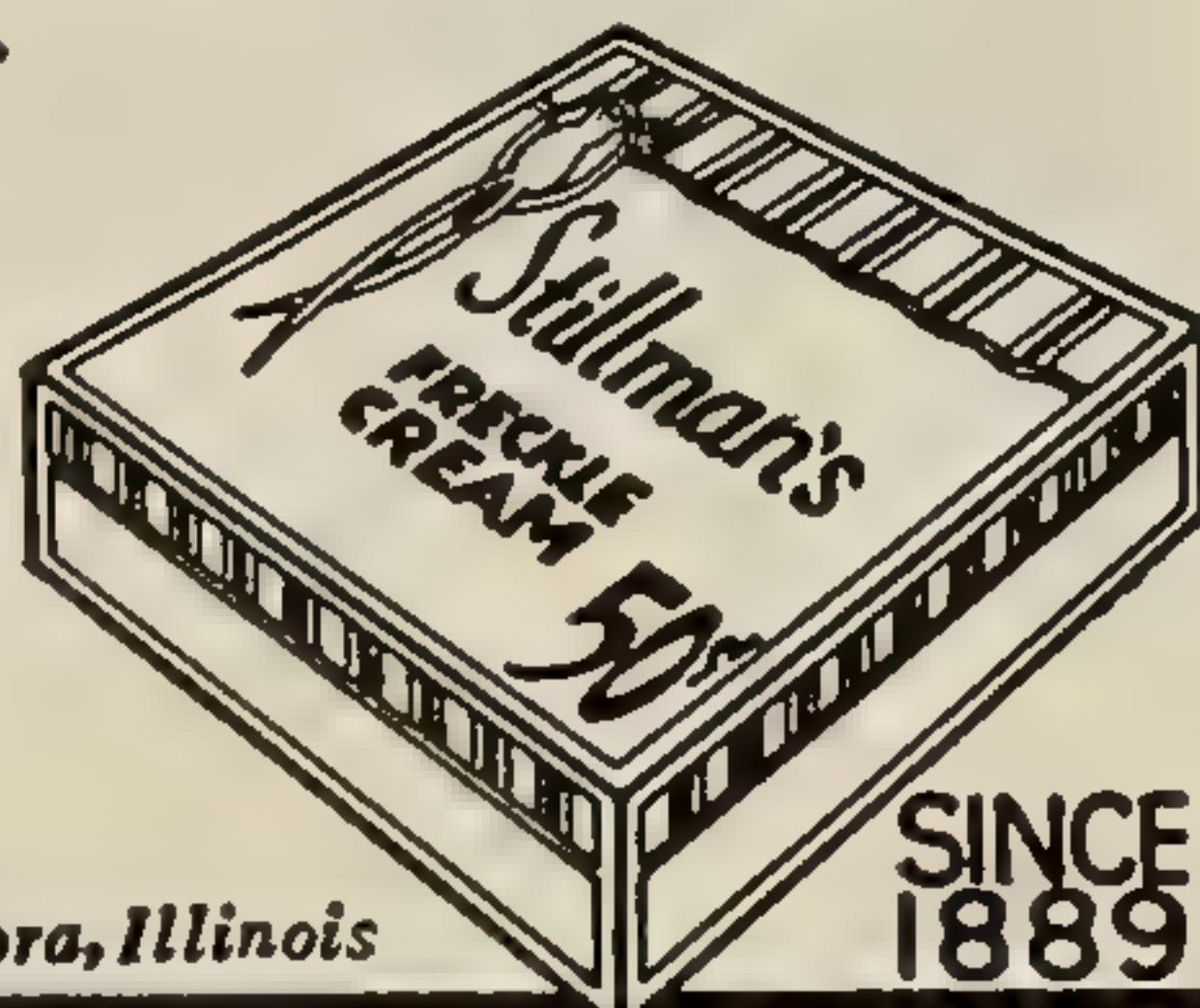
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THIS is the story of a simple, country pastor who became the leader of the largest church in the world.

The story really begins about twenty years ago, when Charles E. Fuller stood up at a meeting of the board of directors of the California Fruit Growers' Association and announced that he was quitting business for the ministry. A startled colleague leaped to his feet and shouted:

"You can't do that, Fuller! You're too good for the ministry!"

What he meant by "good" is obscure, but the chances are he meant that Charlie Fuller was too substantial, too hard-headed a businessman to fritter away his time with the life of a visionary. And that he was too integral a part of the material world in his long association with the orange-packing business in Southern California.

He certainly hadn't given any indication in his early years that he would some day renounce business, take up the ministry, and become the pastor of the greatest church congregation the world has ever known—a new kind of Church with radio as its medium, which, as the Old Fashioned Revival Hour over the Mutual network, 9 P.M. E.D.S.T., reaches an estimated 20,000,000 worshippers every Sunday night.

About thirty years ago, Charlie Fuller was president of his class and a member of the debating team at Pomona College. It might also be mentioned in passing that he was captain and star of the football team, and hadn't the vaguest intention in the world of going to theological school.

Married to Grace Fuller in 1910, Charlie was a young, quite average business man with the usual social

diversions and home life. He hasn't changed a great deal in 28 years. He is now a man of fifty, greying at the temples, with the gravity build of a football tackle. He resembles Will Rogers to the unruly forelock. He is immensely likable.

"I was always interested in the Bible," he explains.

"In the early part of 1917 I was inspired to get together some people for a Bible class. There were five people in the first group. My conversion and my complete decision to give up business came when I saw that others loved the Bible as much as I.

"My class grew to several hundred, and I was advised to start a church in Santa Ana. Then my sermons were broadcast over a hundred-watt station, bringing new listeners and new interest. After that I began broadcasting over more powerful stations—from Long Beach, to the more powerful stations in Los Angeles, until my Old Fashioned Revival Hour became what it is today."

It costs \$8,000 for the Old Fashioned Revival Hour to be broadcast each Sunday. In the March floods of last year, when Los Angeles was isolated by water and communications were down, Saturday came and Dr. Fuller had only \$300 of the required amount. The mails had not come through; the nickels and dimes of his far-flung congregation had not arrived.

Since no broadcasting company will permit a program which has not been paid for in advance to go on the air, there was but one thing that Dr. Fuller could do. He went to the bank. And there, having to offer no collateral in a banking sense, he received the money for his broadcast with faith as collateral, and he was able to repay the loan the next week!

How to Sing for Money

(Continued from page 29)

Kate Smith has drawn as much as \$10,000 a week.

Your price has an important bearing on the progress of your career. People gauge your value by your salary. I don't know how the news gets around, but it's a fact that everybody who counts knows just about what you make in any engagement. (So don't be surprised if a producer counters your demand for \$1000 by saying "But you sold for \$300 to your last sponsor, and you haven't worked for two months. I think you'll take \$250.") The more important you are, the more generally and accurately is your exact stipend known. Also, the more you command for your services, the more in demand will these services be. The big price-tag (provided it's justified) is the hall mark of a valuable following.

ON THE other hand, don't expect too much at first, even if you have the luck to land a big radio program early in the game. It's the Name (and consequently the following) they pay for, as well as the actual ability.

Then there's your publicity. But you don't like publicity? Too, too bad, because without it you won't do much with your singing beyond en-

tertaining your friends on Saturday nights. You're in show business now, where publicity is not only welcomed, but actively sought for. And for the best of reasons—money.

Countless times producers have said, "I'm sorry, this boy is exactly what I want, but I've got to have a name." Trade reviews say of pictures, "Swell entertainment, but lack of marquee names makes draw doubtful." Show business is one of the few things where the customers pay their money before they see the goods, so they protect themselves by going to see only performers they've seen before, heard of, read of, or are curious about. In other words, names again. And a name is built, after the foundation of ability has been laid, by frequent repetition of it in the eyes and ears of the performer's potential audience—by Publicity.

Names make news. The catch-phrase is true. Anna Smith's typhoid gets no publicity beyond the red placard on her front door, but Shirley Temple's upset tummy is a matter of national concern. Names do make news, but what good does that do you, the beginner who as yet has no name? None at all, so let's try reversing the phrase and see what happens.

News makes names! Now we're getting somewhere; in fact, we're home. News, driven home by frequent repetition of the name, makes a name.

So—what is news?

News, essentially, is something interestingly out of the ordinary. To be "interesting" (I'm discussing this whole matter from the point of view of the unknown beginner now), it must appeal to something basic in the reader's makeup—to his economic welfare, for example, or arouse some basic emotion, such as curiosity, sympathy, mirth, astonishment, envy. To be "out of the ordinary" something must lift the occurrence from the commonplace; it must have a twist, an angle. You skin your nose, it's not news—get hit by a train and escape with the skinned nose your only injury, it's news of a sort—but skin your nose and lose a screen role in consequence and that's really news.

Your first press agent will probably be a local reporter who does the job for love (a figure of speech) to return favors you do for him as a news-source, or for a few dollars a week. As you climb, there will come the professional publicity man or woman who is in the business of building up the names of you and his other clients. Then, when you can afford it, comes the high-powered press agent who works for you and you alone.

In your beginnings, you will necessarily have to resort to some extremes in getting your name started. The first time I ever heard of Sally Rand was when she fell in the Chicago river. However, as you start to climb and your name begins to make news, decide upon the character you want to create in the public mind, and then try to keep your publicity within that groove.

And after you've reached the top, there's the job of staying there.

Everyone wants a surefire formula. Surprise! I can give you one. To stay at the top in show-business, simply keep right on furnishing top entertainment to a broad public.

Let's see what warnings we can glean from some of the fallen stars. These are all people who were at the top since 1930, within the current cycle of entertainment, though the only thing they had in common was a willingness to dig their own graves.

MR. A one June was riding the crest of popular acceptance. He went to South America for the summer, and came back to find no radio commercial open. Well, one of the networks gave him a sustainer, and while it paid probably no more than \$300 a week, they were doing him a favor by keeping him fresh in the public mind. He didn't take this show seriously. Through laziness he overdid on re-

peats and crowded up with too many of the novelty songs which were his specialty. Finally, what had been a relaxed style became a careless one. The network dropped the sustainer; he went on the vaudeville circuits, but without the radio, he dropped from the national scene.

Miss B hit a slump too, one of those periods where everybody wanted her, but nobody had a spot open at the moment. The duplex apartment and the rest of the expensive fixing had used up her big earnings and she lacked the money to tide her over until the right spot opened up. So she took a "cheap" job, and the word got around that she was slipping. She was and did.

Miss C made one of those skyrocket successes, and really had what it took in ability to stay up there. But she tried to make her fortune all at once. She asked a ridiculous price when her first commercial offer came along, exhibited other signs of greed in connection with business details, and now she's back singing with a band.

Mr. D tried to make it all at once, too. He, at one and the same time, was carrying three radio shows, a musical comedy part and a night club engagement, totalling up to about twenty hours a day. He's in Saranac, and a shame it is, because he's a grand fellow and an able artist.

Mr. E drank himself out of the business. The mess he made of a certain complicated vocal arrangement (containing about six changes in key and tempo) is still considered a classic. He was pulled off the stage by the collar halfway through it, and the band finished the number and him.

Work, think, and keep your feet on the ground.

Stay fresh. If you let yourself become hardened, or calloused or blase it will soon show up in your singing. Try to keep the fresh thrill.

Avoid scandal. The best way is to avoid the possibility of it. In other words, you can't be caught in the rain if you stay indoors. The morals of the public and sponsors are terribly fragile flowers. Regardless of what they do in their own private lives, their heroes and heroines must be spotless.

The biggest pitfall in the way of lasting success is fat-headedness. I'm going to leave you with a cure for it.

Whenever you feel the gorgeous pangs of fat-headedness welling up within you, dig up some stage trade paper of about five years back. Skim through it. Notice with care the names of the headliners of that time—the tops, the chosen ones, some of whom were bigger in their day than you are in yours. Note them well. And then ask yourself,

"Where are they now?"

THE END

Free! TO RADIO MIRROR READERS

Get a full chorus of a popular song hit "set" for the microphone, exactly as you would be coached by Charles Henderson, Hollywood's famous authority, and author of the "How To Sing For Money" articles you have been reading in Radio Mirror.

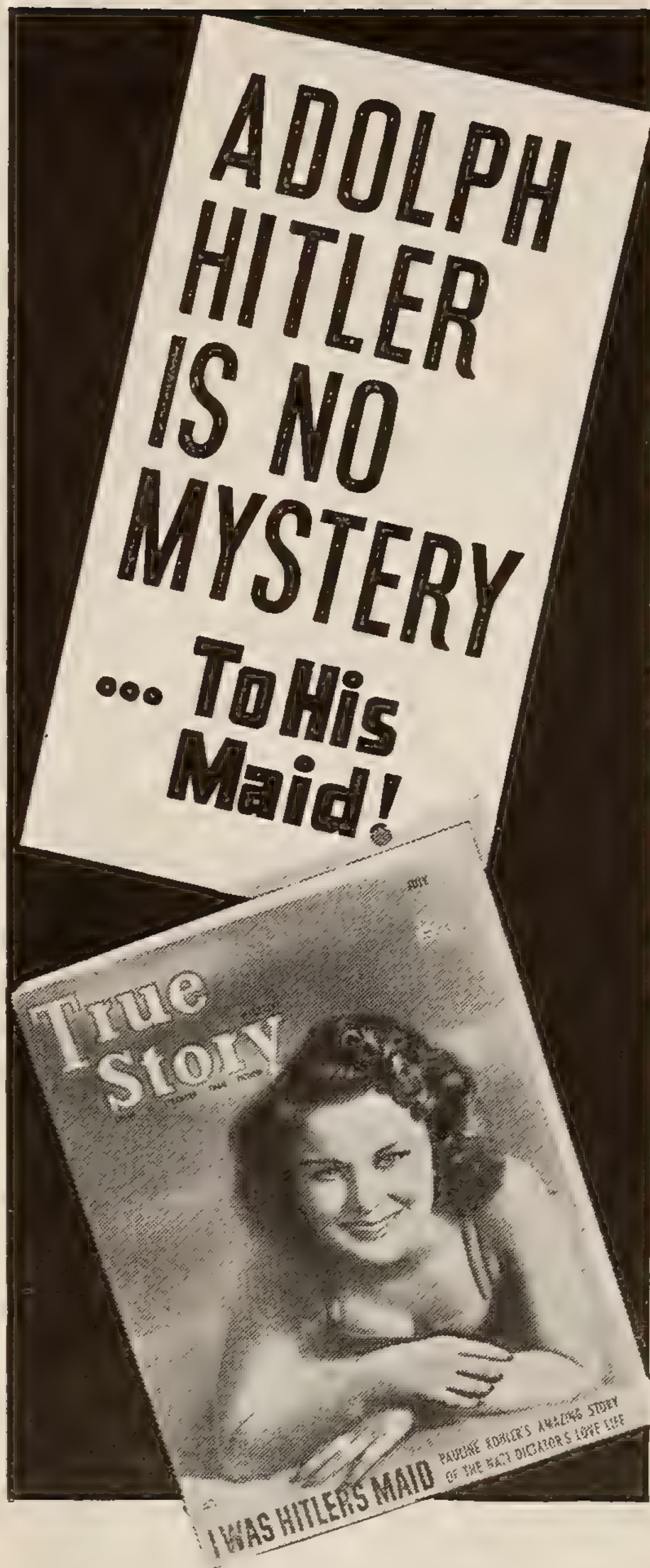
Just send this coupon, with stamped, self-addressed envelope, and by return mail you will receive a real, professional coaching lesson that will prove invaluable.

CHARLES HENDERSON, Box 2990, Hollywood, California.

Please send me, free, a full chorus of the popular song hit you have marked for professional singing. I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

NAME

ADDRESS



● Is Hitler really the loveless hermit he pretends to be? What about Renate Muller and Jenny Jugo, famous actresses; Eva Braun, whom many thought would be Mrs. Hitler; Leni Riefenstahl, whom Hitler made a power in German motion pictures; and Unity Mitford, British beauty? How could these fair visitors come and go unseen from Berchtesgaden? Who better than Hitler's maid could tell you the truth about these rumored affairs?

● And tell you Pauline Kohler does! This beautiful fugitive from the Dictator's household tells you not only about these much discussed women in Hitler's life but she also reveals the startling ways of a Nazi with a helpless girl in today's Germany. She tells how she herself became Hitler's maid. She explains how she later escaped the dread Gestapo's ceaseless watch on all those who have worked at Berchtesgaden. She strips the mantle of censorship from her romantic life—her personal life in Hitler's isolated hideaway—sparing neither herself nor her masters—in order that the world which wonders may know the truth!

● "I Was Hitler's Maid" is the title of her dramatically human document published exclusively in True Story Magazine. Read it for its historical significance. Read it for the sheer courage it took to live it—and to tell it! Read it because it's a story you'll hate to leave once you've sampled its fascination. Begin it with the very first words in the new July issue, now on sale. Find out, at last, what happens when romantic stars shine down on Berchtesgaden.

True Story



What if it is "THAT TIME" OF MONTH?

KEEP GOING AND KEEP COMFORTABLE
... WITH THE HELP OF MIDOL

Why let "regular" suffering—the functional pain of menstruation—interfere with plans and pleasure? Many women find comfort and welcome release from calendar slavery in Midol!

Midol is a new formula, developed for its special purpose. It contains no opiates. One of its ingredients is frequently prescribed by thousands of doctors. And another—*exclusively in Midol*—reinforces Midol's relief by helping to reduce spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual period.

Unless there is some organic disorder calling for medical or surgical treatment, Midol helps most women who try it—giving them comfort, redeeming lost days for active living. If it doesn't help you, consult your doctor. Five tablets, more than enough for a convincing trial, only 20c; 12 tablets, 40c. All drugstores.



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BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Trials, Tribulations and Television!

(Continued from page 36)

the "video effect" department rigged up a Rube Goldberg contraption in the drawer of a desk. When the actor was supposed to be shot, he was to close the drawer of the desk. This would cause smoke to come out of the drawer, which would envelope him and look as though a shot had been fired. During a rehearsal, the actor accidentally bumped the drawer and closed it. All that afternoon, the desk drawer kept belching forth smoke. They barely had time to clear the set before the night show.

Once, during another show, a shot was needed of a squadron of battleships. A very excellent miniature set was provided. During rehearsals the battleships looked wonderfully real. But just before the show someone slipped a live turtle into the water. Every time it popped up above the water, it looked twice as big as the miniature battleships, rather like some prehistoric monster.

NOR is it always the technical men who make mistakes. Television actors and actresses often "blow" a show higher than a kite. Not very long ago, a celebrated actress forgot her lines in the middle of a dramatic show. In Hollywood, they simply would have said, "cut." In radio, the actress would have had a script. She stood there spluttering and stammering. The director moved the camera to another actor in the scene. This was a mistake. The actor was a veteran of the stage, and as the camera picked him up, the audience was treated to the picture of a man moving his lips and twisting his face. The actor, of course, was prompting the actress. This isn't noticed much on a stage because the actor is some distance from the audience. But the television camera picks up the slightest movement.

While no television show has ever been completely broken up, there have been some mighty nervous moments. The actors, as well as the technical staff, work under a terrific mental strain. They know that one mistake may ruin the effect of an entire show—and a television set is no place for a nervous person.

It is a well-known fact that television can't afford to pay enough to hire the best artists. Once in a while one of them will appear, just for the novel experience of working on a television show. A few weeks ago a Hollywood actress was slated for a show. She came to several rehearsals. Then, just two days before show time, she reported to Hutchinson, head of the staff, and said, "I've got an offer from Hollywood for a part. It means \$1500, and I have to leave tonight, unless you can meet that price."

"You go right out to Hollywood," Hutchinson said. And then he had to get another actress to learn the entire show in two days.

The men who are now working in television come from some amazing backgrounds. Bill Eddy was once a lieutenant in the Navy. Bert Crotty, with the mobile unit, was formerly an NBC publicity man. Robert Frazer was an NBC photographer. NBC is constantly on the lookout for young men who have the peculiar conditioning needed for working in television.

The men who direct television shows come mostly from the radio and the theater, although there is a sprinkling of Hollywood people among them. The youngest director in television is Eddie Padula, Yale Drama School graduate.

Because the techniques of direction are being changed every day, these young fellows often make mistakes with the best of them. One young director recently gave the wrong signal during a television broadcast and in the middle of the performance a sign saying "The End" was dropped in front of the cameras. This same director once used ice cream on a set. It melted before the cameras could get to it. Now they use mashed potatoes for ice cream. Grape juice has been substituted for beer. It would take pages to list the strange props used in television.

Some of the best shows are put on by the mobile unit. The televising of the opening of "Gone With the Wind" was a big hit with the spectators. Six-day bike races, parades, track meets and prize-fights are also popular. Football games were televised all season, even in the fading light of December.

The two best shows ever put on television, according to an audience poll, were a telecast of the Broadway show, "Babes in Arms," and the mobile unit show of the King and Queen of England at the World's Fair. But those working in television got the biggest kick out of an informal show put on by the NBC page boys recently.

TELEVISION'S audiences have been growing much more rapidly of late. During the first month of telecasting there were 248 sets in operation. Now, about a year later, there are 2,800 sets in use. According to NBC, something like 8,000 people in the vicinity of New York see and listen to television.

The biggest and most important step RCA has taken, however, is the laying of the groundwork for a coast-to-coast network. This network is designed on a relay system not unlike the present system used in radio. These "relays," sometimes called "Boosters," are 100-foot steel towers which catch the television beam and "rifle" it down the line to large television stations, which in turn send out the "boosted" program.

RCA has a "booster" tower at Hauppauge, 45 miles from the Empire State Building, and another one 15 miles farther at Rocky Point. They have just completed another one at Riverhead, still another 15 miles down the line. Thus television is being transmitted, not only all over the New York area, but out into Long Island as well. RCA is now beginning work on "booster" towers between New York and Washington. For next January they promise New York television viewers a front-row seat at the presidential inauguration.

If what has been going on in the world of television seems pretty chaotic and experimental, both artistically and technically, remember those first crystal radio sets you bought. And then think today how easily you tune in as Toscanini conducts a symphony in New York!

What You Should Know About Vitamins...

Everybody knows that vitamins are important to physical well-being, that they are to be found in foods, that a deficiency of any or all of them is disastrous to good health.

But few know what functions each vitamin performs, just which foods are richest in each vitamin or how to balance diet so as to be assured of an ample vitamin supply.

Realizing this fact and also the vast importance to every housewife of a practical, working knowledge of vitamin balance in family diet, Physical Culture, the world's leading health magazine, has prepared an elaborate VITAMIN FOOD CHART and an accompanying booklet, "Ten Commandments of Cooking," which supply all the practical information necessary to enable you to provide yourself and your family with a completely balanced vitamin diet.

The chart is beautifully printed in four colors, heavily mounted and punched to hang in your kitchen for instant reference. The booklet "Ten Commandments of Cooking" is substantially made for permanent use.

All Six Items for \$1.00

While they last you can get a copy of both Vitamin Chart and "Ten Commandments of Cooking," together with an introductory four months' subscription to Physical Culture magazine, for only \$1.00.

If you value health and vitality for yourself and husband, if you have children whom you wish to have grow into strong, perfectly developed, alert men and women, by all means take advantage of this timely offer. Physical Culture magazine, with its wealth of vital health information, will be of endless value to you in a thousand ways. The Vitamin Chart and Booklet will be of priceless value in their own highly specialized way. How else could you invest \$1.00 with the hope of securing such dividends in health for you and yours? Fill in the coupon, enclose with remittance of \$1.00 and mail today.

Physical Culture

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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Enclosed find \$1.00, for which please send me your big new 4-color VITAMIN FOOD CHART, booklet entitled "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF COOKING," and enter my name to receive Physical Culture for four months.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

JULY, 1940

No Right to Love

(Continued from page 14)

admit him to their games.

He was ten years old before he found out what the secret was. An older boy told him, using a word that Ron did not know. When he looked puzzled, the older boy explained: not only did Ron not have a father, he had never had one. Ron's mother had never been married.

The knowledge was with him always after that. He couldn't ask his mother, because he knew now that this was the reason she had always been unhappy. Instinctively, he knew too that it was why she feared Aunt Grace. Aunt Grace had given him and his mother food and lodging, but she, like the rest of the town, was not going to let either of them forget their sin. Yes—he didn't know why it was a sin, but he knew it was, somehow, and he was convinced he was just as guilty as his mother.

AND then, one night when he was fourteen, he heard his mother and his aunt quarreling. One thing Aunt Grace said lodged in his brain like a command: "It would have been better if you'd never had the boy! At least, you could have held your head up!"

So, that night, he ran away. He ran away, and because he was big for his age, and determined, he stayed away. He changed his name, and he was able to get jobs here and there, traveling over the country, until finally he came to New York and began the career that eventually led him to musical comedy and then to radio.

"So that's my real life story," he said. "Not the one I give interviewers."

I was glad it was dark, so he wouldn't see me crying. "But, Ron—darling," I said, "that doesn't make any difference to me. I don't care whether your father and mother were married or not—I love you—"

"That isn't it!" he exclaimed. "I don't care about that either, now. But don't you see? I don't even know who my father was! God knows what blood I have in my veins—perhaps a drunkard's, or a thief's. I can't marry because I can't have children—I won't have children when I don't know what they would inherit! And because I can't marry you, I have no right to love you!"

"Your mother—"

"I don't know where she is. I went back to where she used to live, a few years ago—as soon as I had enough money—but Aunt Grace had died, and Mother had moved away. No one knew where. I've tried to trace her—but she's vanished. Maybe she's dead."

"Come over here, Ron," I said. "Come over here on the couch, beside me."

Silently, he obeyed, and for a long time we sat there together, his head on my breast. All passion was gone now, succeeded by an immense tenderness. I knew it was useless to try to argue him out of this obsession. He had lived with it too long. The little-boy shame because he "had no father" had changed to a deeper shame, because he didn't know who his father was. I might conceivably persuade him to marry me, but if I did, he would never be happy. He would live in dread of having a child, or he would blame himself for not giving



What every motorist should know

When you drive, take some Beech-Nut Gum along. It's always refreshing and restful, especially when you get tired or tense. Your choice of 7 delicious kinds:

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Beech-Nut Gum is made in Flavor-town (Canajoharie, New York), famous for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.

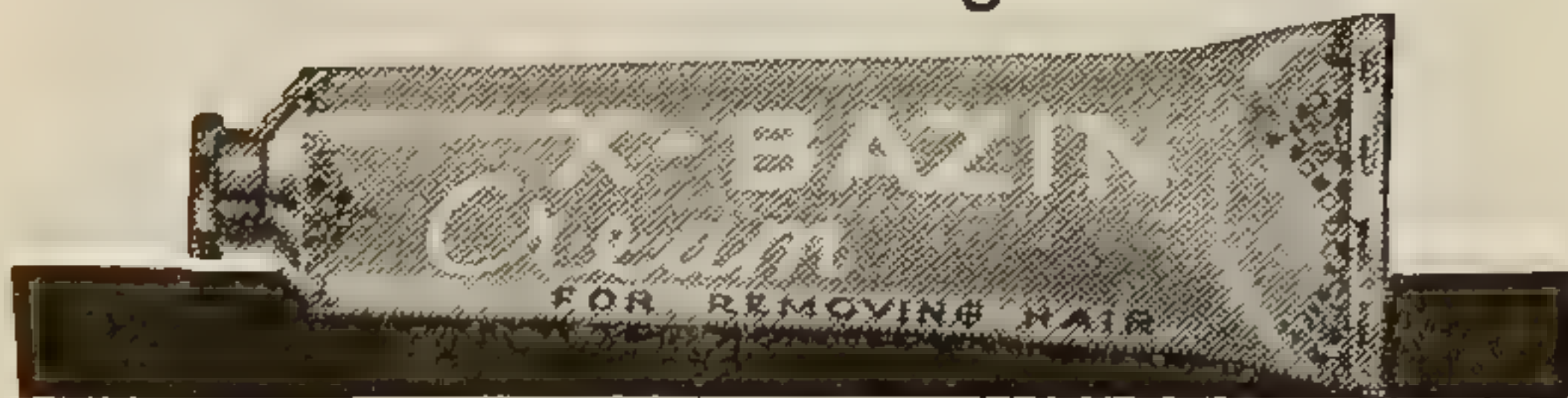
Beech-Nut Gum



GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR? Visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.



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Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned \$474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned \$1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Equipment included. Easy payments, 41st year. Send coupon now!

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me one. . . . No, I could only wait, and hope, and try to find his mother—and try, too, not to think too much. . . .

He tried to avoid me for a while after that, and I knew why. He didn't trust himself. Because he loved me, he shrank from the possibility of an illicit relationship, fearing that an unguarded moment might lead us into a situation that would bring me even more unhappiness.

But we were thrown into too much contact at the studio and the agency; avoidance was impossible. Before long we were together again—together for long hours of futile talk, desperately trying to find a way out of the stalemate . . . a way that, it seemed, didn't exist.

But it *did* exist.

Chance showed it to me. One morning Irving Martin called me into his office and announced that Ron's birthday was due in a week, and didn't I think it would be a good idea to celebrate it on the program?

THE irony of it would have been funny if it weren't also tragic. Wanting to celebrate Ron's birthday! Of course Mr. Martin had looked up the date on the biographical questionnaire all the network stars were asked to fill out; whether it was really Ron's birthday or not I had no idea.

"Any ideas about how to celebrate it?" Mr. Martin asked impatiently.

At first I hadn't—at least, none that Mr. Martin liked. Then I remembered—"The Big Cry-Baby in the Moon." Ron's own "memory song," the first he had ever learned. It was a good idea, but I couldn't tell Mr. Martin about it: Ron would hate singing it.

But even as I made that decision, the full possibilities of the idea burst upon me. Suppose Ron's mother were still alive, listening somewhere to the radio? Suppose she heard him sing that song, and tell its history, so graphically that it would bring back her own memories? Wouldn't she know then that Ron Davis was her son, and wouldn't she get in touch with him?

Of course she would—if she were still alive, and if she were listening in, and if she recognized the song and the circumstances. There were so many ifs; it was such a terribly long chance.

But at least it was a chance.

"I have an idea, Mr. Martin," I heard myself saying. "Why not have Ron sing his own memory song. There's one I heard him humming the other day. . . ."

Mr. Martin seized upon the idea eagerly, and in fifteen minutes he had convinced himself that it was his own. He had the music department dig up "The Big Cry-Baby in the Moon" and make a special arrangement of it, and called in someone from the publicity department to see that stories about "Ron Davis' own memory song" were sent to the radio editors of all the papers. Only after these preliminaries, acting on a hint from me, did he tell Ron about the plan.

I felt like a traitor when I saw Ron's face. He gave me one look—a burning glance of dismay and anger. "I can't sing that number," he said shortly to Mr. Martin.

"Of course you can! It's a fine number," Mr. Martin said jovially. He was always jovial until he began to bluster.

"I'm sorry. I won't sing it, and you can make up your mind to that!"

So Mr. Martin stopped being jovial.

In the end—since Mr. Martin was the Sponsor's duly accredited representative and held Ron's job in his hand—he agreed to sing it. But when I followed him out of Martin's office he turned on me angrily.

"You know what torture it's going to be for me to sing that song!" he exclaimed. "Why did you tell him about it?"

"I—I—" But I couldn't explain. Faced with his anger, my hope that his mother would hear and recognize him seemed so futile, so pitifully far-fetched. And I couldn't bear to raise his hopes, either, and then see them lost if the song brought no response. "I'm sorry, Ron," I said feebly. "I didn't realize you'd mind so much."

"Mind—!" He choked, and went on down the corridor.

I was tempted to run after him, tell him the truth. I only restrained myself by thinking that it was better this way—at least, until after the birthday broadcast. Then, if we heard nothing from his mother, I could tell him, and perhaps he would believe me.

I think I'll skip the days between then and the broadcast. They weren't very pleasant. I only saw Ron briefly during them, on business.

On Ron's birthday I left the office and went up to the studio for his broadcast. I didn't want him to know it, but I wanted to be near him, so I crept into the control room, which had a separate entrance outside the studio, and sat down in a dark corner, out of his sight.

It seemed to me that he sang magnificently that day. Perhaps it was only because I myself was choked up with emotion, but I thought there was a tenderness in his voice that had never been there before when he read my introduction to his memory song, and then sang it. It led me to hope that in spite of his resentment he had been carried back to those childhood days—the happy ones, before he realized there was anything wrong.

WHEN he finished I left the studio without letting him see me.

I don't know exactly what I expected to happen after the broadcast. A telegram, a telephone call—something. Instead, there was nothing. Saturday and Sunday passed, without a word from Ron. I tried to call him Sunday night, and got no answer. On Monday he came to the agency, and we worked on his script, but there was no chance to speak to him and get past the wall of reserve he had erected against me.

Panic seized me. I *had* hurt him, more than I had realized. Yes, he was being unreasonable, but it had been my fault to begin with. I should have told him why I suggested the song to Mr. Martin.

Monday night I tried again and again to reach him on the telephone. No answer: just the mechanical sound of his telephone ringing, over and over again.

At a little before midnight he came to see me. I opened the door to find him standing there, a letter in his hand. "I just got this," he said, holding it out. "I just found it in my fan mail." He began to laugh. "That's funny, isn't it—in my fan mail!"

Quickly I led him into the apartment, made him sit down while I read the letter—or rather, skimmed through it quickly, learning only that it was what I had hoped. I looked at

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3 CHEERS—



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the signature.

"Ellen Frost?" I asked. "Is that your mother's name?"

He nodded. "Yes."

I threw my arms around him, pressed my cheek against his. "Oh, darling," I murmured, "it worked! It worked! And I was so afraid it wouldn't!"

I felt him stiffen. "You mean you thought this might happen? Is that why you told Martin about the song?"

"Yes! Of course!"

Ron took my face between his hands and held it away for a long look. "Somebody ought to kick me," he said quietly. "It never occurred to me. I thought you saw the chance to give Martin a good idea—and took it, not caring how I'd feel."

"Oh, darling! I wouldn't have done that!" Then, to forestall any further apologies, I added, "Have you wired her—told her to come to New York?"

"Yes, on my way here. . . . But do you know, Betty—I'm almost afraid to see her. Suppose . . . suppose she has something to tell me I don't want to hear?"

"She won't," I said confidently—more confidently than I felt.

I'll never forget my first sight of Ellen Frost—a small woman, shabbily dressed, standing tremulous and alone at the fringe of the hurrying crowd in Grand Central Station, the next night. I knew, seeing her, that she could bring no bad news to Ron and me. Even before we exchanged a word I knew as much as I needed to know of Ron's father. The character, the integrity in that worn face told me that no thief, no drunkard, could have won her heart.

We took her home, to Ron's apartment. I had thought I would feel out of place, an intruder, but Mrs. Frost sensed at once that Ron and I were in love, and took me into her friendship. We talked for a long time, that night—just the three of us—and when I went home at last I knew the whole story.

"I used to be ashamed," Mrs. Frost had said. "Grace made me ashamed, or I would have told you about your father long ago. It's true we were never married, but we would have been if . . . if he had ever come back from the war. We were in love—his parents objected—they sent him to Europe, thinking he'd forget me. Maybe—" she smiled sadly—"maybe he did, but I'll never believe it. Anyway, he joined the French army at the beginning of the war, and . . . he never came back. He never knew he had a son. . . ."

Well, Ron and I are married now. And do you remember what I told him, that first night we had dinner together?—that I'd go on working after I was married. I've kept that promise, up until now, but pretty soon I think I'm going to have to break it. You see, there's a baby on the way.

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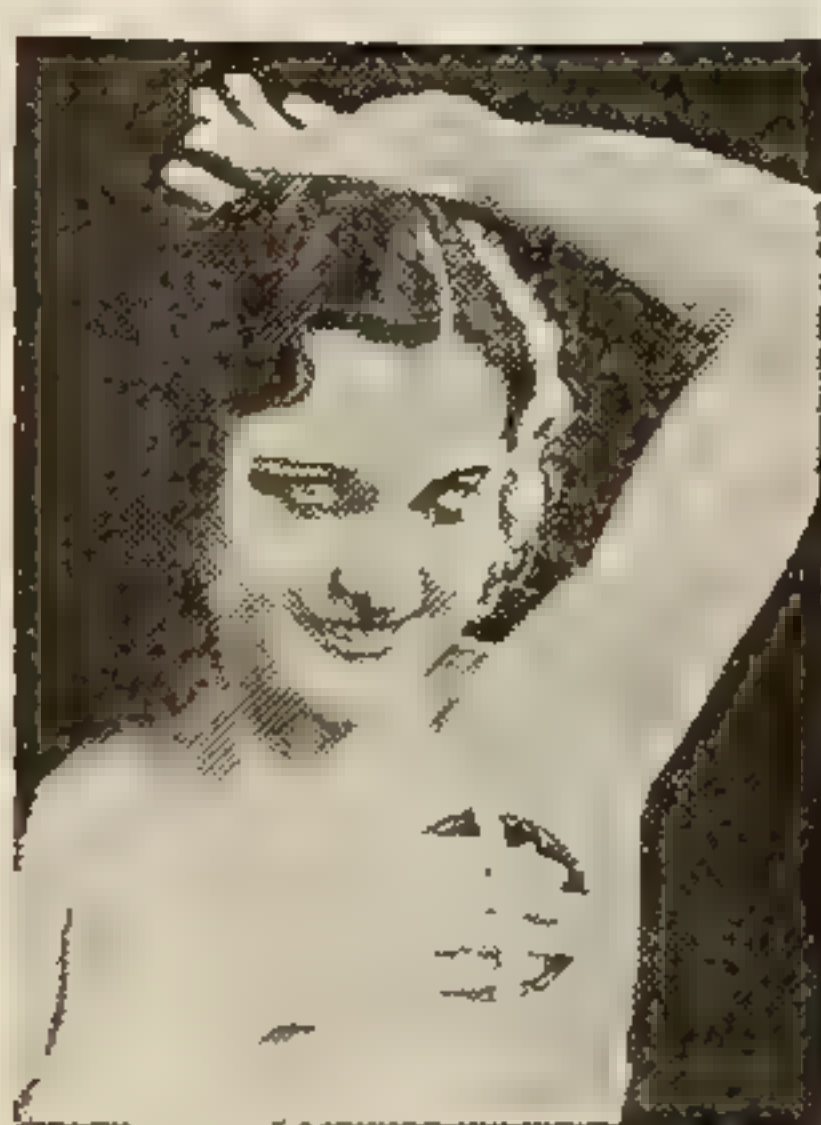
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Home Life of an Early Riser

(Continued from page 15)

rolls back to his former position. Five minutes later, the maid comes in and shakes him soundly. Mr. McNeill sits up, then lies down again. Ten minutes later, his two children, Tommy and Donny, romp into the room with their dog and jump all over the bed.

"If it weren't for my two kids and the dog," Don McNeill told me as we sat in a Chicago restaurant, "I'd be out of a job by now. I've been putting on the Breakfast Club for seven years and every morning it's harder for me to get up."

DON is thirty-two years old, but he looks like a college senior. He's big. There are about six feet two inches of him and he has broad shoulders and a rugged, handsome face. His hair is dark and wavy, his eyes are deep blue and when they aren't laughing at you, they're laughing at Don McNeill.

"Lots of people write and ask if I have to pay NBC to have so much fun in the morning," he grins at me. "Naturally, I keep such letters from the boss. It is fun, though. All except getting to the station on time in the morning."

Don thinks his wife has an even harder job than he has, because she has to get him pepped up and cheery for his morning's stint. "I mope down to breakfast," he says, "but she's so cheerful and full of fun that when it's time for me to get into the car and go to Chicago for the broadcast, I'm generally pretty happy."

Another job young Mrs. McNeill has is shooing guests out of the house at an early hour and getting Don off to bed. "She won't even let me stay up and listen to Bing Crosby," he laughs.

Don was born in Galena, Illinois, but at the age of two the family moved to Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and he grew up there. While he was going to Marquette University, he read an ad which said a Milwaukee radio station was looking for an announcer.

Don applied for the job. The station manager wanted an announcer, but there was a fantastic requirement for the position. The manager was lonely and he wanted a date with a nice looking girl. He said he'd hire McNeill, if he could get him a date!

"I hurried back to Marquette," Don grins, "and dated two girls for that night. Then I called the station manager and told him everything was all set. The four of us went out that evening. The 'date' I'd lined up for my future boss didn't like him; and I saw my job sailing out the window. The girl went home after she'd been with the manager for about half an hour. I don't know why," Don shrugs, "but he hired me anyway."

Don's pay at the station was \$15 a week. For this, all he had to be was an announcer, control man, producer, talent seeker and radio editor for a newspaper owned by the station.

He kept the Milwaukee station job until he was graduated from Marquette. Then he went to Louisville, Kentucky, to take a similar job. He wanted to get somewhere in the world because he'd met a girl at a Marquette Christmas party. The girl's name was Katherine Bennett. She was a tall, slim, beautiful, red-headed girl. "I wasn't with her at the time,"

Don says. "Only from then on."

Katherine and Don planned to get married just as soon as they could arrange finances. The announcing job in Louisville also called for him to write a radio column for the Louisville Courier. But this didn't pay much, so Don teamed up with a fellow named Van Fleming and they worked out an act called "The Two Professors." Soon they were on the air, coast to coast, and signed to do a commercial in San Francisco.

When Don got to San Francisco, he decided he couldn't stand being a bachelor any longer. Katherine traveled all the way across the country to become his wife. They became Mr. and Mrs. McNeill in a little Spanish Church on Russian Hill. They were married by an Irishman. They've been married nine years.

Off the air, Don is a rather quiet person, which sounds unbelievable. When guests come to see them, it is Mrs. McNeill who does the entertaining and says the funny things. The McNeills live in Wilmette because they don't like city life. Both Katherine and Don feel that Tommy, aged 5, and Donny, aged 3, should be brought up around trees and hills in healthy outdoor country.

"Katherine is the typical housewife," Don says. "And I'm the average home-town guy. We don't do anything very exciting, unless it's considered exciting to bundle the kids into the car for a long ride on Sunday, or take in a movie twice a week."

Don's wife is an inveterate radio listener. As she goes about her home doing her work, she carries a portable radio from room to room. Don sometimes talks about her on the Breakfast Club, telling about her gardening and about things the children say to her. She often makes suggestions for his program, which he uses.

ONE of the funniest things Don ever had on his show was a crack his son, Tommy, made when a neighbor's kid said, "I heard your old man on the radio this morning."

"Yeah?" Tommy said. "Do you want to make something out of it?"

Once a year, Katherine and the boys make an appearance on the Breakfast Club. They owe a great deal to the show. Gifts from listeners have completely clothed both Tommy and Donny since they were born. And almost every room in the McNeill house has been furnished by gifts from Don's fans!

Last time Tommy and Donny were on the air, one of them was asked whether or not he was always a good boy. "Sure," he replied. "If I'm not, Mama makes me listen to Daddy's program!" The fans thought this was the funniest crack of the year. Ever since then, Don has been calling his children "the little destructors."

Wilmette, where the McNeills live, is about seventeen miles from Chicago. Don drives in every morning. They've lived in Wilmette ever since Don's been on the Breakfast Club. Each year they move into a different house. This year they're living in a cute brick English cottage.

After Don gets through his morning broadcast, he shops around town for Mrs. McNeill. He gets home about noon and eats lunch with the chil-

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EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 289, Jefferson, Iowa

dren. Then, if guests are coming in the evening, he takes a nap. In the afternoon, he pecks away at his typewriter on ideas for his program.

The Breakfast Club is like a railroad time table—subject to change without notice. Impromptu gags and music supply the structural framework. With no script to hold him down, Don cuts into the music with whatever pops into his mind. He dictates "horse race" music to people who have to rush to catch trains. He philosophizes a bit and reads listeners a poem each day.

Most people are primarily interested in getting the time and weather report. Don is always careful to mention he's giving Chicago time. Otherwise, people in New York might think they still had time to stay in bed, or Westerners would break their necks getting to work, thinking they were late. Don never gives the temperature in degrees alone, but always says whether it is warmer or colder than yesterday and advises what people should wear.

An extra feature of the show is the "Three Minute Egg-Timing Service." Once Don forgot to ring the bell for seven minutes and people all over the country had hard-boiled eggs for breakfast.

A LOT of people take Don's jokes seriously. When he suggested that listeners could take their morning exercise by peeking under the radiator, a literal lady in Newark followed his advice and found a gold wrist watch that had been lost for months. Once he told listeners that an Indian rowing his father up the Hudson River in a canoe, got tired and asked if he could stop. "Yes," said the father, "that will be all, Banny." "And that," Don said, "is how Albany got its name." A New York historical society wrote to say, politely but coldly, that he must have been misinformed.

The Breakfast Club has a rule allowing no visitors in the studio. A few years ago, a Marine in the Marine Hospital on Ellis Island in New York, wrote Don that he'd like to see the show. The man was dying of tuberculosis. "I have two desires," he wrote, "one is to visit my sister at my home in Seattle, the other to visit your studio and watch the Breakfast Club broadcast. I can stop off in Chicago on my way home and see my first broadcast."

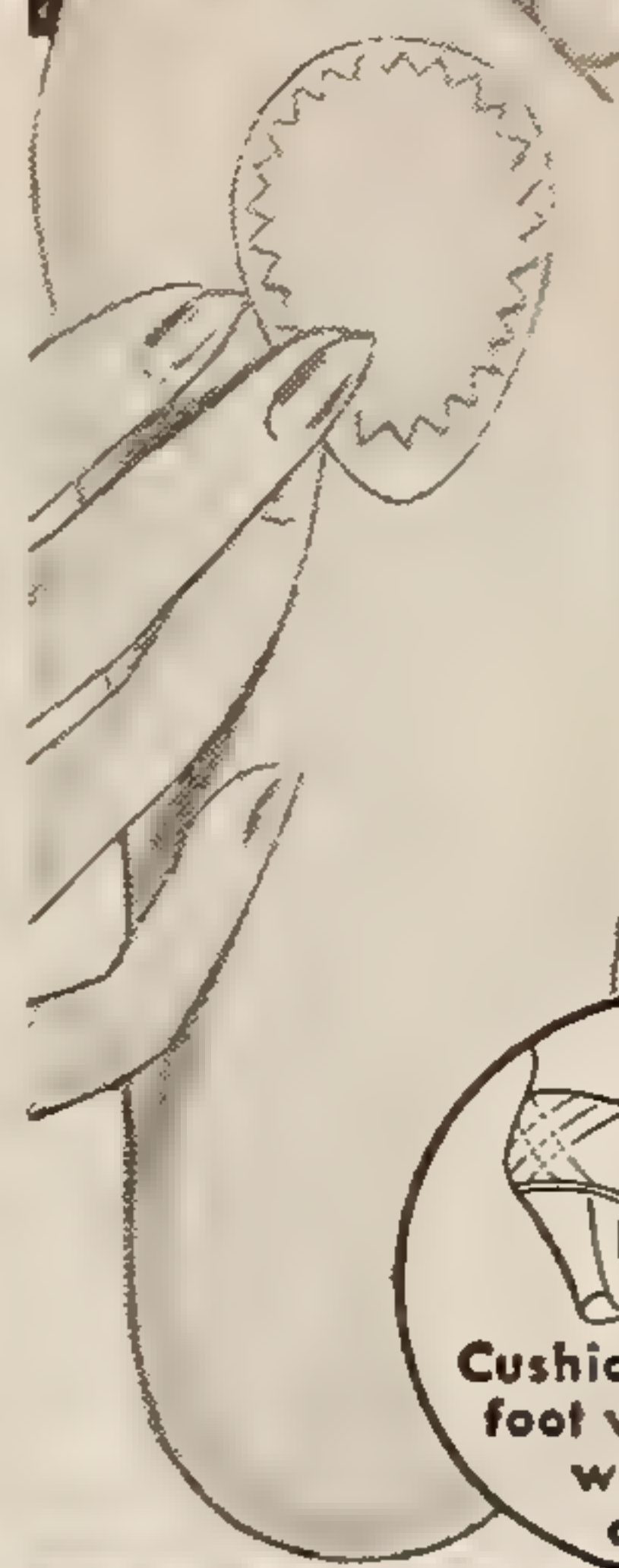
Don wrote him to come ahead. The Marine got as far as Chicago, but was forced to go to a hospital. Don bought him a radio and went to see him. The doctors told Don the man would never be able to go on to Seattle. He had no money to get back to the Marine Hospital in New York, so Don bought his ticket. Which shows you the kind of fellow Don McNeill is.

Ironical as it seems, when Don McNeill was auditioned for the Breakfast Club seven years ago, fourteen executives of NBC voted against him. They put him on the air until they could get some one else.

A chance like that was all Don needed to build the happiest, the craziest, the most informal, and the most successful program on the air.

And because he loves his listeners, he's going to keep right on getting out of bed at six in the morning, with the help of the maid, Katherine, Tommy and Donny. To say nothing of the two alarm clocks and the dog, appropriately named Radio Contract.

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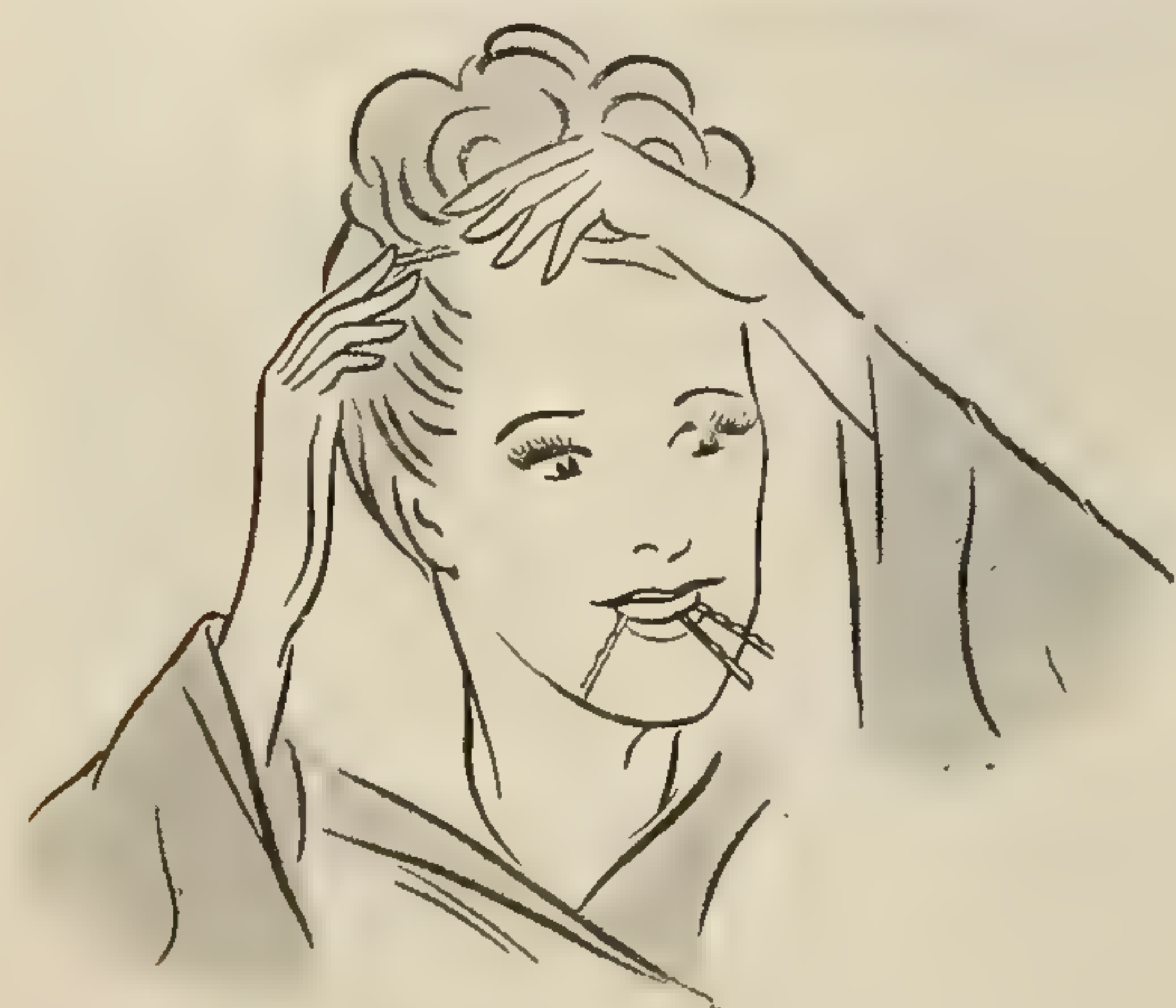
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Beauty

WHETHER you call it your coiffure, or, more familiarly, your hair-do, it is one of the most important of your daily beauty rites. It gives your face a setting, for better or for worse. The shampoo with rinse, tint or coloring is a matter for every week or so. The permanent is needed less often than that. But after the nightly brushing you must use all your resources of waveset, bob pins, comb, and over everything the protective cap, so that in the morning you may arrange your hair for the day speedily, becomingly and lastingly.

Dainty little Donna Dae knows all about that. Her hair alone qualifies her as a beauty expert, this singing star who is so much more lovely than any of her pictures. Every week-day evening you hear her with Fred Waring in *Pleasure Time*, (7 to 7:15, WEA, Red Network.) Part of Donna's charm is her naturalness. Although as a baby she slept in a basket behind her young mother's piano to the strains of her father's orchestra, now she laughs off her stardom and is as thrilled as any other young girl with her first prom-trotting. This year she was honor guest of the Dartmouth Winter Carnival, and led the torch light parade of Outdoor Evening, the big event of the week-end. She also sang a song in the production of the Dartmouth Players. Last September she was elected President of the Freshman Class at Columbia University and presided officially over their first formal tea. The editor of the *Pointer* (West Point magazine), invited her for a hop, mid-February. And she was honor guest at the annual Penn State Junior Prom in May. She has become very much the vogue in collegiate circles, and is enjoying it no end.

Donna likes to do her own hair. She occasionally goes to some beauty



RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**



■ Donna Dae, on the Waring show, wears her hair in a style excellent for most young girls.

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

expert to have it styled and pick up new ideas, but she invariably adapts that to her own personality. She likes her hair up from the face, going back in loose, natural curls with no ends showing. Incidentally that is an excellent hair style for most young girls.

The present mode is for sculptured curls close to the head with the hair well up from the face, except perhaps for a softening dip at the temples. But great latitude is permitted by all good stylists. It is well to experiment and find your most becoming type. One famous shampoo company even offers a very clever set of paper coiffures to try on and see how you look in various styles and colors. They are amusing, and really helpful.

The sculptured curls are not really difficult if you have the proper equipment. Special curved combs or combined combs and brushes are made, very small so that one curl at a time can be moistened with waveset, shaped and pinned flat for the night, then combed out and pinned firmly in its place for the day. Bobby pins are a great help. They come now in several colors, including some that are enameled in red, blue and other colors, which qualify as hair ornaments.

The present modes featuring the beautiful lines of the head (or correcting those not so beautiful) are

far more becoming than the bushy, shaggy long bobs with undefined curls, which make every woman's neck look too short. So get your waveset, special combs, bob-pins, and protective cap, and prepare the night before for a lovely modish coiffure.

THE STORY OF A POWDER PUFF

THE whole story on powder puffs is summed up in just this: have plenty of them and keep them clean. You need one for the first powdering before rouge is applied, and another for the cheeks only, for powdering over the rouge. If you use the same puff, you will get a trace of rouge on it, and the next time you will find yourself inadvertently getting rouge on your nose and forehead from the puff. For powdering lightly around the lips after lipstick, it is just as well to use a cotton pad, because a smear of lipstick ruins a puff. These inexpensive cotton pads have many uses to supplement your powder puffs and make them last longer.

Rubber sponge puffs have their place too. They are especially good for use away from home, because they are less spilly than loose-powder compacts. But nothing quite takes the place of the ordinary powder puff.

Powder puffs can and should be washed frequently. The best way is to wet the puff and a nail brush, put a few drops of shampoo on the nail brush and scrub the puff thoroughly. Shampoo is not too expensive, because you need only a few drops.

Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 37)

You can disregard all lingering efforts to keep Bob Preston's and Dorothy Lamour's names linked. They will never marry. Bob has given Dorothy notice that he will marry an early sweetheart sometime in June. However, he is seeing Dorothy right up to the last... Where there's smoke there's fire, 'tis said, so you can put your own interpretation on rumors that Jimmie Fidler and the missus are staging private battle scenes.

* * *

At the last minute, Bob Hope decided to cancel his return on the Cecil DeMille drama hour. Bob declared he couldn't bring "The Show-off" up to date for his type of comedy... The Voice of Experience will return to the Mutual air-lanes this month... Tony Martin is giving all his time and social life to Ann St. George Thompson. He still has not seen Alice since returning to the film town... Jim Ameche will probably handle the Charles Boyer dramatic spots when Boyer leaves the air for the summer.

* * *

Benny Rubin, who has been sparking on the air these past months, moves into a top spot in the new Ginger Rogers-Ronald Colman film, "Lucky Partners"... Matty Malneck's orchestra delayed their Hollywood opening one week, due to injury of some of the band members sustained in an auto accident the day before the scheduled opening... Judy Garland and Robert Stack are the town's newest romancers. Stack used to romance Cobina Wright Jr. and is famous for first kissing Deanna Durbin. P.S.: Deanna is not mad at Judy for stealing his affections.

* * *

HAIL TO ROMANCE! Most fickle free-lancer in the romantic field at the moment is Rudy Vallee. It's a new flame every seven days. One week it was Marjorie Weaver. Next it was Judy Stewart. Most recently Rudy was romancing Priscilla Lawson, Allan Curtis' ex-wife. It's one way to de-smug the marriage prophets who think they can call all the shots!

* * *

BULLETIN! Learned confidentially, that James Roosevelt is being offered a top radio spot as M. C. and drama director of a full hour playlet.

* * *

Truman Bradley, announcer of the Burns and Allen comic show in Hollywood, is back in pictures again. Bradley recently was released from his MGM acting contract, but this month signed with RKO. His first picture will be with Lee Tracy.

* * *

Pat Cavendish, the sixteen-year-old singer who was featured with Jan Garber's orchestra on the coast, has been signed by Towne and Baker for a singing role in "Little Men." She's already left the Garber music troupe.

* * *

Robert Taylor likes an open car so well that he had the top completely removed from his automobile with the result that he and Barbara Stanwyck had to take a taxi home after a recent co-starring broadcast because the car had been sitting in a rain storm while they were performing inside the theater.

Mary Martin arrived late at a Good News rehearsal and explained that she had been detained by Uncle Sam in the person of a census taker. "Everything was going smoothly," said Mary, "and I was answering the questions rapid-fire fashion, until Larry popped out of nowhere with wooden soldiers. He wanted them counted, too." Larry is Mary's young son.

* * *

You can look forward to the possibility of hearing Olsen and Johnson, zany stars of Broadway's "Hellzapoppin," on the air ways in the very near future. The deal, I hear whispered, is just about set.

* * *

Ken Murray is taking another crack at pictures. He'll play the M. C. in Paramount's "A Night At Earl Carroll's."

* * *

If Bob Hope and Bing Crosby's radio writers would only follow the boys around the Lakeside Golf links and get a load of the wise cracks the boys get off in arguing over their two bit bets they'd have material aplenty for a long time to come.

* * *

Artie Shaw has told friends that he expects to take his new wife, screen starlet Lana Turner, on his band tour late this month (June). But what Artie doesn't know is that Mrs. Shaw may be kept steadfastly in front of the cameras for three months.

* * *

Jimmie Fidler will be off the air for nearly four months. Later in the fall it is expected the Hollywood gossipier will return with a half hour program, including a large orchestra.

* * *

Don Ameche verified reports that he will soon be a proud papa again. The Blessed Event is expected in the fall.

* * *

Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom, comic on the Rudy Vallee show, still has his sense of humor. Two film players were having "words" at the bar of Slapsy's night club. They were just about ready to let their fists go, when Slapsy separated them, saying, "Don't fight now... wait until a columnist comes in."

* * *

Dorothy Lamour will not be heard on the air during the next six months. She has indicated that she will not even accept guest appearances.

* * *

Just as exclusively predicted in this column several months ago, Shirley Temple's mother has verified the Radio Whisper that her film star child will retire from the screen. As also predicted in this column, you can now expect to hear Shirley on the air.

* * *

From inside sources we hear that Frances Langford is on the stork list. Her husband is Jon Hall.

* * *

Sylvia Sidney is living proof that you can scorn Hollywood, ridicule it and laugh at it, and still make it pay you off. Sylvia, after heading a radio serial for months, is set at Warners' to co-star with James Cagney.

MADELEINE CARROLL in Paramount's "SAFARI"



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Fair... ☐	Gray... ☐	Light... ☐ Dark... ☐
Creamy... ☐	Green... ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium... ☐	Hazel... ☐	Light... ☐ Dark... ☐
Ruddy... ☐	Brown... ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow... ☐	Black... ☐	Light... ☐ Dark... ☐
Freckled... ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive... ☐	Light... ☐	Light... ☐ Dark... ☐
SKIN Dry... ☐	Dark... ☐	If Hair is Gray, check style alone and here ☐
Oily... ☐ Normal... ☐	AGE	

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
.....(NOT GOOD IN CANADA).....

How to Be Beautiful—Though Otherwise

(Continued from page 9)

skin, I use a good cleansing cream, warm soap and water followed by a short ice massage, with the ice wrapped in a piece of tissue so it won't be too cold. And when I am sleeping or resting, I use a good nourishing cream. In California, where the climate is very drying to the skin, I don't think you can go too far in the use of cold cream. I buy it by the gallon, more or less . . .

"I suppose I should use freckle lotion, too," she went on, ruefully, "but I seldom do. When I'm working, my make-up covers those deplorable blemishes of mine, and when I'm not—well, my friends simply have to bear it. I put on my powder (I seldom use rouge) and lipstick carefully, always selecting the latter with an eye toward the colors I plan to wear."

"How often do you wash your hair?" I asked her.

"Twice a week," she said promptly.

smiling, "but who ever said vanity was an easy taskmaster—or should it be task-mistress?"

As Bette talked, she moved her hands a good deal (she always does) and I noticed her really beautiful manicure—nails a delicate rose shade with half moons and tips showing white.

"How often do you have a manicure?" I asked her.

"Once a week," she told me, "also a pedicure every fortnight or so." There is more to the latter than merely having one's toenails painted, she pointed out. "Care of the feet is, to my mind, as important as care of the nails—and much more conducive to comfort," she declared.

The plate of cinnamon toast that came with our tea turned our attention to the matter of diet. Bette ate two big pieces.

"I see you don't have to worry about

after that it was easy—and the pounds slipped away."

"On the other hand," Bette said, "too much dieting is awfully hard on the nerves and nervousness is hard on the looks. As a remedy, I suggest plenty of sleep (although sleep is conducive to gaining weight if overdone) and much relaxation as possible.

A good, warm bath (fragrant with bath salts if you feel like being luxurious) followed by a cold shower is wonderful when you've had a hard day and want to feel fresh and peppy for an evening out. Bathing besides being necessary for cleanliness, is a wonderful beautifier.

"Exercise is also a beautifier. I play a lot of tennis and I swim, too. But I hope that even though I lived where this was impossible, I should get up in the morning in time for a rousing daily dozen, followed by the showers I mention. Then, with orange juice and a cup of coffee, I'd be ready for anything. Not that I drink much coffee. Instead, I prefer milk for lunch and often for dinner."

BETTE was wearing a smart, fitted spring coat of navy blue over a blue frock, with red and blue accessories. It was an extremely feminine costume, yet simple, too.

"I like rather tailored clothes," she confided. "Frills make me nervous. And yet—" she grinned, "the crazier the hat, the better. Perhaps it's the showman in me."

Bette also is crazy about costume jewelry and if she has any one extravagance, it is that. Her bracelets are the rattliest kind; ditto her necklaces. She also wears all kinds of exotic clips, brooches and bangles.

"It's a weakness I can't overcome," she admitted.

Shoes are another weakness with her. (She wears a size 4A.) "Not that I like 'em particularly fancy," she said. "I keep my shoes and gloves plain—but nice, if you get what I mean."

And perfume . . . Bette admitted that she loves perfume and uses a lot of it. She likes the floral scents and the sharp, spicy scents, not the exotic, Oriental varieties. "They're not my type," she smiled, "and I might as well admit it." Another thing she admitted was that she has always been a sucker for a bottle of perfume.

Well, as you can see, we were a long time over our tea, that day in the Derby, taking down our hair about woman's favorite subjects, looks and clothes. People interrupted us, of course, from time to time—some of them Hollywood celebrities who were Bette's personal friends; some of them fans who wanted autographs. It is always like that when a big star appears in public. She (or he) is public property, sort of. And Bette was, after all, a Personage.

But just the same, looking back on that tete-a-tete and remembering what she said and how interested she was in saying it, I realize that she was also just another woman that day, reveling in an all-important subject, even as you and I. And I realized, too, that her beauty secrets are simple and sound and practical—the kind any woman could follow . . . Which makes what she had to say doubly interesting. Don't you agree?



The stars of Bob Hope's Pepsodent show sit for their "Family Portrait"—left to right, Bill Goodwin, Skinnay Ennis, Brenda (Blanche Stewart), Jerry Colonna, Bob, Cobina (Elvia Allman).

"Moreover," she added with pride. "I do it myself and set it myself except when I am working. I am particular about my hair," she confided. "I brush it endlessly with a stiff bristle brush, and see to it that the part is straight and my neck clipped properly. If there is anything that I cannot stand, it is a carelessly groomed head of hair. I don't mean that each curl should be set meticulously in place. Quite the contrary because elaborate coiffeurs like that are seldom brushed. It's too much trouble to get them back into shape. I mean simply that I like to see clean hair, parted straight, brushed to lustrous softness and trimmed carefully to eliminate split ends.

"For instance," she explained, "as you perhaps know, I had my forehead shaved daily to make my hairline higher for my role of 'Elizabeth,' and I was awfully afraid my hair would come back stiff and straight from this practice. But after the picture was finished, I brushed it long and carefully every night and managed to train it so that by the time it was an inch long, you couldn't tell it had ever been cut. It was work," she added,

your waistline," I remarked. (It is exactly twenty-two inches!)

"Well, no, not when I'm working," she admitted. "Of course, when I came back to Hollywood after my long vacation in the east, I weighed 128 pounds. The studio powers—that-be nearly fainted when they saw me. But I cut starches and fats from my meals, including, of course, my beloved mashed potatoes, my favorite dish, and lost thirteen pounds in a month. And when I went to work again, I lost still more. I weigh about 107, now.

"I know of no better way to lose weight than to leave each meal a little hungry. The hunger won't last and neither will the avoirdupois. Of course," smiling, "it is easier to preach when you are not the one who must exert the required will power, but it can be done. I have a friend who, only five feet two inches tall, weighed 150 pounds. Well, she suddenly began to hate herself and decided to do something about it. So she cut her accustomed meals in half. It was tough for about the first four days. She was ravenous all the time. But



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